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- ART. I.—1. *On the recent Foraminifera of Great Britain.* By WILLIAM CRAWFORD WILLIAMSON, F.R.S., Professor of Natural History in Owen's College. London: Printed for the Ray Society. 1858.
2. *Report of the Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, showing the Progress of the Survey during the Year 1857.* Washington. 1858.
3. *The North Atlantic Seabed: comprising a Diary of the Voyage on Board H.M.S. 'Bulldog,' in 1860.* Part I. By G. C. WALLICH, M.D., F.L.S., F.G.S., &c. London: Van Voorst. 1859.

THE employment of a weight for measuring the depth of the ocean is far from being a novelty. The earliest navigators most probably used it in some shape. We have evidence of its existence prior to the time of Herodotus; indeed, the timid navigation of archaic sailors made such an instrument necessary the moment they entered waters which they could not fathom with their oars. The 'red-cheeked' ships of the Argives must have needed its aid as they reached the Trojan shores. The Phœnicians could not dispense with its employment in their western voyages, and St. Paul distinctly records its use when he 'was driven up and down in Adria;' but both then and in more recent times its use was restricted to comparatively shallow waters.

Two difficulties have always stood in the way of real deep-sea soundings,—meaning, by the term, the attainment of

depths beyond a few hundred fathoms. The first was to get the weighted rope to the bottom in a vertical direction. The second was to recover the line after it had been so sunk. Hence deep-sounding was rarely attempted, and 'out of soundings' became a phrase significant of indefinite depths.

Until recently two kinds of instruments were chiefly relied upon: the hand lead, weighing about eight or nine pounds, and the deep-sea lead, weighing about twenty-five pounds. But even the latter of these was wholly unable to counteract the buoyancy of the rope when great lengths were paid out. When, therefore, numerous interests combined to stimulate submarine researches, more vigorous efforts were made to sink the lead into deeper waters. Government surveys of the more remote seas, conducted by the naval officers of England and America, drew attention to the defects of the existing apparatus, and suggested its improvement. The desire for more accurate philosophical knowledge of the physical condition of the ocean was one stimulating power. Another arose from the discovery and rapid extension of submarine telegraphs; and when the bold design of connecting the old and new worlds with a submarine cable was promulgated, it was obvious that such a daring attempt would only become possible by previously obtaining an accurate survey of the entire route along which the wire was to be carried.

An impulse of another kind came from the students of marine zoology, and especially from the conchologists. The latter had long been accustomed to employ the 'dredge' in collecting the objects of their studies. Originally 'dredging' was only used, as at Leghorn and other commercial ports of the Mediterranean, for the purpose of cleaning out harbours, and deepening navigable channels. Still later, the same principle was applied in the modified form of the 'trawl-net,' which the coast-fishermen employed for catching oysters, soles, flounders, and various other fish frequenting the bottom of the sea. Early in the present century, such conchologists as Gibbs, Crouch, Montagu, Leech, and Prideaux diligently watched these dredging boats, and, from the rubbish accidentally left in them when they returned to the shore, these naturalists obtained most of their rarer specimens. But it was obvious that these stray examples constituted a small part of the zoological treasures to be had, could the collectors only examine all the rubbish brought up by the trawl-nets, before it was thrown overboard, after the removal of the fish. This was not easily accomplished. Some of the more enthusiastic conchologists did not hesitate to encounter the discom-

forts of night voyages in the open boats of the fishermen. But the accumulative faculty required to be very strong to induce them often to repeat the comfortless experiment. Dr. Leech then made the attempt, which has often been repeated since his day, of inducing the fishermen to bring all the rubbish they collected to the shore, instead of returning it to the deep; but this rarely succeeded. In our own prolonged experience we once, and but once, effected our purpose. Two things usually lead to its failure. One is the *vis inertiae* of the fishermen preventing them from doing anything out of their ordinary way, even though stimulated by a reward. The other is their unwillingness to remove from the feeding-grounds of the fish any of the materials on which they rightly conceive their productiveness to depend; though the former is the stronger obstacle of the two.

These combined difficulties naturally suggested the construction of small dredges for the special use of conchologists. By whom this instrument was first employed is not known. It was used early in the present century on the Yorkshire coast by Messrs. Bean and John Williamson, of Scarborough, two of the few remaining representatives of a generation of local conchologists that has now almost passed away. General, then Captain, Sabine, employed it in his arctic voyages of 1819-20, under Captain Parry, when he scraped the bottom at a depth of fifty fathoms. But the depths to which all these and contemporaneous observers ventured to sink the dredge were as small as, with the exception of Sabine, their surveys were local. At length a younger race of such collectors as Bowerbank, Forbes, M'Andrew, Jeffreys, and Barlee, sprang up, who plunged their instrument into deeper and more remote waters. Their efforts have largely extended our knowledge of the British deep-sea fauna, revealing the fact that many genera and species, such, for example, as the *Terebratula*, hitherto found only in foreign seas, were not uncommon in British waters. In the hands of the late Edward Forbes, the dredge became instrumental in a series of philosophical researches in the *Ægean Sea*, to which we referred in a recent number,* and where he made the instrument effective at far greater depths than had been accomplished by his predecessors. But even these successful attempts were all comparatively limited. Mr. M'Andrew met with little success beyond two hundred fathoms. Forbes only reached about two hundred and thirty fathoms as his *maximum*. And in the directions for collecting

* *London Quarterly Review*, No. xxxiii., p. 152.

specimens of natural history, published by the Smithsonian Institution of America so recently as 1859, the use of the dredge is recommended to be limited to depths under two hundred fathoms,—which is wholly insufficient for the solution of the great problems of submarine life now attracting the attention of scientific men.

Another influential stimulus to accomplish more than the dredge could achieve, was found in the rapid development of microscopic research, and, especially, in the increased attention latterly bestowed upon the microscopic forms of marine life.

Early in the last century, Beccarius, Planchus, and Gualtieri had called attention to the myriads of microscopic shells existing in the marine sands of the Adriatic, and which they believed to be highly organized Nautiloid shells; but which are now arranged in the lowest group of animal forms, under the name of Foraminifera. The study of these exquisite little creatures has, since that time, attracted so much attention, that the bibliography attached to one of the books named at the head of this article* enumerates between one and two hundred writers whose studies have been attracted to the recent and fossil forms of this class of organisms. The great Prussian microscopist, Ehrenberg, who was one of these observers, was, at the same time, creating a new branch of science, by his discoveries amongst microscopic forms of animal and vegetable life; and, in his zeal for new objects of study, he neglected no chance of obtaining deep-sea 'soundings.' When using the sea lead, navigators had long been wont to coat the bottom of the instrument with tallow, so that, when raised again, the adhesive grease might retain some of the sand or mud forming the seabed, and thus indicate its nature. Whilst Ehrenberg thus studied these soundings in the old world, the late amiable and gifted Dr. Bailey was doing the like service on the other side of the Atlantic. His position as one of the professors at the United States Military Academy of West Point, near New York, enabled him to collect all the similar material obtained by the officers of the United States service, and especially by those engaged in the coast survey of the States. More recently a still more systematic effort to obtain these soundings has been made by the microscopic section of the Philosophical Society of Manchester. That body has furnished numbers of the more intelligent of the Liverpool captains of the mercantile marine with small envelopes, adapted for the preservation of these mate-

* Williamson's *Foraminifera*.

rials. Each paper has printed on its exterior, columns for latitude, longitude, and depth in fathoms; so that, when the lead is raised, the operator has only to scrape into the envelope the tallow with its adherent sand, close the former up, and record the respective figures on its exterior, indicating the three points referred to. Great numbers of these furnished envelopes have already been returned to the Society. The tallow is removed by the aid of benzole, and the specimens are submitted to examination. In time, a large and valuable collection of submarine soundings will thus be accumulated.

It was whilst engaged on researches of this nature that Ehrenberg made the notable discovery of the microscopic structure of native chalk, to which reference has already been made in the pages of this Review. (No. xiv., p. 306.) The origin of a calcareous deposit, so free from intermixture of all non-calcareous elements as is usually the case with native chalk, was a problem that had long awaited solution. Geologists had regarded it as a chemical precipitate from sea water, but they were at a loss to discover any recent example of its formation on a scale adequate to account for its origin. Ehrenberg first solved the problem by showing that it was almost wholly composed of the shells, entire or comminuted, of the Foraminifera just referred to. That masses of pure limestone, many hundreds of feet in thickness, and ranging over hundreds of miles of country, should owe their existence to the labours of animals too small to be distinguishable by the unaided eye, seemed too incredible to be received. But Ehrenberg not only demonstrated such to be the case, but also showed that similar creatures were then living in the waters of the Baltic. In his examination of the living animals, Ehrenberg fell into very grave blunders; but his grand discovery gave a new interest to the Foraminifera, and stimulated several observers to undertake their further study, both zoologically, and in their probable relation to the origin of all the more important calcareous rocks. As we have already remarked, the Foraminifera had previously received much attention; but this had been confined to their dead shells. These shells often exhibited a spiral arrangement in the cells or segments of which they consisted; and as, in addition, they were divided by transverse divisions into numerous hollow chambers, like those of the recent nautilus, they were universally believed to be nautiloid, and were consequently placed by all conchologists amongst the Cephalopoda which stand at the head of the class of shell-fish, approaching nearest of all the invertebrate animals to the high organization of the vertebrate type. Ehrenberg saw clearly

enough that this was a mistake; but he fell into another in associating the Foraminifera with the polyp-constructors of the Bryozoa or Moss-corals, of which the sea-mats gathered by every visitor to the seaside are well known examples. Ehrenberg was moving in the right direction, but he did not go far enough. The real position of these little creatures was discovered by M. Dugardin, a French naturalist, who demonstrated that the animals by which these exquisite shells were constructed, were mere specks of almost structureless jelly; and that their proper position in the zoological scale was at its very bottom, along with the sponges and the fresh-water creatures known as *Proteus-animalcules*,—a sad loss of dignity, but inevitable.

Whilst conducting these inquiries, Ehrenberg made another discovery bearing upon marine life. Mechanicians had long made use of a subtle powdery earth, found at Bilin, which the Germans called *Polierschiefer*, and Englishmen, Tripoli. This had been used in various arts, as its German name implies, as a polishing powder. On placing it under his microscope, Ehrenberg found that it was wholly composed of the siliceous cells of some fresh-water objects known as Diatomaceæ, the animal or vegetable nature of which has not yet been decisively settled. Further research proved that deposits of these siliceous atoms, belonging to the Tertiary geological ages, were not uncommon in various parts of the globe, but more especially in America. Many of these had been of fresh-water origin like that of Bilin; but others of a marine type were soon found, especially one from Bermuda, abounding in organizations of marvellous beauty. It would be difficult to exaggerate the richness of this earth as a storehouse of microscopic materials. Amongst the other treasures which it contained, were some curious objects not unlike the metal frames of double brooches from which the pebbles or cameos had been removed. To what class of creatures these siliceous frameworks belonged was unknown; but Ehrenberg soon discovered that similar objects existed in the Baltic Sea. At length an 'infusorial earth' was discovered in Barbadoes; in which a vast variety of these undetermined skeletons were the preponderating objects, as the Diatomaceæ had been in the Bermudan deposit. Their exceeding richness and beauty in this new locality led to their recognition as a class under the name of Polycystinæ; and recent researches have shown that they are constructed by atoms of living jelly, like those inhabiting the Foraminiferous shells; and that Foraminifers, Polycystins, Sponges, and Amœbæ, or *Proteus-animalcules*, really constitute so many sub-classes or

types of one great class now known by the common name of Rhizopods.

Such are some of the influences that have led men to seek for more knowledge respecting deep-sea life, and for improvements in the machinery for making deep-sea explorations. Rigid utilitarians, of a school happily becoming extinct, were wont to sneer at many of the questions to which men of science devote their attention, seeing no *practical* end likely to be served by their discussion. '*Each trifle-hunter that can bring a grub, a weed, a moth, a beetle's wing,*' wins little respect from minds of this class: but science soon obtains the noblest of revenges for former slights. Her despised teachings become essential things. What were yesterday regarded as useless abstractions, to-day minister to the necessities of society. Most of us remember when the phenomena of *electricity* and *photography* merely ministered to the amusement of the few; but the electroplate, the telegram, and the photograph have become indispensable to the masses. To minds such as we have referred to, the nature of the deep sea-bed would be a problem not worth solving; but an accurate knowledge of it has already become a matter of prime necessity to the commercial world. The Transatlantic Telegraph must and will ere long be successfully laid; but one of the essentials to success is a minute knowledge, not only of the physical outlines of the seabed on which the cable has to repose, but also of the materials of which the seabed consists. But higher questions than these are involved in this inquiry. The ontologist, grappling with the inscrutable problem of life in all its conditions, wants to know how it exists at great depths, in total darkness, and under incredible pressures. The philosophic zoologist, striving to solve the origin of species, watches the discoveries made in these submarine regions, looking for some new facts that may guide him through the labyrinth in which he is now entangled. The mere collector, whose dredge has never descended beyond a few hundred feet, hopes for new forms of life wherewith to enrich his cabinets. Thus we find that the circles interested in these inquiries are neither few nor small.

Before referring to the existing state of our knowledge on this question, we must recur to the subject of the mechanical contrivances either in use or recently suggested for reaching and examining the bed of the ocean. We have already stated that the ordinary deep-sea lead was a metal sinker weighing about twenty-five pounds, the bottom of which was coated with tallow, to bring up such portions of the seabed as might happen to adhere to it. We have also indicated

some reasons for the inefficiency of this instrument. There is, first, the difficulty of getting it down in a vertical line from the buoyancy of the rope overcoming the weight of the sinker; secondly, supposing the sinker to be enlarged so as to overcome the first difficulty, there ensues the greater one of the weighted rope breaking under the vast pressure of the water on attempting to haul it up again; and lastly, the quantity of the sea-bottom which the greased lead brings up, is insignificant and unsatisfactory. The improvements that have been made in order to meet all these requirements, naturally resolve themselves into two classes; viz., those affecting the sinker, and those adapted for bringing up portions of the seabed.

The earliest attempt of importance to improve upon the greased lead was made by Sir John Ross during his voyage to the North Pole in 1819. The free end of his sounding-line was double; each cord being attached to one arm of two irons working on a central pivot like a pair of scissors; only the free blades consisted of two strong, opposed, semi-circular metal cups, or '*clams*,' as they were called from their resemblance to the two valves of the shell known to sailors by that name, and which, when shut close, enclosed a cavity of some inches in diameter. To keep these open, a transverse, thin, iron rod was fixed between the two arms attached to the rope; and from this horizontal bar a central one passed down through the pivot forming the hinge, and projected between the two cups to the level of their lower or free margins. When the open cups touched the ground, the resistance of the latter forced the vertical rod upwards, and thus displaced the horizontal one which kept the cups open; so that the first pull upon the line caused the cups to close by their own weight, with the chance of their grabbing up, as they did so, some portion of the soft seabed. But this instrument was full of defects. Its most obvious ones were the weight of the machinery to be recovered, its liability to leave the seabed before the cups were sufficiently closed to catch up any portion of the sand or mud, and the great difficulty, not to say impossibility, of keeping the clams closed during their ascent through the water. The idea of the clams was an excellent one, had some efficient closing power been attached to them.

The next improvement was suggested by Lieutenant Brook, of the United States navy. His object was to make the sinker so heavy that it would carry a line to any depth; and then, by becoming detached at the bottom, leave little more than the unencumbered sounding-line to be brought up again. To effect this object, he attached to the end of his line an

apparatus, of which the central element was a straight metallic sounding-rod, on which a spherical shot, with a hole through its centre, could slide freely. From each side of the top of this sounding-rod, and attached to it by a hinge acting vertically, was projected a metallic arm, with a slight hook at its free extremity. The machine was firmly and permanently fastened to the end of the sounding-line, the latter being double, each end being bound to the free extremity of the corresponding hinged arm, which thus carried the whole apparatus. The perforated shot was slipped on to the vertical sounding-rod from below, and held there by two cords looped at their extremities; each loop being loosely hung upon the hook at the extremity of each horizontal arm. Hence, where the machine was suspended in the water, the divided ends of the line sustained the arms to the ends of which the perforated weight was slung, and prevented the loops from slipping off the terminal hooks, which were sufficiently curved to hold the cords sustaining the sinker, so long as they retained their horizontal position. But the moment the machine reached the bottom, an opposite result ensued. As the lower end of the vertical sounding-rod projected beyond the shot slung upon it, it received the first shock when the apparatus struck the ground, and took the tension off the line; the horizontal arms, no longer upheld by the latter, now fell, liberating, as they did so, the looped cords sustaining the perforated shot; and the latter, thus freed, slid down the sounding-rod to the ground. Thus released from all attachment to the apparatus, the shot with its two slings was left behind the moment the cord was pulled at, and the latter had to bring nothing up to the surface but the light sounding-rod with its two hinged arms.

It is not easy by mere verbal descriptions to make plain what a glance at a diagram would at once render intelligible. But we are anxious to do so in this instance because the principle of leaving the weight behind, characterizing Brook's apparatus, lies at the foundation of all the subsequent inventions to which we shall refer. An apt idea of this machine may be derived from contemplating a human figure standing upright with outstretched arms. The two ends of the divided sounding-line are to be firmly fastened round the wrists, the elbow-joint being stiff, and the arm being prevented from rising above the level of the hinged shoulder by an appropriate catch at the latter joint. The perforated weight or sinker slides up and down the body and legs, which represent the sounding-rod, and is sustained there by two looped cords, one being hooked loosely upon the slightly bent forefinger of each hand. The feet, pro-

jecting below the sinker, would first strike the ground, taking the tension off the sounding-line, which would no longer uphold the arms; consequently the latter would fall down by their own weight, and that of the sinker which they sustained in its place. As they fell, the looped cords would slip off the fingers, liberating the perforated sinker, which would slide over the feet. Nothing would remain to be brought up again, on raising the line, but the light framework of the body, still attached to the sounding-line by the two wrists.

Some practical difficulties encountered in the working of this apparatus were partly overcome by some ingenious modifications made by Lieutenant Berryman, also of the United States navy. He added a tube, with its lower extremity open, to the end of the sounding-rod. When the apparatus struck the bottom, this tube became partially filled with the soft material forming the seabed; and in order that these 'soundings' might not escape when the machine was drawn up, a small hinged valve was contrived, which was closed by the perforated sinker, as the latter slipped off the end of the sounding-rod.

Commander B. F. Sands, another officer of the United States marine service, next suggested an apparatus in which the sinker was divided vertically into two halves; the flat surface of each half having a longitudinal groove, fitting it to the perpendicular sounding-rod. The lower part of each half of the sinker had a small perforation, which received a short pin attached to the bottom of the sounding-rod by a hinge moving vertically, whilst each upper extremity had a similar socket and pin; only in the latter case the pins were fixed, projecting downwards from a loose ring sliding upon the sounding rod; at the lower end of the latter was a specimen box connected with the loose ring just mentioned by two vertical rods. When the machine reached the bottom, the specimen box first struck the ground, and, being forced upwards by the resistance, it raised the ring, with its two pins, which held the upper extremities of the double sinker in contact with the central sounding-rod. Two springs attached to this rod now threw off the two halves of the sinker, which, being only sustained by the hinged pins at their base, fell away in opposite directions, and, slipping off the pins by their own weight, were left at the bottom of the sea.

No further material improvement was made in deep-sea sounding machinery until the voyage of the 'Bulldog' to the Greenland seas in 1860. And here we approach an unpleasant subject. Disagreements between able and distinguished men are always painful. The personalities of scien-

tific life seriously detract from the dignity and prestige of scientific men, especially when they occur between such as have been shipmates and companions in arms. But as scientific men are human, notwithstanding their high vocation, human frailties will manifest themselves. In the case before us we will endeavour to hold the scales as evenly balanced as possible: nevertheless we cannot avoid a conviction that some injustice has been done to Dr. Wallich by his brother officers, and especially by his late commander.

The failure of the great attempt to connect Europe and America by a telegraphic wire carried straight across the Atlantic, led to the suggestion of a scheme to accomplish the object by means of several smaller cables laid along a different route. It was proposed to start from the north of Ireland, and reach Greenland by way of Iceland, and then cross over to Labrador, striking the American coast in the neighbourhood of Hamilton's Inlet. Preparatory to making the attempt, H.M.S. 'Bulldog' was commissioned, under the command of Sir F. Leopold M'Clintock, the well-known Arctic navigator, to make a detailed survey of the proposed route. To this important expedition Dr. Wallich, hitherto connected with the army of India, was appointed naturalist.

During the voyage, Mr. Roughton, chief engineer of the 'Bulldog,' invented a machine for combining deep sounding and dredging. This apparatus, of which a drawing will be found in the *Mechanics' Magazine* for January 18th, 1861, does not appear to have succeeded.

Mr. Steil, another officer of the 'Bulldog,' now invented an apparatus which was to a considerable extent successful. This instrument combined a sinking apparatus, which was virtually a modification of Brook's, with the 'clams' or cups used forty years ago by Sir J. Ross. Descriptions unaided by diagrams would wholly fail in conveying to our readers an idea of this complicated instrument; but excellent figures of it are to be found in the *Mechanics' Magazine* for December 28th, 1860. The 'clams' were made to close, by means of a heavy weight attached by a horizontal arm to each valve, and which tended to bring the opposed cups together as soon as the line drew the apparatus away from the bottom. But at least two evils attended the use of this apparatus. First, the leaded weights closing the cups being necessarily fixed, added greatly to the difficulty of raising the apparatus from great depths; and, Secondly, if, on drawing in the line, any casualty gave the slightest check to the upward movement, the cups almost inevitably opened, and let out their contents.

Under these circumstances, Dr. Wallich suggested some important improvements in the instrument, which he has described in the following terms:—

‘Towards the close of September, I first suggested a modification of the apparatus designed and constructed by Mr. Steil. That modification consisted in dispensing with the slip-hooks, constituting a separate set of detaching gear necessary only during the descent of the apparatus, in doing away with the weighted levers attached to the scoops, and in reducing the weight of the central shaft (no longer requisite as the power for closing the scoops during the operation of hauling up) to the minimum demanded for strength; *the employment of an india-rubber band as an independent closing power for the scoops, rendering all these improvements practicable.* This instrument was not ready for trial till the eighth day before we ceased to take soundings, and was only employed seven times; its first and shallowest trial being in no less than eight hundred and seventy-one fathoms of water, before which the shot used as sinkers had never been slung to it. Of this instrument, which I beg particularly to point out was *also designated the “Bulldog,”* it is only necessary to state, that, in three out of the seven trials, more bottom was brought up than in thirty-five out of seventy soundings taken with other machines, not recorded as failures, and irrespective of soundings taken with greased sinkers.’—*Mechanics’ Magazine, January 18th, 1861.*

In the same communication Dr. Wallich states that

‘on the 7th of November, but four days prior to leaving the ship on the north-west coast of Ireland, I sketched the plan, in Sir Leopold’s presence, of an instrument comprising my latest improvements; and I maintain that this sketch showed unequivocally *all the new and essential parts* of the machine now called the “Bulldog,” described by Sir Leopold in his letter to me as “*a new instrument.*”’—*Idem.*

To enable our readers to understand this last quotation, we must carry our historic summary a step further. When the ‘Bulldog’ returned to England, Sir Leopold M’Clintock and Mr. Steil unitedly constructed a new instrument. To the first machine Sir Leopold had given the name of Mr. Steil; but to the first modification of it by Dr. Wallich, already referred to, he gave the name of the ship, ‘The Bulldog;’ thus signifying that it was the joint product of the leading engineering minds amongst the ship’s officers. When the Portsmouth instrument was made, the name of ‘Bulldog’ was transferred to it; and, in a letter to the secretary of the Admiralty, Sir Leopold gives the following account of its origin:—

'The "Bulldog" machine cannot be attributed to any one person; it is the result of the ingenuity and of the experience obtained on board the "Bulldog," of Mr. Steil, Dr. Wallich, and Mr. Roughton, chief engineer, together with some fittings and adaptations of my own. It consists of three distinct parts: First, the slip-hooks, the invention of Mr. Steil, by means of which the sinker, or weight to be detached, is disengaged. Secondly, the double scoop, also being Mr. Steil's, but altered in the first instance by Dr. Wallich, so as to shut forcibly by india-rubber bands; and further modified in size and form by me, partly upon the suggestion of Mr. Roughton, to adapt to the disconnecting weight or sinker, which forms the third distinct part. The suggestion of the use of a single disconnecting weight to be employed with Mr. Steil's altered scoops, in such a manner that by its weight it would serve to counteract the tendency of the india-rubber to close them until the right moment, is due to Dr. Wallich; the employment of this form of sinker, (the same which is supplied for use with Brook's machine,) its cordage, fittings, and the mode of seating it upon the scoops so as to keep them open, has been my own doing.'

To this letter, as well as to the whole of the Portsmouth proceedings, Dr. Wallich takes exception, and, we must say, not without an appearance of justice. We are sufficiently familiar with the arrangements of these machines, and must say that all that is essential in the present form of the 'Bulldog,' is substantially Dr. Wallich's; save the use of the cups, for which Sir Leopold M'Clintock has given Mr. Steil the credit. But this is clearly an error, since they are obviously an adaptation of those which, as we have already shown, were invented by Sir John Ross in 1819. Indeed, it appears that in the first instance Sir Leopold called the attention of Dr. Wallich to these 'clams,' as having been used by the above distinguished navigator. The only points in the Portsmouth machine in which Dr. Wallich's design has been departed from are unmistakeable disadvantages. These are chiefly the substitution of a hollow sinker for a solid one, needlessly adding to the bulk; and, what is worse still, involving the use of a central or third permanent line, which is most liable to find its way between the cups, and prevent them from closing. This instrument was used during the cruise of the 'Porcupine,' but we believe that it failed on several points; including the defectiveness of the detaching apparatus, leading also to failure in bringing up portions of the bottom, and in the friction in descent caused by the sinker being perforated; both of them being avowedly changes made in Dr. Wallich's plan by Sir Leopold M'Clintock, and obviously being changes for the worse. The *Mechanics' Magazine* for January 18th, 1860,

states that, when tried, this machine 'was found to answer admirably.' The cruise of the 'Porcupine' gave very different results. The instrument which Dr. Wallich proposes for adoption, appears to us to approach almost as near to perfection as we hope to see attained. The sinker is an oblong solid, divided transversely at its centre, where one of the divided extremities is convex, fitting loosely upon the other which is concave. When these two are put together, a nipple-shaped prolongation of the base of the sinker fits into a conical cavity formed by the scoops when they are open, and which are kept open so long as the weight of the sinker presses upon them. The upper end of the sinker is retained in its place by a small metal cap, sliding freely on the sounding-line, which is here double; one cord passing down each side of the sinker to the clams as scoops: this cap is pressed down upon the ball-shaped head of the sinker. Thus, so long as the apparatus is kept in a vertical position, in descending through the water, the weight or sinker is firmly held between the cap above and the levers of the clams below. On reaching the bottom, the first part to strike the ground is of course the gaping scoops or clams: as soon as these are sufficiently immersed in the seabed to relieve the line of the weight of the machine, the latter tilts over, and as it does so, the divided sinker tumbles out of its shallow sockets. This action releases the clams, hitherto kept open by the weight of the sinker, which counteracted a powerful band of india-rubber drawing the two scoops together. The scoops in closing grasp within their hollow interior such sediment as they can manage to scrape up; and now nothing remains but to raise them with their contents to the surface, which their comparatively light weight renders an easy task.

It will be evident from the above description, that Dr. Wallich's instrument combines most of the points essential to a deep-sea sounding instrument. It has simplicity and freedom from all complicated gear; facility for detaching its sinker when at the bottom; great *grabbing* power on the part of the clams at the precise moment when they are immersed in the seabed to be investigated; the reduction of the weight to be brought up again to a *minimum*; and the greatest security against the clams being re-opened during the ascent of the machine, causing the loss of their contents. The only question to be settled is the soundness of Dr. Wallich's claim to regard the instrument as virtually his own: and we must say, we deem his claim well-founded. Sir Leopold M'Clintock confesses, in his letter to the Admiralty, that the use of a single disconnecting weight, and also its adaptation to keep the scoops

open, with the employment of the india-rubber band as a *closing* power, are due to Dr. Wallich; and as these three elements constitute the entire machine, with the exception of the clams, we cannot see what there is left for any one else to claim. The clams are neither Dr. Wallich's nor Mr. Steil's, but, as we have already remarked, the invention of Sir John Ross; whilst Sir Leopold M'Clintock's own 'fittings and adaptations,' as we have already pointed out, detracted from the usefulness of the apparatus, instead of improving it.

We have entered at greater length into this dispute than we should have done, had we not been impressed with the strong tendency of the military and naval services of this country to ignore all inventions that do not proceed from their own body. Dr. Wallich is a mere surgeon and a naturalist; not a soldier or a sailor; and as such would always be in danger of some injustice at the hands of the military authorities. With such strong claims to be regarded as the inventor of the best 'Bulldog' sounding machine, we do think that he ought not to have been ignored during the Portsmouth proceedings, as he appears practically to have been. We have the highest opinion of Sir Leopold M'Clintock, both as a naval officer and as a man, and believe him incapable of intentionally injuring any one; but in the present instance we fear that his kindly desire to benefit one of his inferior officers has led him to do what was scarcely equitable towards another.

We have now brought before our readers all the most promising forms of instruments that have come under our notice: but we have recently seen some soundings obtained by Captain Baker, of the merchant ship 'Nippon' of Liverpool, that were gained by a very simple appendage, lashed to the side of the common lead. Not that this plan will for a moment supersede the more important machines, but it is worth the notice of navigators who do not carry the latter on board their ships. Captain Baker took a metal tube, about eighteen inches long, and one and a quarter broad; with a wooden cap, into the centre of which a strong piece of leather is fixed, acting like a pump-box. This tube is lashed to the side of the lead, projecting a little beyond its lower extremity, so that it sinks into the soil, and brings up a cylinder of earth free from grease, the surplus water being forced out through the valve at the top. Of course this plan would not be available for the deepest soundings; but it appears admirably adapted for common use in moderate depths.

The invention of instruments is but a means to several ends, of which that which concerns us now is the problem of the

nature and distribution of deep-sea life. That this problem received little serious attention from the earlier zoologists was inevitable, because they had no means of knowing anything about it. The first attempt at its philosophical study was made by the late Edward Forbes. He began his work by an examination of our British seas, which he found could be subdivided into zones of depth, each characterized by peculiar forms of animal and vegetable life, analogous to the zones of vegetation recognised by botanists on the dry land. These British zones were limited to comparatively shallow depths. But in his *Ægean* explorations, to which we have had occasion to refer in a previous number of this Review,* he applied the *bathymetrical* principle of classification on a much more extensive scale.

In the British islands the first or *Littoral* zone ranged from high to low water mark, varying in extent according to the height of the tidal wave at each locality. Secondly, the *Laminarian* zone, between low water mark and a depth of fifteen fathoms, not only characterized by the large thick-stalked seaweeds whence it takes its name, but by a profusion of animal and vegetable life, rich in colours and variety of pattern. Thirdly, the *Coralline* zone, extending from fifteen to thirty fathoms, abounding in vertebrate and invertebrate animals, but with few plants. Fourthly, the *Deep Coral* zone, commencing at the boundary of the last, and extending in depth in various parts of the world from three hundred to five hundred and fifty-five fathoms, but usually falling short of these figures. From this point, according to Forbes, animal and vegetable life were either wholly extinct, or exhibited themselves in so rare and insignificant a form as to make the barrenness of the surrounding desert but the more conspicuous.

On visiting the eastern Mediterranean he found that the *Ægean* Sea could be divided into eight regions of depth. First, as around his native islands, came the littoral zone, which, from the feebleness of the tides in those seas, did not exceed a vertical range of two fathoms. The second province, from two to ten; and the third, from ten to twenty fathoms below the high water mark. The fourth region ranged down to thirty-five fathoms, the fifth to fifty-five, the sixth to eighty, and the seventh to a hundred and five. Each of these zones was characterized by some marked peculiarity in its assemblage of living beings, and could even be further separated into sub-regions. The eighth and last region embraced all the space explored below one hundred and five fathoms, and extended to a depth of seven hundred

* *London Quarterly Review*, No. xxxiii., p. 153.

and fifty feet. It was mainly an unknown tract, now added by Forbes to the domain of the zoologist for the first time. In the lower zones the number of species of living organisms diminished as the dredge sank towards the abysses. From two hundred and thirty fathoms below the sea-level, the greatest depth Forbes reached, he drew up nothing but yellow mud, with the remains of Pteropods' shells, and minute Foraminifera, and occasionally a shell. From a comparison of his observations, he conjectured that the zero of animal life would probably be found somewhere about three hundred fathoms.

One of the important results of these researches was the discovery that those species which have the greatest vertical range, are likewise those which extend over the widest areas of sea; and hence that the range of a species in depth is commensurate with its geographical distribution.* Forbes' philosophic mind, familiarised with the laws regulating the distribution of organic life on the land, naturally sought for evidences of the influence of similar laws in the ocean. When the traveller leaves the torrid shores of any tropical sea,—such, for example, as the Mexican Gulf,—whether he mounts towards the unchanging snows of the neighbouring Andes, or follows the coast-line until he reaches either pole, he will encounter, in turn, palms, tree ferns, camellias, laurels, and vines, deciduous forest trees such as the beech and oak, pines, birches, dwarfed Alpine plants, and ultimately, whether at the summits of the mountain, or on the shores of the icy sea, he will only find a few of the lowest mosses and lichens struggling for existence at the snow-line. Forbes, as we have seen, believed he had discovered the application of similar laws to submarine regions. In his report presented to the British Association in 1843, he says, 'The assemblage of cosmopolitan species at the water's edge, the abundance of peculiar climatal forms in the highest zone where Celtic species † are scarce, the increase in the number of the latter as we descend, and, when they again diminish, the representation of northern forms in the lower regions, and the abundance of the remains of Pteropoda in the lowest, with the general aspect

* Geikie's *Memoir of Edward Forbes*, p. 299; from which work the above summary of the *Ægean* researches has been virtually quoted.

† To render this philosophical argument more intelligible to such of our readers as are not practical naturalists, we may observe that the *climatal* forms of life are those whose range is limited to regions favourable to them in temperature and other physical conditions, and which are thus incapable of a wide distribution. *Celtic* types are those characteristic of the seas of which the British Islands are the centre, and may be regarded as representing a *temperate* climate. The *northern* forms are such as characterize Scandinavian seas; whilst the *Pteropoda* are a peculiar group of shell-fish, existing in profusion in the seas of high polar latitudes.

of the associations of species in all, are facts which fairly lead to an inference, that parallels in latitude are equivalent to regions in depth, corresponding to that law in terrestrial distribution which holds that parallels in latitude are representative of regions of elevation. In each case the analogy is maintained, not by identical species only, but mainly by representative forms.'

This quotation, coupled with the remarks by which we have introduced it, gives the essence of Forbes' philosophy of deep-sea distribution of plants and animals. Being the first serious attempt that had been made at inductive generalisation on the subject, and appearing equally comprehensive in its scope and accurate in its facts, we cannot wonder that it took the scientific world by storm, and was widely received as a final deliverance on the subject. There is no question that it embodies some important truths, and may even be correct in its application to that part of the *Ægean* in which the philosophic naturalist laboured so diligently; but recent observations have shown his hypothesis to embody serious errors when applied to more cosmopolitan areas. Even prior to the promulgation of Forbes' notions, a number of isolated observations had been made in various parts of the world, indicating that animal and vegetable life existed at greater depths in the ocean than he believed to be the case. Neither did these observations escape the attention of naturalists; but they did not carry that weight as evidence to which we now know them to be entitled. They have gradually acquired a *cumulative* value, to which every additional observation of the same kind adds new importance. We will now bring some of these observations before our readers, who will soon see that the real range of animal, and doubtless, also, of vegetable, life in the ocean, is very different from what was imagined by Forbes. Many of these scattered records have been wisely brought together by Dr. Wallich in the first part of his work. The first of these observations was made by Sir John Ross in the course of his celebrated but unsatisfactory voyage to the Polar Sea in the year 1818. During this voyage, in which the commander had the valuable co-operation of the present distinguished head of the Royal Society, the deep-sea observations were partly made with the deep-sea clams to which we have already referred, though General Sabine informs us that the most productive researches were made with a kind of trawl-net. But the use of the latter was of course limited to the more shallow waters. In his narrative of the voyage,* Sir John

* *A Voyage of Discovery for the Purpose of exploring Baffin's Bay.* By Sir JOHN ROSS, K.S., Royal Navy. London: 1819.

says, 'About six it fell nearly calm for a short time, and we sounded with the deep-sea clams, which brought up a quantity of mud, in which were five worms of a species that had not been seen before. There were only six hundred and fifty fathoms of line out, consequently there could not be more than that depth of water; but there might have been much less, which was probably the case, as the swell was so great that it was uncertain, after two hundred fathoms, when the machine reached the bottom.'

On the first of September, 'soundings were obtained correctly in one thousand fathoms, consisting of soft mud in which there were worms; and, entangled on the sounding-line at eight hundred fathoms, was found a beautiful *Caput Medusæ*.*

Five days later he records, 'At six, it being quite calm, and the water smooth, we sounded with the deep-sea clams, and found one thousand and fifty fathoms, which were the deepest soundings ever reached in Baffin's Bay.' 'When the line came up, a small star-fish was found attached to it, below the point marking eight hundred fathoms.' On the second of October he says, 'We sounded in six hundred and fifty fathoms, and obtained from the bottom several small stones and shells.'

The next important observation, which appears to have escaped the notice of Dr. Wallick, is one accidentally made by the Rev. William Scoresby, then captain of the Liverpool whaler 'Baffin.' The occasion was one in which a whale, having been harpooned, plunged suddenly down to the bottom of the sea. When the fish was secured, it was discovered that, 'the sea here not being unfathomable, as in the more eastern fishing-stations, the line of the "first fast boat" had lain on the bottom. On its being hauled in, several fine specimens of the beautiful species of starfish, called *Asterias Caput Medusæ*, were found clinging to it. The depth of water was about two hundred and fifty fathoms.'†

No further facts of material value appear to have come to light, until Sir James Clarke Ross, the nephew of the older navigator whose researches we have already mentioned, made his successful voyage to the South Polar Seas with the 'Erebus' and 'Terror' in the years 1839-43, when Dr. Joseph Hooker accompanied the expedition as naturalist. On the 19th of January, Sir James Ross records, 'The dredge

* A well-known species of star-fish.

† *Voyage to the Northern Whale Fishery, West Greenland, made in 1822.* By WILLIAM SCORESBY, JUN., p. 287.

was put over in two hundred and seventy fathoms' water, and, after trailing on the ground for some time, was hauled in.' After recording that the dredge brought up some beautiful specimens of living coral, he says, 'Corallines, Flustræ, and a great variety of marine invertebrate animals also came up in the net, showing an abundance and great variety of animal life. Amongst them I detected two species of *Pycnogonium*; *Idotea Baffini*, hitherto considered peculiar to the Arctic Seas; a Chiton, seven or eight bivalves and univalves, an unknown species of Gammarus,* and two kinds of Serpulæ adhering to the pebbles and shells.'

The next stage of this inquiry brings us back to our own shores. In the summer of 1849, Mr. George Barlee, one of our most diligent dredgers and practical conchologists, visited the Shetland district, and collected numerous specimens of the sediment from those northern seas. Many of these were examined by Professor Williamson, then preparing his monograph on the British Foraminifera, who found that the sediments obtained from the deeper waters especially, abounded in examples of the small Foraminiferous shell, known as the *Globigerina bulloides*. This microscopic atom is little more than the one-hundred-and-fiftieth part of an inch in diameter: hence to the naked eye, a wet mass of its shells would only look like impalpable mud. The cosmopolitan diffusion of this species had been previously noticed by Ehrenberg, who obtained it from the east and west coasts of South America, from the Indian Ocean, and from the Mediterranean. It had also been obtained from various parts of the British coast, but never in any quantity, until Mr. Barlee's successful explorations amongst the deeper parts of the Shetland seas indicated that its true home was not in the shallow waters of the coast, but in the ocean depths. About the same time, the late Dr. Bailey, of West Point, United States, was arriving at similar conclusions. An examination of a number of soundings collected by the United States Coast Survey, showed him that, whilst specimens of the *Globigerina* were few and small at a depth of forty-nine fathoms, they increased both in abundance and magnitude down to ninety fathoms. The conclusion that the *Globigerina* was a deep-sea species, suggested by the above observations, was further confirmed by the examination of other soundings, collected by the United States navy, and reported on by M. F. de Pourtales, who stated that 'the greatest depth from which specimens had

* A kind of shrimp.

been examined is two hundred and sixty-seven fathoms; and there the Globigerina are still living in immense numbers.*

The most valuable confirmation of the above views was supplied in 1853, when, in the region between latitude 42° and 54° north, and 9° to 29° west longitude, Lieutenant Berryman, of the United States ship 'Dolphin,' obtained soundings from depths ranging from 1,080 to 2,000 fathoms. These important soundings were the first that had been discovered, consisting wholly of microscopic animal organisms. They contained no particle of sand, gravel, or other inorganic matter, but mainly consisted of Globigerinae and other Foraminifera, with the addition of a few siliceous Diatoms and Polycystins. These facts made it most probable that many of the deepest parts of the ocean were tenanted by myriads of minute organisms, whose countless numbers were so vast, that the sands of the sea shore afforded but feeble illustrations of their extent. It was obvious that at the localities in question the bed of the sea was mainly composed of their shells,—the products of perished generations. It was impossible to ascertain the thickness of these accumulations: but associating the facts recorded with the discovery of Ehrenberg respecting the microscopic structure of chalk, and remembering that even in their compressed and consolidated condition the chalk strata were several hundred feet in thickness, it became probable that the waters of extensive regions in the Atlantic reposed on a layer of calcareous mud, hundreds, if not thousands, of feet in thickness, derived entirely from microscopic animals. Compared with this, the wondrous labours of the coral-building animals, which in early parts of the century stimulated the eloquence of poets, preachers, and professors, sink into nothingness.

We now reach the last period in the history of these submarine investigations. The recent discoveries are even more important than those already noted, inasmuch as they tend to link together scattered observations which thus acquire unity and force. They were made by Dr. Wallich during the voyage of the 'Bulldog' to the North Atlantic, to which we have already drawn attention. The soundings, being made with such care and by such competent men as Sir Leopold M'Clintock and his officers, acquire a higher value than they would otherwise possess. Each observation was made twice; the first to measure the depth accurately, and the second to ascertain the nature of the seabed.

* *Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science*, 1850, p. 84.

That our readers may fully comprehend what follows, we must remind them that modern conchologists have divided the world into provinces, of which politicians, and foreign secretaries of state take no note; and though boundary questions are continually arising, they only lead to bloodless, though earnest, debates between the Forbes', the Huxleys, and the M'Andrews of the day. Each of these provinces is characterized, not by forms of government or races of men, but by the prevalence of peculiar types of marine shell-fish. Thus we have Arctic and Boreal provinces, in which species, characteristic of high latitudes, prevail. We have a Celtic province, of which England is the centre, and which extends from the north of Scotland, where it meets the Boreal region, to the southern French shores of the Bay of Biscay. Still further south, we have the Lusitanian province, characterized by the abundance of animals belonging to the warm climate of the Peninsula and the Western Mediterranean.

The earliest important observation made by Dr. Wallich, during the voyage of the 'Bulldog,' was the discovery of a great number of sea-urchins.* Still more important, however, was the sounding made in latitude 59° 27' north, and longitude 26° 41' west, nearly midway between the coast of Donegal and the south-east shores of Greenland. The sounding-line descended to a depth of 1,260 fathoms, fifty fathoms of it being payed out in excess of the real depth, which latter portion lay, for a short time, at the bottom of the sea. When drawn up, thirteen living star-fishes were found adhering to that portion of the line which had rested upon the mud.

'What mechanical ingenuity failed to achieve, hunger or curiosity accomplished; and thus, whilst the sounding apparatus only succeeded in bringing up from a depth of 1,260 fathoms a number of minute shell-covered creatures, so simply organized as to render them incapable of perceiving or escaping a danger, thirteen star-fishes, ranging in diameter from two to five inches, came up convulsively embracing a portion of the sounding-line which had been paid out in excess of the already ascertained depth, and rested for a sufficient period at the bottom to permit of their attaching themselves to it. These star-fishes arrived at the surface in a living condition; and, what is still more extraordinary, continued to move their long spine-covered rays for a quarter of an hour afterwards.'—*Wallich*, p. 69.

At Goodhaab, on the west coast of Greenland, Dr. Wallich obtained, by dredging in depths from fifty to one hundred

* *Echinus Sphæra*, which were brought up by the dredge from a depth of 200 fathoms, in a bay near Herrnhut, the well-known Moravian centre in Greenland.

fathoms, one Crustacean, ten Mollusks, and five Annelids or worms. At the same locality, but from between one and two hundred fathoms' depth, he got three Crustaceans, five Mollusks, seven Echinodermata, and three Annelids. In three soundings, taken respectively at depths of 1,260, 1,268, and 1,913 fathoms, there were found minute cylindrical tubes of Annelids, composed almost wholly of aggregations of Foraminiferous shells (*Globigerinæ*). Similar tubes, but of a different species, were found in another locality at 871 fathoms. A remarkable evidence that these worms actually lived at the depths recorded, is furnished by the fact that in each case the composition of the tubes was identical with that of the sea-bed at the respective localities where they were found. They availed themselves of such building materials as were at hand, for the purpose of constructing their habitations. Another observation at a depth of 682 fathoms revealed some *Serpulæ*, (calcareous-shelled worms,) and an allied *Spirorbis*; whilst one made near the south coast of Iceland, at a depth of 445 fathoms, furnished a small worm and a couple of small Crustaceans.

Of course Dr. Wallich obtained abundant evidence of the existence of the *Globigerina* deposit; respecting which he says, that 'there, like the sands of the shore, it is evident that there is an intimate association between the *Globigerinæ* deposits and the Gulf Stream; for, wherever we trace the one sweeping across the surface of the ocean, we are almost sure to detect the other resting on the seabed; and where we fail to trace the one, we almost as surely fail to detect the other. Thus, between the Farøe Islands and Iceland, between Iceland and East Greenland, and for a considerable portion of the direct route between Cape Farewell and Eackall, *Globigerinæ* is the prevailing form in the deposits; whereas, between Greenland and Labrador, along the belt traversed by the Arctic current, and in a southerly direction along the coast of Labrador, it is either absent or occurs only in such very limited quantity, as to prove that the conditions are favourable to its increase in the one case, and unfavourable in the other.'—Page 137.

Dr. Wallich's experience led him to conclude that these deposits contain from 70 to 85 per cent. of the shells of *Globigerinæ*; 'the remainder consisting of amorphous particles and variable quantities of mineral matter, Polycystinæ, Diatomaceæ, Sponge-spicules, and not unfrequently fragments of Echinoderm structure.' (Page 139.)

In endeavouring to draw just inferences from the facts to which we have now called our readers' attention, we must remember how improbable it is that we are acquainted with a hundredth part of the animals living at these vast depths. It

has only been at a few isolated spots in the vast ocean that any observations have been made, even with the defective instruments hitherto employed; and, had the observations been multiplied a thousand-fold, our knowledge must still have been limited. We should have known nothing of the existence of the star-fishes, had not their peculiar organization fitted them for clasping a line; but how few marine objects there are provided with such a power! We may rest assured that these star-fishes are not alone in these deep-sea habitations; but that they have other and more important companions than the worms and minute Crustaceans that have been found associated with them. Consequently, we may regard the specimens hitherto obtained as mere waifs and strays of a vast deep-sea fauna, the extent of which, both as regards types and individuals, has yet to be ascertained. The question of individual number receives significant illustration from the fact that, on the narrow line of sea-bed in contact with a few fathoms of rope, star-fishes are sufficiently numerous for thirteen to attach themselves firmly to the line. They must have abounded, unless we suppose them endowed with that wide-awake spirit which Sir Emerson Tennent attributes to the leeches of Ceylon, and to have trooped off to the rope, as the blood-suckers do to meet the coming traveller. Combining Dr. Wallich's observation with the corresponding ones of Sir John Ross and Captain Scoresby, we are driven to the conclusion that star-fishes, at least, are not uncommon in the depths of the North Atlantic.

Some doubts have been expressed whether the star-fishes really came from the bottom of the sea. Might they not, it has been asked, have become attached to the line as it was drawn through the water? To this we answer, that star-fishes are constructed for *creeping*, and not for *swimming*; and, though we might imagine some unfortunate victim of oceanic currents, drifted away from its native haunt, clutching spasmodically at a line that chanced to cross its path, we cannot conceive of vast colonies being so circumstanced. Further: both in Dr. Wallich's case, and in that of Captain Scoresby, the creatures had only seized upon that part of the line which had rested upon the bottom. Hence the exceeding probability that there was their home.

But Dr. Wallich converts this probability almost into a certainty, by telling us that, on examining the stomachs of these creatures, he found them filled with the same *Globigerinæ* that covered the floor of the ocean, and which he never discovered in any other position. A muslin net, drawn through the water, even at a depth of seven hundred fathoms, failed to bring up a

single shell ; and all the evidence we possess corroborates the conclusion that the *Globigerinæ* only dwell in any number at the bottom of the sea. Consequently, the star-fishes which had fed upon them must have lived at the same spot and under identical conditions.

The facts thus appearing to be placed beyond dispute, a number of philosophic problems spring up in connexion with them, towards the solution of which they contribute some important materials.

The first of these has reference to the origin of these deep-sea colonies. The three creatures obtained from the deepest soundings, of which the species were most clearly identified, were the star-fish, *Ophiocoma Granulata*, and the calcareous-shelled worms, *Serpula Vitrea* and *Spirorbis Nautiloides*. All these three are specifically identical with forms living on our own shores ; where the *Ophiocoma*, for example, is not uncommon at depths varying from 10 to 50 fathoms. It was already known that this star-fish ranged widely, being found over an area extending from our own shores to the Arctic Circle ; and we now learn that its range in depth is as wide as its geographical one. As a rule, there is little question that these creatures frequent shallow rather than deep waters. Did Dr. Wallich's captives travel to their pelagic home by migration, successive waves flocking seaward to relieve an over-populated region ? or are they the descendants of some early castaway that had floated either in its larval or in its mature state, until it reached those profound depths ? A third possibility, however, remains, which we believe to afford the probable solution of the question. Was the sea-bed, on which these creatures now live, once a shallow coast, part of the shores either of a great continent or of an archipelago of islands, but which has gradually sunk, until it has reached its present position ? Dr. Wallich inclines to the latter conclusion, and we agree with him. The late Edward Forbes long ago pointed out, on independent ground, the probability that during the glacial age there had existed a vast track of land stretching across the North Atlantic, and uniting our shores with those of the American continent. Many geological facts are only explicable on this supposition. It is then equally probable that the remote ancestors of Dr. Wallich's star-fishes were then the inhabitants of the shallow waters. As the land sank *slowly* during vast ages, the successive generations of animals gradually became acclimatised and accustomed to the new conditions to which they were thus introduced.

But what are those conditions ? The answer to the question

reveals some of those marvels of science in which many minds find its chief interest to consist. They are things out of the common way; hence worth knowing, in their estimation: and their conclusions are correct, however inadequate their reason. It is well ascertained that total darkness exists at the bottom of a sea 700 feet deep. How complete must be that darkness at the depth of 7,500 feet, where the animals under consideration flourished, in the active performance of all the functions of life! How far this darkness would interfere with the ordinary action of star-fishes, would depend upon the nature of their visual organs. They have a small organ at the extremity of each arm, which some have supposed to be an eye; but we have always distrusted this identification of it with the sense of sight, and the above facts tend to strengthen our conviction. Be that as it may, it is obvious that these creatures contrived to live and multiply in Stygian darkness. But this is only one of the strange conditions surrounding them. The pressure to which they have been habitually subjected is a still more remarkable fact. At the depth of a mile and a half, from which they were obtained, that pressure would amount to about 236 atmospheres, or nearly a ton and a half to every square inch of surface. Of course, as this pressure acted equally on every side of them, the external organs of these animals would not experience inconvenience from its intensity; but what must have been the resistance of the contained viscera and vital fluids required to countervail such a fearful squeezing as the above figures suggest! Then, again, the inconvenience which divers experience, even at moderate depths, from the pressure of the water impeding their respiration, is well known. At such depths as we are now considering, we believe that the most muscular man would find locomotion physically impossible; but these star-fish found the pressure no impediment to their clasping the line, which they embraced with a muscular vigour that was most surprising.

The two points just referred to suggest another very important consideration. Of late years the labours of Darwin and others have made the 'species' question the most important of all zoological inquiries. We have seen the old philosophy of Lamarck rising into the ascendant under new aspects. The brilliant Frenchman insisted most strongly upon the influence of accidental external circumstances to modify form and organization if sufficiently prolonged; and we do not for a moment deny the truth of his dogma in certain circumstances and with appropriate limitations. But when the modern followers of Lamarck and De Maillet demand that these dogmas should be

received as of universal application,—changes of condition converting monads into monkeys, and monkeys into men,—we triumphantly point to Dr. Wallich's star-fishes in refutation of their doctrines. If changes of external conditions have universally the power permanently to modify forms and organizations, or, in other words, to convert one species of animal into another, surely the transition, from a pressure of fourteen pounds per inch to one of one-and-a-half tons, and from a brilliant daylight to a total and unrelieved darkness, ought to constitute sufficient change to effect corresponding alterations in the animals subjected to them. But what are the facts? In form, colour, and internal organization, the star-fishes in question are identical with those now living in the shallow waters of our own shores. Indeed, their colours were more brilliant than they were in other individuals dredged up from a depth of one or two hundred fathoms on the coast of West Greenland. These facts sustain a conclusion arrived at by Edward Forbes, who affirmed that star-fishes were not only most tolerant of change of external circumstances, but that many of them had undergone no alteration since the Tertiary age of the geologists. It may be argued from this admission that star-fish are exceptional examples, and, therefore, may not be allowed to militate against conclusions drawn from other types of animal and vegetable life. But the various other objects brought up from deep water suggest the same reasonings. Hence the responses which these ocean depths make to our ontological questionings are seriously opposed to the conclusions of Lamarck and his modern supporters. So far as they are definite, these responses not only do *not* suggest the idea that *indefinite* changes result from largely altered conditions of life, but demonstrate that in some cases they produce no change at all. Not that we would give our facts a value beyond what they legitimately possess. We know that in numerous instances, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, facts appear to sustain the transmutation hypothesis; but we complain that an undue value has been given to these facts by the school to which we are opposed. Many of them are imperfectly known, and more imperfectly comprehended; hence, when attempting to philosophize upon them, we must use them with all the limitations suggested by such opposing facts as those to which we have called our reader's attention. The Lamarckian hypothesis demands *universality* in the action of external agencies upon the correlate internal tendencies to change, which he supposes each organism to possess; otherwise, his upward progress of the monad to humanity, which it recognises, would be

an impossibility. The dropping of a single link in any part of the chain would be fatal to the whole scheme. But the researches of Dr. Wallich and his fellow-labourers have caused several links to be dropped. Hence, apart from other grounds, we will still venture to doubt that man was ever a monad, a midge, or a monkey.

The next important aspect of these discoveries is that which they present when viewed in relation to geology. One of the unsolved problems at which geologists were working a quarter of a century ago was the history of limestone deposits, especially such peculiar ones as chalk. At that time it was generally supposed that all these rocks had resulted from the precipitation of carbonate of lime from sea water by some unknown chemical process; it being further supposed that this action must have taken place in deep seas, remote from the disturbing agencies and muddy sediments prevailing in the shallower waters near land. The teachings of Forbes tended to upset some of these conclusions, at least so far as the fossiliferous limestones were concerned. He contended that such aggregations of animal life as existed in many of these limestones were incompatible with a deep-sea origin. On the other hand, it remained obvious that the supposed chemical agents could produce rocks so free from mechanically derived materials as chalk is, only in the deeper seas. We have already referred to the annihilation of the chemical hypothesis by Ehrenberg's discovery of the Foraminiferous origin of chalk, and to the close relationship between the fossil *Globigerina cretacea*, of which chalk is a mere aggregation, and the living *Globigerina bulloides*, which, as we have seen, constitutes such vast submarine beds in various parts of the deep sea. But we now discover that a vast profusion of animal life is compatible with a deep-sea origin of these rocks; and though, for an inorganic chemical action, we have to substitute the mediate agency of microscopic living organisms, we are virtually brought back to the geographical and bathymetrical notions prevalent when Sedgwick, Buckland, and Phillips were young men:—viz., that pure calcareous deposits, especially when of considerable thickness, have had a deep-sea origin; though not necessarily or even probably formed at such depths as those from which Dr. Wallich drew his thirteen star-fishes.

We believe that we have some indications of the existence in deep waters of other forms of animal life than those of which we have spoken. There have long been traditions of polypi living in the depths of the Mediterranean, of such vast

size, Pliny tells us, quoting an earlier author named Trebius, that their heads were as large as a cask holding one hundred and thirty-five gallons,* that their arms were thirty feet in length, and that their weight was seven hundred pounds. This tale was long regarded as a baseless fiction, and in its exaggerated details it of course is so. The traditions of the sponge and coral divers of the Mediterranean tended to confirm the belief in the existence of some large Cephalopod hitherto undescribed by scientific men. But no trustworthy records of this huge creature have been obtained until recent times, when a decayed body of a cuttle-fish was cast upon the shores of one of our northern islands. Still more recently, the crew of a French frigate saw a strange object floating on the surface of the sea near Teneriffe. On approaching it in a boat they found that it was a red cuttle-fish, some fifteen feet long. They struck a harpoon into it and threw a loop of rope around it; but it got away, leaving, however, the broad end of its tail behind in the loop of the rope, as an evidence both of its existence and of its dimensions. Then, again, we have never yet discovered the home of the true Nautilus.† Nearly all our museum specimens are dead shells: the only two living ones hitherto obtained were found floating on the surface of the Indian Ocean, far away from land. We think it more than probable that this creature is a true deep-sea species. We will not venture on an opinion respecting the oft-announced sea-serpent, beyond the recognition of its possibility. Owen has told us that there was a period during the tertiary age when there existed a veritable sea-serpent twenty feet in length. The living one is yet a mythical creature to science.

We have done enough to show our readers that nature knows no absolute deserts. Life creeps up the mountain slopes, until it nestles within and beneath perennial snows; and it sinks into the deepest ocean valleys, revelling even in more than Cimmerian darkness. 'Thus saith the Lord that created the heavens; God Himself that formed the earth and made it, He hath established it, He created it not in vain, He formed it to be inhabited.'

* Of fifteen amphore.

† Nautilus Pompilius.

ART. II.—*The Poetical Works of Robert Browning.* In Three Volumes. Third Edition. Chapman and Hall. 1863.

THE re-publication of these poems, in a more compact form than any in which they have hitherto appeared, is a sure indication of the fact that the number of Browning's readers and admirers has been gradually increasing. Merit, however tardily, tends continually to wider recognition; and it is scarcely fair to blame that much-enduring animal, the public, for not being quicker-sighted in discerning the excellencies of an original poet and thinker. Appealed to on all sides by literary productions pleasant to read and easy to understand, it is not to be expected that people in general will encounter difficulties in the perusal of any work, and least of all in the perusal of any poem, unless positively assured that it will repay their labour. Originality, unless accompanied by a combination of other qualities rarely to be met with more than once in a century, is rather adverse to popularity than otherwise. Longfellow, with his simple thought and sweet versification, is the most popular poet now living. Tennyson, in one of his poems,—though not *in propria persona*—expresses regret that

‘the fair new forms,
That float about the threshold of an age,
Like truths of science waiting to be caught—
Catch me who can, and make the catcher crown’d—
Are taken by the forelock.’

And it can hardly be doubted that Tennyson's thought, true, deep, and noble, as it is, would not have gained for him his wide reputation, had it not been for his other qualities as a poet, and for the fact that he is indebted to his predecessors for the mould which his thought has taken. Wordsworth, Coleridge and Carlyle, had to wait for fame. Tennyson, who has entered into their labours, had not to wait so long. Moreover, a poet may ‘fit audience find, though few;’ and it often happens, as in the case of Wordsworth, that the depth of the impression produced bears a proportion to the limited number of the audience. Now, therefore, when bards can scarcely hope to win a fortune by their songs, when the old time, in which success was measured by immediate applause, has passed away, to be succeeded by a more thoughtful era, it would be unwise to complain that any original poet has not met with immediate recognition. It is a thing, at all events, not to be mended by complaint. Such phenomena as Moore's £3,000

for *Lalla Rookh*, and Milton's £10 for *Paradise Lost*, may be regarded as significant facts, but are not worth fretting over.

To Robert Browning, certainly, belongs the character of originality. Whether attended by unintelligibility, as is often asserted, or by whatever other vices or virtues attended, originality cannot be denied him by any of his critics. He has had no predecessors, in the sense that Tennyson or our other poets have had; he stands more alone; and if he reflects the features of the age in which we live, it is in a way peculiar to himself.

In speaking of his poems, we shall first refer to their defects. And we do this, not because we would emulate the example of 'the long-necked geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise,' nor because we forget the rebuke which our author himself administers to over-censorious contemporary critics,—

'And here, where your praise might yield returns,
And a handsome word or two give help,
Here, after your kind, the mastiff gins,
And the puppy pack of poodles yelp;'

but because it is almost necessary in the circumstances. Browning's faults are for the most part on the surface; and it is these which meet and deter readers on first making acquaintance with his works. Those who have entered more deeply into his spirit may be inclined to treat these blemishes very lightly. One becomes accustomed to endure them as characteristic of the man; and the most obvious may even have for some minds a kind of piquancy, which may be compared to the zest which is found by many in the vivid but eccentric manner of Carlyle.

Though it may be difficult to understand many passages, yet entire unintelligibility, or utter nonsense, is a thing which Browning is never guilty of. There is a meaning in every sentence, if only it can be got at. Whether it is always worth the pains necessary to arrive at it, the reader must determine. For undoubtedly there is often obscurity—and especially in the earlier poems—arising, not from depth or delicacy of treatment, or from obscure allusions only, but from imperfect presentation of the thought or image. Often, it is true, the thought is too deep or too subtle to be at once level to every intellect. But so it is with all thoughtful poets,—even with Shakspeare himself. The character of Hamlet, perhaps, requires more than a cursory acquaintance; and it may be doubted whether, after more than two hundred years, a very distinct apprehension of it has found its way into the public mind. It is possible, in the same way, that the character of Paracelsus, firmly drawn as it is, may not be grasped by every one on a first perusal.

And this may also be the case with single stanzas, where the thought is rare and delicate. Nor can an author be blamed if, from want of knowledge on the part of the reader, his allusions, historical or otherwise, are not apprehended. A learned poet like Milton abounds in such allusions; and Browning's researches have led him through the by-paths of knowledge, as well as over the beaten tracks. Some of his poems almost demand an independent knowledge of the history of the period. Such a poem as 'The Bishop orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's Church' will be understood best and most appreciated by one who is acquainted with the character of renaissance art; poems like 'Fra Lippo Lippi' and 'Andrea del Sarto,' by those who know the lives and works of painters; 'A Toccata of Galuppi's,' and 'Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha,' by connoisseurs in music. An example of the difficulty arising from this class of allusions may be given in a sentence occurring in the first book of *Sordello*, where the hero is spoken of thus:—

'Sordello, thy forerunner, Florentine!
A herald-star I know thou didst absorb
Relentless into the consummate orb
That scared it from its right to roll along
A sempiternal path with dance and song,
Fulfilling its allotted period,
Serenest of the progeny of God!'

This, of course, is unintelligible to any who are not aware that *Sordello* was the immediate predecessor of Dante. But there are obscurities of another sort with which Browning may be justly charged. It is one excellence of poetic or imaginative delineation that it tends to be clearer and more vivid, to render the object more palpable to the mind's eye, than any other mode of expression. But, with Browning, there is often very little effort to be clear. A thought is struck out and jotted down,—one would say, it did not matter in what form, provided it were there; involved and ambiguous grammatical constructions are not wanting; and sometimes it is not till we have read one or two sentences onward that we obtain sufficient light to understand the sentence which has gone before. It may be that this is partly the result of haste. If so, it would have been well had the poet laid more to heart the purport of his line,—

'Works done least rapidly, Art most cherishes.'

It is the more singular, because, even where he is most indistinct, there occur passages of singular beauty and felicity of expression. Of the poems now re-published, *Sordello* most

abounds with the faults we have indicated,—so much so, that its first perusal is anything but a pleasure. But even in it there are scattered passages which leave little to be desired. It is quite refreshing, in the midst of the tortuous narrative, to meet with lines so admirably descriptive as the following, making one feel as if emerging from the shadowy windings of a forest into free air and sunshine.

‘His face

—Look, now he turns away! Yourselves shall trace
 (The delicate nostril swerving wide and fine,
 A sharp and restless lip, so well combine
 With that calm brow) a soul fit to receive
 Delight at every sense; you can believe
 Sordello foremost in the regal class
 Nature has broadly severed from her mass
 Of men, and framed for pleasure, as she frames
 Some happy lands, that have luxurious names,
 For loose fertility; a footfall there
 Suffices to upturn to the warm air
 Half-germinating spices; mere decay
 Produces richer life; and day by day
 New pollen on the lily-petal grows,
 And still more labyrinthine buds the rose.
 You recognise at once the finer dress
 Of flesh that amply lets in loveliness
 At eye and ear, while round the rest is furl’d
 (As though she would not trust them with her world)
 A veil that shows a sky not near so blue,
 And lets but half the sun look fervid through.’

There are times when one's thoughts flow with more lucidity and come more trippingly from the tongue; but it would be difficult for a poet, who can express himself so exquisitely as Browning is capable of doing, to convince us that obscurity is an evil which he might not have altogether avoided. As it is, it is one, perhaps, for which he has paid more than the due penalty.

The impression produced by any poem depends very much on the character of its conception as a whole. If, as a whole, it has been poetically conceived, and is at all adequately wrought out, the mind is able to rest in it with much more satisfaction than in a work of less symmetry, though perhaps of greater genius. We have a craving for what is rounded and complete, and, even in the slightest things, are glad to have an answer to our want. And there are some artists to whom everything assumes an air of poetry, and who delight to dwell carefully and lovingly upon their thoughts, moulding them tenderly into

shapes of beauty, and ranging them together in due relation and proportion. Browning cannot be classed among these. Many of his poems are symmetrical throughout, admirable both in conception and in detail; but many also are inadequately expressed; and there are some which even violate, in their leading idea, the essential conditions of a poem. *Paracelsus*, we are told in the preface to the first edition, was planned and completed within six months. Not much time, certainly, for lingering upon one's conceptions, and educing them in harmonious order! The main idea is both poetic and noble, and the strength and richness of thought are altogether surprising. But we cannot wonder that to some extent it is imperfect in detail, and in the mutual relation of its parts. In these respects, it cannot bear comparison with the more perfect drama of *Pippa Passes*. The latter, more varied than *Paracelsus*, though less thoughtful, full of quick dramatic touches and vivid flashes into character, is yet complete in each of its parts, and they are simply but beautifully united by a single thread.

Among those poems which are rhymed arguments or discourses rather than poems proper, we may mention the 'Old Pictures in Florence.' We single out this in preference to others, because it displays the defect we are illustrating in combination with many excellencies. After a prelude, in which we are told of the poet's vision of old painters—Giotto and the rest—'who walked in Florence, besides her men,'—he proceeds to describe the difference between Greek and early Christian art. The marbles of Greece re-uttered

'The truth of Man, as by God first spoken,
Which the actual generations garble.

* * *

So, you saw yourself as you wished you were,
As you might have been, as you cannot be,
Earth here, rebuked by Olympus there;
And grew content in your poor degree
With your little power, by those statues' godhead,
And your little scope, by their eyes' full sway,
And your little grace, by their grace embodied,
And your little date, by their forms that stay.'

But a new light was dawning when men 'turned their eyes inwardly one fine day,' and saw that they themselves, as they actually were, with great and enduring aims and destiny, made for eternity and not alone for time, were more worthy of portraiture than any outward forms, however godlike, which express only the brief passion of a day. In this thought the early

painters resolved to work, looking upon man in his wider nature, and saying in effect,—

‘Make new hopes shine through the flesh they fray,
New fears aggrandize the rags and tatters;
To bring the invisible full into play!
Let the visible go to the dogs—what matters?’

And so the art of heathendom passed away, and the young art of Christendom shone upon the world. We do not know where, in the whole of literature, to look for a juster or, in spite of its occasional eccentricities, a more beautiful explanation of the transition. It shows of how much the writer is capable, both as a student of history, and as an art-critic. But it is not a poem, nor a fitting part of a poem, in the proper sense of the word. It is rather an endeavour to prove and illustrate a thesis. Its aim is, to account for certain historical facts. The highest place is not given to the imagination; it is employed as a useful servant, but not permitted to rule. Such arguments in verse may have a worth of their own, but an inferior place must at least be assigned them. ‘The Guardian Angel at Fano,’ though shorter and less elaborate, embodies a truer soul of poetry than the ‘Old Pictures in Florence.’

Every one who has looked into these volumes, however cursorily, must have noticed the quaintness and occasional ruggedness of the rhymes. It is much the same, one would think, with what word the first line of the couplet is closed; another word can always be found to rhyme with it. A new word can be coined, if need be; an obsolete one can be rummaged up; there are Latin and other languages to draw upon; and what is the use of proper names, if they cannot be employed to point at once a moral and a rhyme? This habit of uncouth rhyming may be sometimes good:—

‘(The better the uncouth:
Do roses stick like burrs?)’

but it is frequently the reverse. A quaint and unexpected rhyme is like a stroke of humour; it shows a capability of playing with one’s thoughts, and, when used on a suitable topic, may be considerably better than a pun. But to toss a serious subject from one horn to the other of such Hudibrastic lines is as inappropriate as to bandy jests at a funeral. When Jeremy Taylor is referred to in such doggerel as this,—

‘The sermon proves no reading
Where bee-like in the flowers I may bury me,
Like Taylor’s, the immortal Jeremy!’—

our first emotion is not that of admiration for the ‘immortal

Jeremy,' which we presume is the sentiment intended to be excited, but of laughter at his admirer. So, when it is said of a certain German professor:—

'When he gropes for something more substantial
Than a fable, myth, or personification,—
May Christ do for him, what no mere man shall,
And stand confess'd as the God of salvation!'

we perceive that the thought is serious enough, but the uncouthness of the rhymes 'substantial' and 'man shall' gives an untoward dash of comicality to the whole.

It is as a dramatic poet that Browning chiefly excels. His conception of character is extremely vivid. When the acquaintance of any of his men or women is once made, they may be known as well, or even better, than if one had met and conversed with them. A turn of expression, a single phrase spoken as it were unconsciously, gives a clearer insight into their motives and feelings than any laboured description. And the *tout ensemble* is so complete; there is no halting, no confusion; the portrait is drawn easily, but firmly, and stands out as a likeness not to be mistaken. Those of his smaller pieces which are dramatic in spirit are generally simple in their construction. The sketch is embodied in a soliloquy, in a familiar conversation, in a letter, or in a song. Andrea del Sarto soliloquizes; the duke of Este speaks to his visitor; the narrator of 'The Flight of the Duchess' abruptly begins, 'You're my friend;' Cleon writes an epistle to Protos. Variety there is in abundance: high and low, fair and foul, all fall within his range. What an interval is there between the great aims of Paracelsus and the animal hatred and envy of the monk in the 'Spanish Cloister,' between the purity of 'Evelyn Hope' and the passion of the two guilty lovers in 'Pippa Passes,' between the young enthusiasm of David and the dry and polished sternness displayed in 'My last Duchess!' And yet there need be no objection to any of these subjects. As Parmenides long ago told the youthful Socrates, even dirt has its ideal. Every class of characters has its type; and to represent these truly and well, even when in real life they would be scarcely endurable, or have little beauty to recommend them, has always been reckoned among the triumphs of art.

None of Browning's dramas, it is evident, are fitted to be successful on the stage. The best are two which we have already had occasion to mention, and which are least of all suited for theatrical performance,—*Paracelsus* and *Pippa*

Passes. Those more adapted for performance are comparative failures, and fall far below the average of his shorter dramatic poems. The fact suggests several of the writer's peculiarities. Like Goethe, he has given little evidence of the Shakspearean power of exhibiting marked changes in the character of his *dramatis personæ*, by evolving phases which the reader could not have foreseen, but yet feels to be perfectly natural. They are affected by circumstances, and their original temperament is gradually developed; but their special traits remain the same. The element of surprise is thus wanting, and there is a certain rigour of conception which becomes monotonous in a play, though in the shorter pieces, where no lengthened period is supposed to elapse, and the character is photographed at a single sitting, it make the likeness only the more marked. Besides this, Browning has not the gift, and possibly not even the desire, of expressing himself by the representation of outward actions. Born in an age when thoroughly spontaneous action is rare, and when individual men, with simply legible passions and strong intelligible purpose, do not bulk so largely on the stage of the world as formerly, he has caught the spirit of his time. It is the inner life of men, the world of thought and feeling rather than of action, which he strives to embody. If this can be done without action, his aim is equally well accomplished. In the recent dedication of one of his poems, he says,—and the words contain a key to much that he has written,—‘My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul: little else is worth study. I, at least, always thought so; you, with many known and unknown to me, think so; others may one day think so.’ It is evident from this, as well as from the whole tenor of his works, that the lovers of startling effects and cleverly-contrived melodramatic incidents need not look for such from his pen. In one sense among the most objective of poets, in another he ranks among the most subjective. He identifies himself with those whom he portrays: hidden behind these, we can catch scarcely a glimpse of him. But it is not their outward bearing which he chiefly reveals; he rather unveils the hidden centres from which all external action must spring. He is a keen and searching analyst, fearless in the exercise of his talent, and reaching both heights and depths which are beyond the compass of ordinary men. He answers to the description which he has incidentally given of a dramatist,—‘analyst, who turns in due course synthetist.’ And his power of conveying the results of this analysis and synthesis in a dramatic form, by the aid of language, and of language almost exclusively, is, so far as we are aware, a new thing in

literature. Hitherto we have failed adequately to acknowledge it. We are continually speaking, since Goethe set us the example, of objective and subjective poetry, and of the superiority of the former; we are for ever lamenting the lack of dramatic poems; and yet here is a poet, truly and originally dramatic, whose productions are the genuine offspring of our century, and not a mere re-echo of the older masters. We must take his works as they are, without too much grumbling at their failings; for such men as he, powerful, penetrating, and erratic, are not given us without their idiosyncrasies. If we are not satisfied with what he offers us, there is reason to fear that we must be content, as best we can, with the usual run of our modern dramas, written for a stage where the best actors are comedians, and the favourite plays are farces.

It is one of Browning's peculiarities, closely connected with that last mentioned, that it is the out-of-the-way phases of character, its subtle shades and odd manifestations, that he loves best to depict. Some of his poems, as, for example, the 'Cavalier Tunes,' the 'Incident of the French Camp,' and 'How they brought the good News from Ghent to Aix,' are quite exempt from this peculiarity, and might be read with effect to any audience. But his manner of treating a subject is usually more recondite; and if there are two ways of interpreting the same event, he is apt to choose the least obvious. This may be best illustrated by contrast. In 'In Memoriam,' Tennyson has very touchingly described the scene at Bethany after the raising of Lazarus. In his stanzas, however, Mary is the principal figure. Lazarus is kept in the background, and the lines of the delineation shade gradually and softly into the mystery which surrounds him.

'He was dead, and there he sits,
And He that brought him back is there.'

Mary asks him,—

'Where wert thou, brother, those four days?'

but there is no reply.

'Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
He told it not; or something seal'd
The lips of that evangelist.'

In Browning's poem entitled 'An Epistle containing the strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician,' Lazarus is introduced in a very different manner. There, too, the subject necessarily recedes into mystery; but analysis is

carried much further than by Tennyson. The figure of Lazarus is vividly though obliquely drawn, and stands out abruptly against the unknown, as a tree, with its branches distinctly marked, may stand out against the unfathomable sky. Karshish writes to his friend and master, the sage Abib, professedly to give an account of his journey towards Jerusalem.

'Crossing a ridge of short sharp broken hills
Like an old lion's cheek-teeth,'

he has entered Bethany; and now he writes of the perils encountered on the way, and of various natural productions which he has observed. But he soon branches off to speak of Lazarus, whom he has met at Bethany. At first his description assumes a rigidly scientific tone:—

'T is but a case of mania, sub-induced
By epilepsy, at the turning-point
Of trance prolong'd unduly some three days;'

and so on. It is clear, however, that this madman, and the testimony he has borne of Christ, makes a deeper impression on the mind of the Arabian savant than he is willing to allow. He cannot help giving utterance to his wonder:—

'Whence has the man the balm that brightens all?
This grown man eyes the world now like a child.

* * * * *
The man is witless of the size, the sum,
The value in proportion of all things,
Or whether it be little or be much.

* * * * *
Should his child sicken unto death,—why, look
For scarce abatement of his cheerfulness,
Or pretermission of his daily craft—
While a word, gesture, glance, from that same child,
At play, or in the school, or laid asleep,
Will startle him to an agony of fear,
Exasperation, just as like! Demand
The reason why—"T is but a word," object—
"A gesture"—he regards thee as our lord
Who lived there in the pyramid alone,
Look'd at us,—dost thou mind?—when being young
We both would unadvisedly recite
Some charm's beginning, from that book of his,
Able to bid the sun throb wide and burst
All into stars, as suns grown old are wont.

* * * * *
And oft the man's soul springs into his face
As if he saw again and heard again

His sage that bade him "rise," and he did rise.
 Something, a word, a tick of the blood within
 Admonishes—then back he sinks at once
 To ashes, that was very fire before,
 In sedulous recurrence to his trade
 Whereby he earneth him the daily bread;
 And studiously the humbler for that pride,
 Professedly the faultier that he knows
 God's secret, while he holds the thread of life.'

Half ashamed of his own thoughts, and afraid of cynical criticism, Karshish passes on to speak of a plant which he has noticed, excuses himself for having dwelt so unduly upon a single topic, and bids his friend farewell. But still Lazarus is uppermost in his thoughts, and again he recurs to the story of the Sage of Nazareth and His claims:—

'The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
 So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too.
 So, through the thunder comes a human voice,
 Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
 Face My hands fashion'd, see it in Myself.
 Thou hast no power, nor may'st conceive of Mine;
 But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
 And thou must love Me who have died for thee!"
 The madman saith He said so: it is strange.'

Schiller's ballad of 'The Glove' gives us an opportunity of contrasting with it Browning's grotesque but characteristic rendering of the same incident. In the German poem, Cunigonde is represented in anything but a pleasing light. In the presence of king and court, she throws her glove into the lion's den, and bids her lover bring it back to her.

'Und zu Ritter Delorges, spottender Weis',
 Wendet sich Fräulein Kunigund:
 "Herr Ritter, ist eure Lieb' so heiss,
 Wie ihr mir's schwört zu jeder Stund,
 Ei, so hebt mir den Handschuh auf!"'

'Fair Cunigonde said, with a lip of scorn,
 To the knight Delorges, "If the love you have sworn
 Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,
 I might ask you to bring back that glove to me."'

He leaps the barrier, and returns with his prize amid the applause of all; but when Cunigonde rises to receive him with welcome in her eyes,

'Er wirft ihr den Handschuh ins Gesicht:
 "Den Dank, Dame, begehrt ich nicht,"
 Und verlässt sie zur selben Stunde.'

'He toss'd the glove in the lady's face!
"Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least," quoth he;
And he left for ever that fair ladye.'

It is evident that not the slightest sympathy is intended to be excited for Cunigonde. Haughty and self-centred, she has wantonly risked the life of her lover, and is deservedly repaid by scorn. In Browning's hands, the incidents acquire another appearance. The glove was thrown while De Lorge

'sat there pursuing
His suit, weighing out with nonchalance
Fine speeches like gold from a balance.'

And when it is recovered and flung in the face of its owner, when the king applauds the deed and condemns the lady, when

'Lords and ladies alike turn'd with loathing
From such a proved wolf in sheep's clothing,
* * * * *

Amid the court's scoffing and merriment,
As if from no pleasing experiment
She rose, yet of pain not much heedful
So long as the process was needful,—
As if she had tried in a crucible
To what "speeches like gold" were reducible.
* * * * *

To know what she had *not* to trust to
Was worth all the ashes and dust too.'

Afterwards she explains her conduct to the poet:—

'Too long had I heard
Of the deed proved alone by the word:
For my love—what De Lorge would not dare!
With my scorn—what De Lorge could compare!
And the endless descriptions of death
He would brave when my life form'd a breath.
* * * * *

When I look'd on your lion, it brought
All the dangers at once to my thought:
Encounter'd by all sorts of men,
Before he was lodged in his den,—
From the poor slave whose club or bare hands
Dug the trap, set the snare on the sands,
* * * * *

To the page who last leap'd o'er the fence
Of the pit, on no greater pretence
Than to get back the bonnet he dropp'd,
Lest his pay for a week should be stopp'd.
So, wiser I judged it to make
One trial what "death for my sake"

Really meant, while the power was yet mine,
 Than to wait until time should define
 Such a phrase not so simply as I,
 Who took it to mean just "to die."
 The blow a glove gives is but weak :
 Does the mark yet discolour my cheek ?
 But when the heart suffers a blow,
 Will the pain pass so soon, do you know ?'

As for De Lorge, he marries a beauty who becomes a favourite of the king, and is in the habit of dispatching her husband from the royal presence in quest of the gloves she has mislaid, or some such trifling matter.

'And never the king told the story,
 How bringing a glove brought such glory,
 But the wife smiled,—“His nerves are grown firmer :
 Mine he brings now, and utters no murmur.”'

Had we been giving examples of poetic excellence alone, neither of these two poems might have been chosen ; but they have sufficiently answered the purpose for which they were selected. The difference between them may serve also as a specimen of the variety in mode of treatment, as well as in subject, exhibited throughout these volumes. Indeed, in passing from one really good piece to another, one often feels as if transported, by a flying leap, into an entirely new region. There is no repetition of the same ideas, and there is all the diversity of actual life in diverse periods and climes.

It may be remarked here, that Browning's poems are usually stamped, beyond a chance of misapprehension, with the features of the period and country to which they refer. He appreciates the peculiar traits of the different epochs so admirably, that characteristic allusions well up naturally and spontaneously. Ruskin, whose opinion with regard to anything relating to mediæval art, if not entitled to absolute deference, is always worthy of respect, has said of him, 'Robert Browning is unerring in every sentence he writes of the Middle Ages ; always vital, right, and profound ; so that in the matter of art, with which we have been specially concerned, there is hardly a principle connected with the mediæval temper that he has not struck upon in those seemingly careless and too rugged rhymes of his.' His accurate observation of nature, and his knowledge of natural productions, are turned to a similar use. How thoroughly eastern is the figure of the youthful David !—

'God's child, with His dew
 On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies still living and blue

Just broken to twine round thy harp-strings, as if no wild heat
Were now raging to torture the desert !'

And the description of his playing before Saul :—

'Then I tuned my harp,—took off the lilies we twine round its
chords

Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noontide—those sunbeams
like swords !

And I first play'd the tune all our sheep know, as, one after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door, till folding be done.

They are white and untorn by the bushes, for, lo, they have fed
Where the long grasses stifle the water within the stream's bed ;
And now one after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star
Into eve and the blue far above us,—so blue and so far !'

'Cleon,' again, though a trace of the nineteenth century may
crop out here and there, is as thoroughly Greek in its tone as
anything which one finds written now-a-days. And the majority
of the poems conversant with Italian subjects seem to
breathe the air of Italy, and vividly present to our imaginations
the fair and passionate south.

In looking at the moral aspects of these poems, it will not
do, of course, to found a judgment upon a single poem, or upon
a few only. This would be unfair in the case of any poet, and
most of all in dealing with one whose genius is dramatic. For
the dramatic poet identifies himself for the time with his creations,
whether the character of these be virtuous or vicious. In
his case, skill in depicting vice no more implies actual vice than
skill in depicting virtue necessarily implies actual virtue. Notwithstanding
Shakspeare's allusion to the 'fuller's hand,' it
may be said that the dramatic artist runs less risk than other
men in regarding the strange variety of his fellow-beings simply
as natural phenomena, worthy of study and representation,
apart from their goodness or badness. Like the physiologist
who studies with admiration manifestations and laws of disease
which it is better for others not to witness, the vocation of the
dramatic poet may lead him to the study of abnormal forms of
life. The wide sympathies with which he has been gifted enable
him to dwell with comparative safety on phases of human
existence which others could not touch without contamination.
It is, therefore, only from the aspect of his works as a whole
that we are entitled to judge. Viewing them thus broadly,
they may be seen to contain the marks of an earnest and religious
spirit. We do not mean that they indicate an adherence
to this or that particular creed, though 'Christmas Eve and
Easter Day' is truly orthodox in its tendency. But what is far
better than this, without the slightest ostentation, they evince

habitual thoughtfulness and seriousness in contemplating our nature, its destiny and its highest relations. He has looked reverently, and for himself, into the mysteries which surround our life, and is familiar with the deepest problems that can engage our attention. The complication, the strife, and the aspiration,—the

‘Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn,’—

are frequently present to his thoughts. He feels, as men of sympathy and imagination can best feel, how great are our capabilities of happiness or misery, how inexorable is the law of duty, and how solemn the choice which is offered us. And yet he believes, as the counterpart of this, that, in one way or another, humanity is working out ‘God’s own plan,’—that nowhere in all the universe can there be found—

‘one deed
Power may fall short in or exceed,’—

and that, in spite of our inexplicable guilt and suffering, it cannot fail to be true that

‘God’s in His heaven,
All’s right with the world!’

The scenes of nature often become to him revelations of higher things. Narrating his ascent of Calvano, he exclaims:—

‘And God’s own profound
Was above me, and round me the mountains,
And under, the sea,
And within me, my heart to bear witness
What was and shall be!’

So too, closing an impressive description of a lunar rainbow, he passes naturally and at once to the Power who dwells above the darkness and the light,—

‘Oh, whose foot shall I see emerge,
WHOSE, from the straining topmast dark,
On to the keystone of that arc?’

When he has a moral, it is not a trite or hackneyed one. In ‘The Statue and the Bust,’ when the guilty passion of the lovers fails to attain its aim, not from self-control, but from too weak an endeavour to overcome the obstacles that lie between, he condemns them all the more for this want of energy.

‘They see not God, I know,
Nor all that chivalry of His,
The soldier-saints who, row on row,

Burn upward each to his point of bliss—
Since, the end of life being manifest,
He had burn'd his way thro' the world to this.'

If the end in view were a crime, the weakness which failed to attain it was a weakness bred of sin, of a piece with the sin and the crime.

'Stake your counter as boldly every whit,
Venture as truly, use the same skill,
Do your best, whether winning or losing it,
If you choose to play!—is my principle.
Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!'

And if such a moral be objected to, he turns round sharply on the objector,—

'You of the virtue, (we issue join),
How strive you? *De te, fabula!*'

It will be said that Browning's humour has sometimes led him to speak of serious subjects with undue levity. 'Easter Day,' and the singularly fantastic 'Heretic's Tragedy,' may be cited as examples of the offence. In reply to this, however, it may be urged that Browning's humour is humour in the strict sense of the term, rather than wit. He rarely renders an object ridiculous by wilfully placing an incongruous object by its side, or describing it by an incongruous figure. He has rather the faculty of seeing the incongruity of objects actually placed in juxtaposition in the world, and of making others see it. Laughter and tears, as every one knows, are not placed far apart; but neither are laughter and reverence. Greatness and littleness are everywhere conjoined; and at times we scarcely know whether to revere the one, or to smile at the other. Food for laughter has been plentifully set before us, and it would be wrong for those who have the appetite to refuse to partake of it. Nowhere, perhaps, are the grandeur and absurdity of human nature so apparent, and so intimately conjoined, as in its modes of worship; and it is these which form the subject of 'Easter Day.' Entering the church of St. Rumbold at Mechlin one day lately, while the bells in the tower overhead were sounding the musical *carillon*, it was in no spirit of contempt for the Catholic religion that we prepared to see Vandyke's exquisite painting of the Crucifixion. But when our attention was arrested by a bevy of priests engaged in mass for the dead, bawling out the words as quickly as tongue could utter them, kneeling at intervals as nimbly as knee could bend, and bowing as fast as head could nod, Fried-

rich's interview with the monks in the Cleve convent, so graphically described by Carlyle, flashed across our memory, and for a time the whole appeared supremely ridiculous. In the same manner, when, under the arched roof of some magnificent cathedral, one sees poor people fervently worshipping before a painted and tinselled doll with a smaller doll in her arms and the seven conventional swords in her bosom,* is it more fitting to smile, or to stand sadly apart? to kneel beside the worshippers in all simplicity of heart, or to look on with melancholy sarcasm? There is a humour in such things, which it is useless to attempt to exclude. But let us take four lines from 'Easter Day' as an illustration:—

'Love, surely, from that music's lingering,
Might have filched her organ-fingering,
Nor chosen rather to set prayings
To hog-grunts, praises to horse-neighings.'

Here the similes, though ludicrous, are not far-fetched, but rise naturally enough. Those who have listened to the Gaelic psalm in a remote Highland congregation, its apparently tuneless fluctuation, its preposterous lilt, and the shakes and variations introduced at the discretion of each performer, will recognise the truth of the simile which compares *some* praises at least to 'horse-neighings.' They may be conscious too that there is something amid all the lawlessness which a sense of humour fails to reach. But this latter element certainly would not be ignored by Browning.

In all his humour, there is no touch of cynicism. Not having learned to disbelieve in virtue in himself or others, he warms at the thought of all that is noble or generous. In speaking of the affections which bind men together, and especially of that emotion which is at once the favourite theme of poets and of lovers, he is often beautiful and tender. His female characters are, for the most part, strong, whether for love or hate, good or evil. Among the softest and most attractive are Michal, who fills the quiet home at Einsiedeln with peace, and whose memory, like the presence of a ministering angel, dwells with the wandering votary of science;

* We notice that this 'painted brod,' as Knox would have called it, is referred to in 'Up at a Villa—Down in the City,'—a humorous poem, embodying the wish of a Florentine sprig of nobility to live in the bustling town rather than in his quiet villa on the hill-side:—

'Noon strikes,—here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne smiling and smart
With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her heart!
Bang, wang, wang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife;
No keeping one's haunches still: it's the greatest pleasure in life.'

Colombe, cheerfully sacrificing all for love; and Pippa, doing good unconsciously by her snatches of song. Those poems, again, which refer to the thoughts and ways of men towards women, are remarkable for their keen dramatic sympathy. In 'Women and Roses' we have a fine symbolical representation of the relation in general; while 'Evelyn Hope' may be mentioned as one of its most beautiful embodiments.

As a poem of the affections, 'By the Fireside' will be prized and lingered over by many readers. The description of the wife,—

'Musing by fire-light, that great brow
And the spirit-small hand propping it
Yonder, my heart knows how!'

the reference to the future,—

'Think, when our one soul understands
The great word which makes all things new—
When earth breaks up and heaven expands—
How will the change strike me and you
In the House not made with hands?'

and the reminiscence of the first confession of love, with that subtly imaginative touch,

'The forests had done it; there they stood;
We caught for a second the powers at play;
They had mingled us so, for once and for good
Their work was done—we might go or stay,
They relapsed to their ancient mood,'—

are all very beautiful. Of the dedication of 'Men and Women' to his wife, it would be almost an intrusion to speak; but every one who reads it must regret more keenly that the light of *Casa Guidi* is darkened, and that one sleeps without the gates of Florence whose grave, like the burying-ground at Rome where rest the ashes of Keats and the *cor cordium* of Shelley, will become a place of affectionate pilgrimage to many travellers. High poetic lives, as Hawthorne truly called the poet and his wife, they are now for this world severed; but one day, perchance, they will be re-united, and take their place together among those spoken of in *Paracelsus*,—

'White brows, lit up with glory—poets all!'

ART. III.—*The Naturalist on the River Amazons.* By HENRY WALTER BATES. London: John Murray. 1863.

WHEN an intelligent man tells us that he has spent eleven of the best years of his life in any district, we may be pretty sure he has something to say about it which will interest even those who generally find travels dull reading. Mr. Bates was on the Amazons from May, 1848, till July, 1859; and he has given us the result of his investigations in two of the most readable volumes which have appeared for a long time in that class of writing. The evil of most books of travel and adventure is their large percentage of personal twaddle. In Mr. Bates's book you never lose sight of the writer,—he is personal throughout; but then he is never twaddling, just because nothing which could happen to such a man in such circumstances would be insignificant.

The object of his visit to Brazil was to explore the natural history of the country, to make collections, sending the duplicates to London to be sold to pay expenses, 'and to gather facts toward solving the problem of the origin of species.' This latter work was taken up more fully by Mr. Wallace, who accompanied our author in part of his journey, but came to England at the end of four years. There is very little about the Darwinian hypothesis in Mr. Bates's book, far less than the above remark in the preface would lead us to expect. His natural history, however, he always keeps steadily before him: everything subserves this chief end; but he is by no means a mere naturalist; he makes very shrewd remarks on the state of society, government, &c., of the various places through which he passes; his descriptions of tropical scenery are most glowing; while the accounts of boat-travelling, the risk of shipwreck, the habits of the Indian crew, and all the incidents of voyage, are described with a depth of word-painting which, if it is less gorgeous than that of poor Mansfield in his *Travels in Paraguay*, is for that very reason more likely to impress the reader as being the exact transcript of the reality.

Mr. Bates evidently lived most genially among the inhabitants of the different towns, in one of which, Ega, far up on the Upper Amazons, he settled for four years and a half. Here, twelve hundred miles from the sea, 'a few days' experience of the people and the forests of the vicinity,' showed that he might expect a pleasant and useful sojourn. Most of the people had a tinge of colour, from the admixture either of Indian or Negro blood; but the winning cordiality of all contributed

not a little to the comfort of the lonely Englishman. The delegado of police, for instance, 'is an excellent fellow, whose greatest pleasure seems to be to make sacrifices for his friends.' The military commandant, a little merry curly-headed half-mulatto, whose wife was leader of fashion in the settlement, is very civil and kind; while a native merchant, who supplies our author with goods, and refuses any payment, is

'a shrewd and able old gentleman, knowing nothing of the world beyond the wilderness of the Solimoens and its few thousands of isolated inhabitants; yet able to converse well and sensibly, making observations on men and things as sagaciously as though he had drawn them from long experience of life in a European capital.'

The good influence of the priest must go for something in keeping together such a happy well-ordered community. He is thus described:—

'The Vicar of Ega, Father Luiz Gonsalvo Gomez, was a nearly pure-blood Indian, a native of one of the neighbouring villages, but educated in Maranhão, a city on the Atlantic seaboard. He was an agreeable, sensible fellow, fond of reading and hearing about foreign countries, and quite free from the prejudices which might be expected in a man of his profession. I found him, moreover, a thoroughly upright, sincere, and virtuous man. He supported his aged mother and unmarried sisters in a very creditable way out of his small salary and emoluments. It is a pleasure to be able to speak thus of a Brazilian priest; for the opportunity occurs rarely enough.'

It is a still greater pleasure to think that, with kind treatment and *education*, it appears (in spite of what Mr. Bates says elsewhere) that the native may be raised in the social scale,—in fact, that he is good for something better than forced labour and slow extermination.

Mr. Bates says a great deal at different times about the Indian tribes, and comes to the conclusion that, like aborigines in general, they will disappear, though not without leaving a far larger proportion of half-breeds (*mamelucos*) than is usual. His testimony as to their capacity is somewhat conflicting. We have seen what he says of the priest of Ega, and he speaks in equally high terms of several others; but, on the other hand, he is always talking of 'the *inflexibility* of the Indian race,' of their utter want of adaptation to the climate; showing that they suffer even more than the whites, and rejoice in a fresh cold night, which makes the Negroes' teeth chatter, as much as an Anglo-Indian might rejoice in his first cool evening on the Neilgherries. 'Their skin,' he tells us, 'is

always hot to the touch, and they perspire little.* 'They bathe many times a day, but do not plunge in the water, taking merely a *sitz-bath*, as dogs may be seen doing in hot climates, to cool the lower parts of the body.....It is a case of want of fitness.' This may seem strange language in the mouth of one supposed to be pledged to 'the principle of selection,' and to what that principle seems to involve; but we must remember that time is a great element in all the reasonings respecting adaptability of species, and that the period which has elapsed since the Brazilian Indians immigrated into the country is very short, compared with the vast periods demanded by Mr. Darwin and his followers for the working out of the changes which they imagine to have been wrought in existing forms.

The Indians are in their element on the water. They make fearless and excellent boatmen, and are so careful and trustworthy that chests full of valuable specimens could be safely placed in their hands for a voyage of thirty or forty days. A word to the pilot was enough to insure their being kept free from damp. Never had Mr. Bates or his correspondents to regret any loss or damage from these most exemplary 'bargees.'

These Indians are a remarkable instance of the truth so often enunciated, that language changes far more readily than race. They are, apparently, all of one stock; though some few tribes are far more degenerate than the majority: but the remarkable thing is, that scarcely any two tribes can understand each other. This seems due to two causes:—First, the isolation, of which no one who has not been in the country can form an idea; an isolation far more complete than that which severs the lonely Arab from his fellow men. Between him and them there is only so much wilderness, more or less, no natural object of any size; man counts for everything, nature for nothing; it is the next village which the wanderer looks out for, or the next encampment, and the well of water beside which the flocks and the camels are halting. But in Brazil man is oppressed, crushed, by the immensity of nature. The wondrous outgrowth of vegetable life; the forest, with its gigantic trees over one hundred and eighty feet high, stretching for untold miles, broken only by the vast rivers, with their fringe of swamp full of dense and matted vegetation;—it is this, the '*selva*,' which has split the Indians up into so many little tribes, which, rarely meeting one another, have grown rapidly unlike in speech. The other reason which has helped to bring about this result, is the extraordinary talent for mimicry, and fondness for

* Vol. ii., p. 200.

making slang terms, which are characteristic of these people. As Mr. Bates remarks: 'When Indians are conversing among themselves, they seem to take a pleasure in inventing new modes of pronunciation, or in distorting words; and these new words are very often retained. I have noticed this during long voyages made with Indian crews.'*

Whatever may have been the original condition of these people, they may now be classed in three sects. First, there are the wild fighting gipsy tribes, against whom the more civilised make periodical forays, carrying off children, whom they sell to the Portuguese.† These have lost some of the arts which they brought with them into the country. They have no settled abodes, crossing rivers in canoes, made of thick bark tied together with tree-creepers, which they throw aside as soon as they have used them. Then come the 'Christianized' natives, who, settled more or less permanently in the best positions for gaining a livelihood, still show the kindly courteous manners with which they met the first Portuguese invaders. They were not ignorant of agriculture, though possessing no domesticated animals; indeed, with the exception of the llama, ('that priceless animal, which helped the Peruvians to reach a high degree of civilisation,') the whole continent probably contained no domesticable beast; and, as our author says, 'the presence or absence of these has no doubt a very great influence on the character and culture of races.' The Indians are very fond of taming animals; various kind of monkeys, curassow birds, and the agouti, (*cutia*), a creature of the same order as our hare and rabbit, are constantly kept in their houses; but, unfortunately, neither these nor any of the other native animals will breed in captivity. Still these Indians of the better class were not mere hunters and fishers; they had brought in with them various useful plants,—among these the banana and the mandioca, the latter requiring skill in its preparation, as in its raw state it is highly poisonous.

These Indians are described as gentle in demeanour, loyal to their chiefs, very faithful to treaties, showing unvarying, almost formal, courtesy to the stranger. Their good behaviour, on all occasions, is most remarkable. On the other hand, these natives are described as 'displaying no aptitude for town culture,' as being inflexible and obstinate, so reckless as to cut down *cenocarpus* palms of thirty years' growth, in order to get the bunch of fruit to manufacture drink from,—

* Vol. i., p. 329.

† The process is called '*ransoming*,' a word first used in the days when it was truly a good work so to rescue a child, because it would else have been eaten by its captors.

worst of all, as strangely incurious. This last peculiarity accounts for their having no idea of a Supreme Being : their notion of a higher power has not developed further than the belief in some sort of hobgoblin, who is at the bottom of all their failures. However, by way of compensation, they are free from *degrading* superstitions, affording a contrast in this to the Portuguese, and to the fetish-loving Negroes. Mr. Bates characterizes their virtues as mostly negative,—due, in a great measure, to their apathetic nature. But then we must remember all virtue, except that of the true Christian, is more or less negative—exists, that is, only in the absence of such temptation as shall be sufficiently adapted to the man's nature and temperament. Judged by the results, how much of the boasted Spartan virtue was proved to be merely negative !

The third kind are the Indians living in or near the white settlements. They become lazy and depraved, losing their own good orderly habits, and getting, in most cases, nothing as an equivalent. They are all very poor, as indeed are most of the inhabitants, of whatever colour. The Indians are prevented from growing rich, partly by their communist habits. 'If any of them have no food, canoe, or weapons, they beg or borrow without scruple of those who are better provided ; and it is not the custom to refuse the gift or the loan.'* Of course there are always plenty of lazy people ready to take advantage of this. But all are poverty-stricken, owing to the almost entire absence of domestic animals ; hence even the settlers are dependent on the precarious yields of hunting and fishing for their supply of animal food ; and thus a day and a night are lost every four or five days, and, what is worse, that indisposition to steady labour is induced, which is the mark of the hunter class.

The only thing in which the natives excel is the conduct of masquerading processions. In all their Church festivals, a procession is the grand thing. Indian sports are mingled with the Romish ceremonies, the wisdom (?) of the early missionaries having decided that it was best thus to engraft the new creed on the old custom. People of all colours look on a religious holiday as an amusement in which the priest takes the part of chief actor ; and so, after the religious observances, come

'bonfires, processions, masquerading, especially the mimicry of different kinds of animals ; dancing for hour after hour ; and, the most important point of all, getting gradually and completely drunk.'

Mr. Bates views a countryman's drinking bout with very lenient eye : he says,—

* Vol. i., p. 191.

'The ways of the people at these merry-makings always struck me as being not greatly different from those seen at an old-fashioned village wake in retired parts of England. The old folks look on and get very talkative over their cups; the children are allowed a little extra indulgence in sitting up;...the Indian, ordinarily so taciturn, finds the use of his tongue, and gives the minutest details of some little dispute which he had with his master years ago, and which every one had forgotten; just as I have known lumpish labouring men in England do, when half-fuddled.'

Though the Indian drinks pretty deeply at his Church festivals and other feasts, he has the excuse that he sees the white man doing the same; besides, he is ashamed of himself afterwards, and is in a general way the soberest of beings. The native talent for mimicry is very great: they dress up to represent bulls, deer, tapirs, storks, or else as giants or imaginary monsters.* Speaking of feasts at Ega on St. John's eve, Mr. Bates says,

'One Indian lad imitated me, to the infinite amusement of the townsfolk. He came the day before to borrow an old blouse and straw hat. I felt rather taken in when I saw him, on the night of the performance, rigged out as an entomologist; with an insect-net, hunting-bag, and pincushion: to make the imitation complete, he had got the frame of an old pair of spectacles, and went about with it straddled over his nose.'

Amusingly enough the wassail provided on one occasion for a very select party of mummers consisted of English bitter beer.

The two evils with which the natives have had to contend, besides their own 'inflexibility of organization,' have been the terribly bad example of the vicious habits introduced by knavish traders, and the forced labour imposed on them till quite recently by the Brazilian government.

There is a good deal of this still remaining in outlying districts, where captains of *Trabalhadores* (working natives) are appointed by government to embody the scattered Indians, that they may be useful as boatmen, and for other public purposes. These captains invariably monopolize for themselves the labour of their men, and are often harsh in their dealings; so much so, that since the Indians have got to learn about their equality in the eyes of the law with men of other colours, they are becoming very shy of settling in the neighbourhood of towns. The Brazilian law is excellent in theory; and law and custom combine to secure the coloured man from the sort of treatment to which he is even more subject in New York than in Charleston.

One remark which we feel bound to make, before leaving

* The same propensity has often been noticed among some of the North American tribes.

the Indian question, is that, here as elsewhere, the missionaries have in almost every instance stood between the natives and the oppression and ill-treatment of traders and government officials. These Jesuits and others were emissaries of a corrupt faith; but still, having faith in something besides the mammon which is too often the trader's only god, they have mostly striven to enforce the humanity which the New Testament teaches; and so, from the time of good Bishop Las Casas downwards, have been the Indians' friends. Mr. Bates's remarks (vol. i., 80) deserve much attention:—

'The Indians are no longer enslaved, but they are deprived of their lands, and this they feel bitterly. Is not a similar state of things now exhibited in New Zealand? It is interesting to read of the bitter contests carried on, from 1570 to 1759, between the Portuguese immigrants and the missionaries. They were similar to those which have recently taken place in South Africa between the Boers and the English missionaries, but were on a much larger scale. The Jesuits, as far as I could glean from tradition and history, were actuated by the same motives as our missionaries; and seemed like them to have been in great measure successful in teaching the pure and elevated Christian morality to the simple natives. But the attempt was vain to protect the weaker race from the inevitable ruin which awaited it in the struggle with the stronger one, which, though calling itself Christian, stood in need of instruction quite as much as the natives. In 1759 the Jesuits were turned out, and the fifty-one happy mission villages went to ruin. Since then the native race has gone on decreasing under the treatment it has received; it is now, however, protected by the laws of the central government.'

Mission villages, if (as they are said to do in Paraguay) they keep the Indians in a somewhat childish state, are still undoubtedly valuable when we have to form not only a faith but a civilisation. In this, as in several other matters of practice, we might with advantage take some hints from the corrupt Church which has hitherto had Brazil almost entirely to itself.

A very pleasant little episode, *à propos* of the perfect equality in the eyes of the law of free people of all colours, occurs during Mr. Bates's stay at the *sítio* (plantation) of Senhor João Trindade, an old Mameluco planter living opposite the mouth of the Madeira. The farm itself is noticeable: it is worked by the *free labour* of the proprietor and his near relations, helped by some few hired Indians.

'The order, abundance, and comfort about the place, showed what industry and good management could effect in this country without slave labour....Near the house was a kitchen garden, with cabbages and onions introduced from Europe, besides a wonderful variety of

tropical vegetables. It must not be supposed that the plantations were enclosed or neatly kept; such is never the case in this country, where labour is so scarce; but it was an unusual thing to see vegetables grown at all, and the ground tolerably well weeded."

The whole household was *well-ordered*; at bedtime all came in together to receive a patriarchal blessing from the old half-caste master. But what struck us most, is the account of a visitor to Senhor Trindade, 'a free Negro, with that manly bearing "which I had noticed with pleasure in many other free Negroes." This man had saved Trindade's life during the troubles of 1835, making, for the purpose of giving him timely warning, a six hours' night-journey in a montaria. The Senhor introduces him as his oldest and dearest friend. "It was a pleasing sight to notice the cordiality of feeling and respect for each other shown by these two old men."'

Such Negroes seem very superior to many of the Portuguese immigrants. Our writer gives a laughable account of one of these who travelled with him some distance up the river. Whenever there was a squall, this worthy, who could neither read nor write,* would get out of his clothes' chest his wooden image of Nossa Senhora, and fall to most piteous supplications. The Indian steersman, standing erect, with his keen eye on the prow, and the broad paddle which serves for rudder in his hand, conscious that the least slip of his would leave them helpless in the trough of the 'sea,' (for, though it is a river, the waves and other accidents of voyage are quite sea-like,)—the Indian, we cannot but feel, contrasts very favourably with the imbecile European. The Portuguese, however, are wonderfully keen traders: the very Jews at Santarem are considered much more fair-dealing: at Barra there is a shop to every five houses. Such shops! 'the whole stock often not worth more than fifty pounds; the Portuguese owners, big lusty fellows, stand all day behind their dirty counters, for the sake of selling a few coppers' worth of liquors or small wares. If the English are a nation of shopkeepers, what are we to say of the Portuguese?'

It is flattering to our national vanity, to think that the reason why the native tribes universally disappear before the Anglo-Saxon colonist, while they mingle freely with the French in Canada, or the Spaniards and Portuguese further south, is because our emigrants are superior to those from other nations,—too good, indeed, to mix with such inferior races. It may be so: but at any rate, in the interests of humanity, it would be advisable that every new colony should

* Very many Indians can do both.

include a large number of settlers of the 'Latin race,' in order to give the aborigines a chance of escaping absolute annihilation. It is certainly strange that an honest, kindly policy, such as that pursued by the Hudson's Bay Company, should, when carried out by English people, be more effectual in sweeping off the natives, than the wholesale atrocities which marked the early years of Spanish and Portuguese rule. Shall we say that the *mission* of the 'Latin race' is to rescue these perishing tribes from extinction, and to preserve their character in numerous and thriving populations of half-breeds? There is no fear of the native blood being lost in Brazil. The fact is, the Indian women make excellent, active, and most thrifty wives, and the first Portuguese settlers soon found this out; the consequence being that the breeds are so mixed that 'it is bad taste in Brazil to boast of purity of descent.'

The question of races is such an interesting one just now, that we scarcely need to excuse ourselves for having lingered thus long among the Brazilian natives, and made a summary of all that Mr. Bates tells us about them. Let us now follow him in his wanderings up the vast stream, which the Parà people are quite justified in calling the South American 'Mediterranean.' It is a veritable sea, with fresh-water sponges, dolphins, (some flesh-coloured,) porpoises, frigate-birds, and plenty of sea-roll and swell, besides a danger which the sea has not, of sudden squalls when a storm comes down from the banks. The current is very trifling, as we may imagine, when we are told that the tide, or, as our author calls it, '*the throb of the great oceanic pulse*,' is felt from four to five hundred miles from the sea, while the trade wind or sea breeze reaches in the height of the dry season to the mouth of the Rio Negro, actually a thousand miles from the Atlantic. What a highway for the nations this river must become, if the world lasts some few centuries longer! Orellana's wonderful voyage* marked the road along which, in both directions, the traffic of half a continent will pour, in fuller and fuller stream, as the resources of Peru and Brazil get more developed. As it is, unaided Nature brings the Atlantic and the Andes together in unexpected ways. On the upper Amazons, Mr. Bates often had brought to him *small rounded pieces of very porous pumice-stone*. 'To me,' says he, 'they were objects of great curiosity, as being messengers from the distant volcanoes, Cotopaxi or Llanganete. They must already have

* Made unintentionally by a division of explorers in East Peru, who lost the main body, and then, in despair, followed the stream. This was in 1539. They, meeting canoes managed by women, invented the tale to which the name *Amazons* is due.

travelled twelve hundred miles.' He afterwards hears of similar fragments near Santarem, nine hundred miles lower, and remarks on the value of these stones as modes of conveyance for seeds and eggs. The wide dissemination of some species, whose power of locomotion is very small, is a very remarkable fact: some impatient 'philosophers' have, after their favourite plan, cut the Gordian knot by assuming distinct *centres of creation*. It is strange, that, in this instance, we should have from one suspected of 'advanced views' (which too often mean hasty generalizations by and by to be overthrown by deeper research) the indication of a sufficient mode of transport. The *animus* of too many scientific investigations peeps out in a remark which is doubly strange, seeing that Mr. Bates has just explained how seeds, &c., may readily be carried vast distances: 'UNLESS IT CAN BE SHOWN that these may have migrated or been accidentally transported from one point to the other, *we shall have to come to the strange conclusion that the same species had been created in two separate districts.*'* Surely, in the present state of our knowledge, we had better not be in too great a hurry to come to conclusions: surely, too, our writer has laid the *onus probandi* on the wrong shoulders.

One thing, by the way, astonishes us, accustomed though we are to have space and time 'annihilated' at home; it is the exceeding *nearness to us* of this world so different in all things from our own. During Mr. Bates's stay, the great step was taken which brought the Upper Amazons within our reach; and now, reversing the order by which for ages the abundant waters have been bringing the Andes down to the Atlantic, and

'Sowing the dust of continents to be,'

while, at the same time, the light *scoriæ* have conveyed seed and egg from one end of the 'river system' to the other, the *river steamer* plies right up to Nauta, within the frontiers of Peru, doing in eight days what used to take as many months; while, as to the middle passage, even the small trading vessel in which Mr. Bates crossed was just one month from Liverpool to Pará. When we look at a map of the New World, still so new after over four hundred years of intercourse, it is impossible to avoid dreaming what this earth may, in God's providence, become by and by. How strange to speak of 'over population,' when the largest place on the main river, from Peru to the Atlantic, is Santarem with some 2500 people; when the first object which meets the immigrant from Europe, is the island of Marajó, separating the waters of the Pará from the real

* Vol. ii., p. 170.

Amazons, a mass of forests and savannahs as large as Sicily. We have a great deal to do yet before we can claim to have fulfilled the primal command; and nations have been, alas! at all times far more intent on subduing one another than on subduing that earth which God has given us, not that we may live only on its most favoured spots, but that we may fit it everywhere to be the abode of men. In one place, speaking of the wonderful beauty and grandeur of the scenery, and of the perfect enjoyment of life which may be had in this land of perpetual summer, (if one can but keep free from fever, and choose a home out of the reach of 'insect pests,') Mr. Bates says: 'though humanity can reach an advanced state of culture only by battling with the inclemencies of nature in high latitudes, *it is under the equator alone that the perfect race of the future will attain to the complete fruition of man's beautiful heritage, the earth.*' Whether Brazil is to be the world's capital during the millennium is sufficiently uncertain: at present it is at any rate a perfect paradise for the naturalist. Some 15,000 new species (of which 14,000 were insects, and only 52 mammals) rewarded Mr. Bates's toils, and yet he very rarely left the immediate neighbourhood of the great stream or one of its tributaries. We will now, very briefly, trace his wanderings, and note how they subserved the end which he had in view. At Pará he is introduced at once into the full glory of tropical scenery. We cannot resist quoting a few lines of his enthusiastic description:—

'Houses mostly dilapidated; signs of indolence and neglect everywhere visible; the palings of the weed-grown gardens strewn about, broken; hogs, goats, and ill fed poultry wandering in and out through the gaps. But amidst all, and compensating every defect, rose the overpowering beauty of the vegetation. The dark massive crowns of shady mangoes were seen everywhere among the dwellings; orange, lemon, and tropical fruits of all kinds; some in fruit, some in flower. Here and there, shooting above the more dome-like and sombre trees, were the smooth columnar stems of palms, with finely cut fronds, inexpressibly light and elegant in outline. On the boughs of taller trees sat tufts of curiously leaved parasites, while slender woody lianas hung in festoons from the branches. Bananas, with glossy velvety-green leaves twelve feet long curling over the verandahs, contrasted their ever varying shades with the more sombre hues of other trees. Strange forms of vegetation drew our attention at every step.....The brief twilight begins, and sounds of multifarious life come from the vegetation around. Cicadas, crickets, frogs, and toads, create an almost deafening din. This uproar of life never wholly ceased night or day; in course of time I became like other residents accustomed to it; and after my return to

England, the death-like stillness of summer days in the country appeared to me as strange as the ringing uproar did on my first arrival at Parà.

This exuberance of life is only on the outskirts of the forests; far within all is silence and gloom, except just at morning and evening, when the howling monkeys (the only kind, by the way, which the natives have never succeeded in taming) make a strangely harrowing noise.*

'The few sounds of birds are of that mysterious character which intensifies the feeling of solitude. A sudden yell, when some defenceless fruit-eater is pounced upon by a tiger-cat or boa. A crash, as some great bough or tree falls to the ground. Many sounds it is impossible to account for: a noise is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hard tree, or a piercing cry rends the air; these are not repeated, and the succeeding silence heightens the unpleasant impression which they make on the mind. The natives were as much at a loss to explain these as I was: with them it is always the Curupéra, "the wild man of the forest," who produces them.'

Mr. Bates gets to work at once at Parà. He finds that suburbs of towns, and open sunny places, have species mostly different from those of the vast forest, and much closer in affinity to those of the old world. Not that they are of the same species as ours: we are told that beetles, butterflies, &c., very similar in colours to the European, 'belong to a genus far removed from them in all essential points of structure.' At the outset he combats the notion that the superior beauty and size of tropical birds and insects are immediately due to the physical conditions of a tropical climate. 'If you compare members of those genera which are common to the two regions, you will be able to measure the supposed effects of climate on creatures very similarly organized;' and, remarkably enough, the Amazonian species are almost always smaller and less brightly coloured than the corresponding species in Northern Europe. Both in Europe and America, the brilliant colours are very generally confined to the males; why, then, asks our writer, does not climate affect them? It appears there are very many dull-coloured species in the tropics; but the total amount of species is so immense, that we need not be astonished at the presence of a large number of beautiful insects. Of course the abundance of food, absence of extremes, variety of stations, &c., are very favourable to insect life; and 'beauty of form and colour is not peculiar to one zone, but is

* One ugly species is appropriately named *Mycetes Belzebuth*.

producibile under any climate where a number of species of a given genus lead a flourishing existence.' Surely this is a dangerous doctrine: 'I'd be a butterfly,' is an old nursery wish, never leading to much practical result that we are aware of; but, 'I'd be a handsome butterfly, and eclipse all the rest of the butterfly beaux,' is an aspiration which, if steadily persisted in, through 'uncounted ages' enough, brings about (it would seem) the desired end. Males and females are sometimes so different, as to have to be placed in distinct genera (!); the females of the most brilliant males are often most deficient in colour. 'All this points to the mutual relations of the species, and especially to those between the sexes, as having far more to do in the matter of colour than climate has.' It may be well to gather together here two or three of Mr. Bates' remarks on the *origin of species*. He tells us in his preface that the book was written at Mr. Darwin's suggestion, and we must remember that the real question at issue (as Mr. Darwin has stated it in his most recent dictum*) is *whether species are immutable or not*. No, says Mr. Bates, certainly not, in the case of certain butterflies at any rate; and he favours us with a page of variously marked '*transition forms* between *Heliconius Melpomene*, and *H. Thelxiope*,' which two 'distinct species' are certainly not more widely different from each other than many a couple of Dorking hens. The fact is this, multiplication of species seems specially invented with a view to render the Darwinian hypothesis tenable. What do we mean by two species being distinct? Surely not that they are externally unlike; but that they do not naturally breed together, and, if made to do so, produce an unfruitful offspring. This is why horse and ass are separate species, while hound and terrier (far more unlike in appearance) are not. Now who shall say that we know enough of the habits of *Heliconius Thelxiope*, or any other Amazonian butterfly, to prove respecting it the fact on which its specific distinctness depends? † Till this is done, it seems more rational to say, that with butterflies, (as with mammals,) the species are few, and what are called species are often only variations due to differences of food, climate, and other circumstances. We know very well that by selective breeding we can produce, not external merely, but *structural* differences, at least as great as those

* *Athenaeum*, May 9th, 1863: 'The all-important admission is that species have descended from other species, and have not been created immutable.'

† A very strong case in point is mentioned, vol. i., p. 51. *Papilio Sesostris*, a very handsome kind, has the female so utterly unlike its partner, that it was always held to be a different species, till proved to be the same.

between distinct species: for example, the *skeletons* of the carrier and pouter pigeons differ more widely than do those of such distinct wild forms as the rock-pigeon and ring-dove: yet the carrier and pouter are, confessedly, derived from a common stock, though an anatomist who did not know this would judge them entitled to constitute even distinct genera. What crossing will not do is to produce *physiological* differences; we may breed fertile mongrels *ad libitum*, unfertile hybrids result only from crossing the wild distinct species.* This is the grand difference between what we assume to be originally created species, and varieties accidentally, or of set purpose, introduced. A great deal has been made to depend on it. We know that Nott and Gliddon and other Americans have maintained; in opposition to our own Pritchard and Quatrefages and others, that the different races of men could not have sprung from one common pair; *i. e.*, that the difference between Caucasian and Negro is specific. They were therefore driven to the statement (abundantly contradicted, the other side assert, by facts) that Mulattoes are hybrids, and will not breed together, or that, at any rate, a pure Mulatto cross would in a short time die out. If we mistake not, Von Baer of Königsberg has lately shown how the Darwinian hypothesis itself is, as far as man is concerned, capable of being pressed into the service of orthodoxy; for, even supposing a Mulatto to be a true hybrid, this fact proves nothing as to the original distinctness of Negro and white man; for there is no reason why, *when selective modification has established a variety, and that variety has continued permanent for a sufficient length of time, the physiological peculiarity of hybridism should not supervene*; or, (as the case was stated six-and-twenty years ago, in Dean Herbert's *Amarylhidaceæ*,) '*varieties may harden into species.*'

As we have said, hybridism is at present the test of distinctness of species; and we beg to submit that, knowing so little as we do of the habits and conditions of life of tropical butterflies, we had better wait awhile rather than think we have '*got a glimpse of how new species are manufactured in nature,*' (!) because one species of genus *Heliconius* assumes in *one district*, through gradual transition-forms, *chiefly confined to intermediate localities*, a set of markings considerably different from those which are normal in another district.

* See the whole question very clearly stated in Professor Huxley's *Lectures to Working Men*, pp. 109, 147, (on our knowledge of the causes of the phenomena of organic nature,)—a book which (whatever may be our opinion as to its soundness) has at any rate the merit of stating clearly the point at issue.

Mr. Bates's other remarks on this subject are comparatively unimportant; they may be summed up as follows:—All the living things in the vast forests, beetles, monkeys, fowls, are adapted to a forest life. The *Coleoptera* have broad spongy foot-soles and toothed claws; the apes are all *arboreal*; their tails prehensile, and often with fleshy quasi-hand on the under side: the gallinaceous birds have the hind toe not placed high above the level of the rest, but in the same plane with them, so as to be a help in climbing.* We have been accustomed to see in all this an exemplification of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator; we have used such facts in illustrating the argument from final causes; but Mr. Bates is evidently disposed to think otherwise. It is the fowls, and apes, and beetles which have adapted themselves to their life in the primeval forest. The 'primitive monkey,' existing before Africa had thrown off Madagascar, and Europe and the New World had got so widely separated, but after New Guinea and Australia had been cut off from Borneo, grows up into lemur, or baboon, or gibbon, or marmoset, according to the conditions of his habitat. In equatorial Africa he becomes a gorilla, in Brazil he develops into a black howler. Truly there must be something very different in the air of the two places, for the trees exist equally in both. Why should the ourang, found in Borneo amid some of the densest vegetation and finest timber in the world, be so all but human in structure, while the American monkeys, with no greater arboreal advantages than the ourang, have halted at a low stage as compared with the anthropoid apes? This is only one of the considerations which lead us to object to Mr. Bates's language that 'the arboreal character of animal forms points to the slow adaptation of the fauna of a forest-clad country throughout an immense lapse of geological time.' Our author, like almost all of his school, is haunted (so to speak) by this spectre of time. We are sick of being told that 'endless ages must have been needed to produce certain cosmical phenomena;' that, for instance, the Red Man must have been a very short time in America as compared to the monkey, because the latter has perfectly adapted himself to the trees and the weather, while the former still suffers both from heat and malaria. Surely, if the Germans are right in nothing else, they are right in keeping well before men's minds the truth (which *we* may

* The very trees climb and creep, stems being twisted into cables or contorted into snake-like coils. There is actually a climbing genus of palms, which twine round taller trees from one to the other, throwing out leaves at wide intervals. The bear, too, has accomodated himself to circumstances, and is furnished with a long flexible tail. (Vol. i., p. 49.)

learn from our Bibles) that God is the Eternal Now. To hear some men talk you would fancy they had grown to look on time as a creative cause.

What right, again, have we to lay it down as certain that such and such results must have taken so long to bring about? *If you intensify the force*, the simplest formula in mechanics will tell you that you may diminish the time. We never could see why, because results are slowly produced now, they must always have gone on at the same rate. But all this is beside the grand question which we are led to believe underlies all this talk about development and mutability of species,—the question, 'Is man a higher development of the anthropoid ape?' On this point it is enough to say that, whatever may be proved by and by as to transmutation of species, whatever structural affinity between man and certain quadrumana* may have been or may hereafter be established, nothing of this kind touches the question. Man is man not so much by virtue of his structure as because of his distinct *functions*: his throat may be anatomically all but the same as that of the ourang, but *he can speak with his throat*; he alone has 'the breath of life whereby he is a living soul.' As the wise man says, 'Counsel, and a tongue, and eyes, ears, and a heart gave He them to understand, and showed them good and evil.' (Eccclus. xvii. 6.)

We make no apology for having left Mr. Bates waiting so long on the banks of the Amazons. He tells us that he and Mr. Wallace went out to gather facts towards 'solving the problem of the origin of species.' After an eleven years' search, he brings us back nothing but some differently marked butterflies, and several kinds of monkeys, admirably adapted to a life amongst trees, but surely not amongst South American trees any more than amongst the forests of tropical Africa or Sumatra.

We now go back to Parà; where there are ants which so persistently strip off the leaves of imported trees (specially orange and coffee) as to render cultivation almost impossible. They use their plunder to thatch the entrances to their subterranean dwellings; they are met moving along by thousands like Macduff's men to the attack of Dunsinane. The climate is good, despite the dampness natural to a district so intersected with vast rivers. The temperature varies between 89° and 73°, the mean being 81°. The summer heat is not so oppressive as that

* No longer *Quadrumana*, but *Cheiropoda*, says Mr. Halford, who has been dissecting monkeys, and finding in their feet muscles thoroughly different from those of men.

at New York, whence, strange to say, invalids used to resort to it. The few English residents, after thirty or forty years out there, look as fresh-coloured as if they had never left our island; and the women retain their plumpness and good looks until late in life, showing none of those signs of early decay so general in the women of North America. Of course there is yellow fever occasionally, and cholera too; but these are to be expected in a place lying in the delta of a great river less than two degrees below the line, and half surrounded by swamps. The city must increase; it is the first station on the great highway to Peru. The channel of the real Amazons is very difficult of access, and its shores exceedingly unhealthy; so that we may be pretty certain that, when the great 'Congress' has settled our condition for us here in Europe, and given more leisure to continental nations to look abroad at the waste places of the earth, we shall see the tide of French, and German, and Italian emigration setting towards Pará, and rapidly raising its population above the now meagre proportion of one to every four square miles. In the village of Nazareth, a mile outside Pará, our author hires a country house close to the forest, 'his hunting-ground,' and resides there nearly three months, spending his days in the forest, his evenings in preserving his collections and making notes, occasionally 'walking into the city to see Brazilian life.' Species come in fast:—'Tuesday, forty-six specimens of thirty-nine species; Wednesday, thirty-seven specimens of thirty-three species, twenty-seven of which are different from those taken yesterday.' This paucity of individuals compared with species holds for most insects, especially butterflies and beetles; it seems due to the enormous number of insectivorous creatures. Mr. Bates *rarely saw caterpillars*. The hunting-ground itself is the greatest wonder of all:—

'Trees, scarce two of the same kind together, their leafy crowns far above, in another world as it were. Only at times could we see the tracery of the foliage against the sky. Ground carpeted with *Lycopodiums* in the drier parts, and in the swamps throwing up reed-like grasses, wild bananas with leaves like sword-blades eight feet long and a foot broad, climbing ferns, *Marantaceæ*, with leaves radiating from stem joints like our little "mare's tail," and of course multitudes of such plants, with great fleshy heart-shaped leaves, as you see in the large palm house at Kew. Open spaces choked with rotting trunks and branches, and all illuminated by a glowing vertical sun, and reeking with moisture.'

At first the forest seemed chiefly rich in butterflies of great size (six inches across) and splendid colour, birds and animals being rare. But wider experience taught Mr. Bates that there were

plenty of mammals and other creatures, but that they were dispersed over vast spaces, and were excessively shy of men. His butterflies had the curious habit of maintaining (like deer) the separation of the sexes. The one disappointment was the extreme rarity of flowers: the orchids, which our travellers expected to find in profusion, are very rare in the dense forests of the low grounds. The principle of selection is strikingly illustrated in a Brazilian forest: everything strives to get upward, and with such reckless indifference to others, that a German traveller, Burmeister, has said that the sight made him quite sad, the vegetation displayed such restless selfishness, eager emulation, and craft. The softness, earnestness, and repose of European woodland scenery are more pleasing, and form, he thinks, one of the causes of the superior moral character of Europeans. There is a parasitic tree called the *Sipo Matador* ('murderer'): it clings to its victim, gradually clasping it in a number of inflexible rings. The tree at last dies, the flow of sap being stopped; and the selfish parasite remains clasping the decaying body in its arms, until the dead trunk moulders away, and (its support being gone) the murderer also falls. This 'struggle for existence' goes on too in temperate countries, but there it is more concealed under the external appearance of repose which nature wears. In the tropics, however, Mr. Bates says, 'any unpleasant impression which the *reckless energy* of the vegetation might produce is compensated by the incomparable beauty and variety of the foliage, the vivid colours, the richness and exuberance everywhere displayed, which make the richest woodland scenery of Northern Europe a sterile desert in comparison:' while as to living things, they are tried by severe competition, and the predatory species are numerous and alert; but there is no struggle against inclement seasons; warmth, light, and abundance of food produce sportiveness and animation, and—for the special behoof (our author thinks) of the lady part of the animal kingdom,—*nowhere are the males so gracefully and brilliantly ornamented*. This must be a comfort to the living members of those species which he had before spoken of as represented by so few individuals.

The bipeds, too, must be allowed to draw their own special comfort from the presence of numerous and active insect-devourers; else what would become of man in a country where there is no hybernation, (and no *æstivation*, such as goes on in some dry tropical regions;) where wasps, for instance, do not die off yearly, leaving only the queens; but the succession of generations and colonies goes on incessantly.

Of insect pests, indeed, Mr. Bates does not say so much as we

might expect from a traveller in the swamps of the Amazons. Of course there are mosquitoes in certain parts; then the piuu fly, two thirds of a line long, is a terrible scourge on the Solimoiens (as the Amazons is called above its junction with the Rio Negro). It comes forth only by day, punctually relieving the mosquito at sunrise; and in some places occurring in such swarms as to resemble thin clouds of smoke. Unless you squeeze out the blood from the bite, irritation generally comes on, and the punctures often spread into sores.

Fortunately the creature is confined to the muddy banks, not one being found in the forest. Some forests, however, have a fly of their own, a large brown fellow, with a proboscis half an inch long, and sharper than the finest needle, penetrating through thick cotton shirts and causing acute pain. In some river stations the mosquitoes are relieved by motuca flies, a sort of extra-ferocious horsefly; in others the sedgy grass swarms with ticks, ready to fasten on the clothes of the passer-by, and to creep thence to his skin. The creatures of which we have read as burrowing in the skin of the feet, and needing constant and careful extraction, do not seem to infest the parts visited by Mr. Bates. On the Tapajos he meets the terrible *fire-ant*, whose sting is compared to the prick of a red-hot needle. These ants frequent villages,

'overrunning houses, disputing every fragment of food with the inhabitants, destroying clothing. Everything has to be hung from the rafters by cords well soaked in copaiba balsam. Sitting in the evenings to enjoy a chat with our neighbours we were obliged to have foot-stools, the legs of which, as well as those of the chairs were well smeared with the balsam: so were the cords of our hammocks.'

No wonder that Aveiros, where the ground is undermined by these little pests, was for some years entirely deserted by its inhabitants. The people on the Tapajos declare that these fire-ants were unknown there before the civil war in 1835-6, and believe they sprang from the blood of the slain revolutionists.

At the end of August our author and Mr. Wallace leave Pará; a well chosen station, seeing that seven hundred species of butterflies are to be found within an hour's walk of the town, while our islands only support sixty-six, and all Europe just three hundred and ninety species. After a voyage up the Tocantins, (which is ten miles broad at its mouth, and likened by Prince Adalbert of Prussia, who was there in 1846, to the Ganges,) they settle for some months longer at Caripi near Pará, undergoing there many privations in the way of food, (meat and wheaten bread being almost unattainable,) but

'passing a delightful time,' and gathering by the myriad, bats, beetles, humming birds, and moths closely resembling them.

Next, up the lower Amazons to Santarem, at the mouth of the Tapajos. Strange channels, like canals hemmed in between two walls of forest, connect the Pará with the Amazons; along the main river they pass miles of flat-topped hills, which look as if they had all been planed down to the same height. Santarem, four hundred miles from the sea, is accessible to ships of heavy tonnage; the course is very straight, and the river 'trade wind' blows steadily for five or six months; while the Tapajos leads into the heart of the mining provinces. Hence Santarem can scarcely fail to become an important place *when the tide of population sets that way*. Mr. Bates subsequently made this place his head quarters for three years; and gives many interesting notes about his life there. There are many whites at Santarem, who show their civilisation by stiff formality;—visiting, for instance, in black dress coats, 'regardless of the furious heat which rages in the sandy streets at the hour for making calls.' There are schools; (our author examined at the high school, and found the *grammar* excellent;) but the physical sciences and geography are entirely ignored. There was not a map in the whole place; and it was here that a man high in office asked, 'On which side of the river (*not Seine, but Amazons*) does Paris lie?'—the great river being, like Homer's ocean-flood, regarded as running the whole length of the world. The course of instruction is just the old *trivium* and *quadrivium*, turning out clever rhetoricians and sharp lawyers, but leaving the students quite ill-informed. Santarem has a glorious climate; Europeans and Brazilian ladies as plump and rosy as they would be at home; meat twopence a pound; all provisions wonderfully abundant for South America; no insect pests; the only little drawback being, that leprosy is prevalent. The farms round are universally poor, because of the want of labour and lack of energy in their occupiers. A cow yields a ridiculously small quantity of milk, so poor that butter-making is out of the question; indeed, 'a perennial famine' seems to reign over some of the most fertile of these districts.

Of course Mr. Bates has a great deal to say about the animals and insects of this region: the sloths, who are (it seems) not slothful, but extremely cautious; the white ants and their very large hillocks; (their workers, soldiers, males and females, our writer thinks he made out to be distinct *ab ovo*, *not all developed from the same grub by difference of food and treatment*;) the mason wasps with their wonderful instinct of locality, rivalled, however, by that of Indian boys; the *Meliponæ*, or bees of

tropical America, who (as every living thing in the New World seems inferior to its representative in the Old) havenot yet learned how to make the *hexagonal cells* which (we are taught) satisfy the problem about the maximum amount of accommodation with the least material; the monkeys, too; and the parrots, in taming which the neighbouring Indians show remarkable skill. The women are said to tame the most intractable parrots by feeding them with their own saliva: they often suckle the young monkeys at their breasts. We read (i., 246) a good story of an old Coaita monkey which used always to accompany its master on his voyages. 'To show its intelligence, the owner began calling it scamp, heathen, thief, &c. The poor thing whined and wept piteously, rocked its body to and fro, and rubbed its gaunt arms over its forehead. Then the master altered his tone: "It's all a lie, my old woman, you're an angel, a flower, a good affectionate creature." The monkey immediately ceased its wailing, and soon nestled up to where the man sat.' By the way, the rapturous manner in which Mr. Bates speaks of monkey's flesh, as the best-flavoured he ever tasted,—like beef, only richer and sweeter,—almost puts a premium on cannibalism.

Obydos, fifty miles higher up, is his next station. The river here must be magnificent; narrowed to less than a mile, it pours its entire volume through a channel bounded by cliffs of pink and yellow clay.

Thence he makes his way in a trader's cuberta to the mouth of the Rio Negro. It is slow work: they lie to all night, working up with the day breeze, and always resting at noon. Nor was the voyage unattended with danger: at the breaking up of the dry season there are terrible squalls; and then, where the banks are perpendicular, huge masses of earth with many trees constantly come crashing down into the water. Still, the perils begin to be those of river navigation; while lower down the surf and swell and long rolling waves made us forget that it is a river after all, and wonder at Mr. Bates's imprudence in 'going to sea' on this Mediterranean of South America in a leaky monteria with nothing to save him from swamping but the coolness of the Indian steersman.

Strange birds now begin to abound along the stream; flocks of gulls, sandpipers, storks, eagles of various kinds. One of these sits on a stump and whines hypocritically, to draw small birds within its reach: but it is a coward as well as a hypocrite; for the little fly-catcher, attacking it in parties of four or five, drives it ignominiously from its perch. Múra Indians, fish-eating, degraded beings, who grow no mandioca, are met in

some numbers,—not a different race from the rest, but degenerated through having been driven into the low-lying grounds, and periodically hunted by the Portuguese and their native allies.

At Barra (properly the Bar of the Negro) the most noticeable thing is the contrast between the forest of the Rio Negro, very dense, but composed almost wholly of small exogenous trees, (myrtles and laurels mostly,) and that on the main river, consisting of colossal Brazil nut trees,* and endless varieties of Leguminosæ, mingled with tall palms, and fronted towards the water with Musacæ and reed grasses of every shade. Here Mr. Wallace finally leaves our author, choosing the Rio Negro for his exploring field, while Mr. Bates takes the Solimoens.

Every river has its own characteristics both as to scenery and colour of water. The Upper Amazons rolls its yellow stream through a thousand miles of uniform, lofty, humid, impervious forest, some 550 miles broad. The soil is nowhere sandy, as it often is on the lower river, but either a stiff clay or a vegetable mould, seen by river sections to be from twenty to thirty feet thick. Hence a sultry, stagnant, atmosphere, but a still greater profusion of insect and vegetable life even than lower down.

Ega, by the mouth of the Japurà, our author makes his head quarters for four years and a half. His life among the simple inhabitants (fourteen hundred miles, remember, from Pará) was very pleasant, until at last want of suitable food,† combined with his yearning for intellectual society and the excitement of European life, begins to tell on him. The great heat must also have had its effect, though (in spite of 'the furious sun,' and the 'sand literally burning the footsoles') our author felt no inconvenience at the time; and remarks, 'Every one enjoys the most lusty health while living this free and wild life.'

Here amongst alligators fifteen feet long, and turtles (whose eggs are destroyed by the million to make oil, and whose flesh

* One of the loftiest trees bears the Brazil nut, not singly, but packed *in cases* which fall unopened. The Sapucaya nut, on the contrary, the produce of a still higher tree, (the *Lecythus ollaria*), is packed in a heavy wooden cup, called monkey's drinking cup, furnished with a neat round lid. These trees are very generally a hundred feet high to the lowest branch, rising from eighty to a hundred feet from that to the crown: the girth is from twenty to twenty-five feet, though some are found as much as sixty feet round. The cow tree is one of the most remarkable: at a saw mill some dry logs, which had been lying many days out in a hot sun, are tapped, and supplies of milk are obtained.

† Mandioca bread contains little gluten. Meat was never to be had at Ega, except when a beast got killed by accident. Turtle is the chief food.

forms *ad nauseam* the chief food of the inhabitants,) glorious toucans, and electrical eels, and scarlet-faced monkeys, and poisonous snakes, and 'foraging ants,' and honest hospitable half-castes, his labours are highly successful. He finds 7,000 species of insects alone round Ega, of which 550 were butterflies; (18 being true *papilios*, swallow-tails;) 'on whose wings nature writes as on a tablet the story of the modifications of species.'

It is strange that, after all his adventures in cubertas, monterias, and other country boats, his furthest excursion, two hundred and forty miles above Ega, should have been made in an iron steamer, with engines of fifty horse power, built at Rio Janeiro. There is a trade actually growing up between Peru and the Atlantic sea-board, *vid* the great river: at present it is chiefly in those very fine hats called moyobambines, made of young palm leaflets, of which such quantities may be seen in Paris, ticketed at fabulously high prices, in the large shops in the Rue de Rivoli.

The river does not improve above Ega: the additional 'specimens' would, we fancy, scarcely compensate for the marvellous swarms of mosquitoes,—a new kind, in the forests, making so loud a hum as to prevent the notes of birds from being clearly heard,—and for the dampness. (At some places salt will not last many days in a solid state, the most refined sugar turns into syrup, and the best gunpowder becomes liquid, though kept in canisters.) The inhabitants are drunken and profligate: altogether the last stages of the journey are related in a melancholy style; we feel that something is wrong, and are not surprised to read that our author is seized with ague, obliged to go hastily down to Ega, and thence to Parà, after an absence of seven years and a half in the interior. He finds Parà greatly 'improved;' fine streets and squares and avenues, enormous house-rents, great dearth of provisions—mandioca bread so expensive, that most people eat American flour bread at fourpence or fivepence a pound, imported codfish twopence a pound cheaper than the native salt fish, &c.; Parà in fact undergoing the same sort of change to which Paris is being subjected; worse than all, the glorious old forest utterly spoilt for the naturalist, cut up by muddy cartroads, and divided into clearings. Still it is with considerable regret that Mr Bates leaves this 'naturalists' paradise, where the well-balanced forces of Nature maintain a land surface and climate that seem to be typical of mundane order and beauty.' He does not lose the Great River all at once:—four hundred miles out at sea, among floating grass and tree trunks, he sees the Ubussú

palm, an old friend from those glorious forests in which he had spent so many useful years.

We, too, take our leave of Mr. Bates not without regret; and hope that none of our readers, who have not yet seen his work, will fail to make acquaintance with it. They may be sure that they will not find him heavy reading: very few who have so much information to give, are blest with the clearness and lightness of style which make the book pleasant to the outsider, as well as full of deep interest to the more scientific reader.

The life which he describes was genial and enjoyable, though eleven years was perhaps a little too much of it; and, as it had the great advantage of paying its expenses, we can safely recommend a year or two of it, in some spot where 'species' are abundant, as a good apprenticeship for intending 'curators' of museums.

ART. IV.—*The Mother of the Wesleys: a Biography.* By the REV. JOHN KIRK. London: H. J. Tresidder. 1864.

THE propensity to hero-worship, which is wrought in our human nature, includes within its scope heroines no less than heroes. To this all heathen mythology and the legendary history of every nation bear witness. Still more emphatically is the same fact verified by the Roman hagiology. Nor has the tendency which finds its most striking exemplification in the fervent Mariolatry of the Romish superstition been without its influence in purer churches than that of Rome, and in both the early and the later ages of Christianity. The names of Helena, the empress-mother of Constantine, of the empress Theodora, of Monica, the mother of Augustine, of Margaret of Valois, the idol of the Huguenots, of Queen Elizabeth, are all instances of the same tendency. The merits of all these women have been passionately magnified. They have been exalted into heroines or saints; and their admirers have taken their fill of that woman-worship in which most people so greatly delight.

Having these thoughts in our mind, we opened Mr. Kirk's book in a somewhat critical mood. We were disposed to be critical equally upon our own prepossessions in favour of Susanna Wesley, and upon the homage which we expected to be paid to her by her biographer. The result, however, has been different from what we had expected. We had previously read a good deal respecting the mother of the Wesleys, and

had bestowed some study upon her character; but we had never set ourselves coolly and critically to investigate and estimate her claims to the admiration which has grown up for her among the Methodists, and of which the latest and most eloquent tribute has been paid by Mr. Punshon, in his lecture on Wesley. We had never seriously attempted to distinguish and determine how much of the homage rendered to her was due to her personal merits, and how much had been superadded on account of her relationship to the founder of Methodism. We have now endeavoured to do this; and we have to say that the more we have studied the life and character of Mrs. Wesley, the higher has risen our estimate of her excellence as a Christian wife and mother, and of the rare gifts and accomplishments of understanding, by which she was enabled to exercise so wonderful an influence on the training and development, intellectual no less than moral, of one of the most gifted and every way remarkable families of which the world has any knowledge.

Mr. Kirk's volume, however, is not merely a biography of Mrs. Wesley; it is quite as much a biography of her husband; it sketches the history also, so far as this is known, of the ancestry of both Mr. and Mrs. Wesley; and it furnishes us with a particular account of all the children of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley of whom separate memoirs had not previously been published. This is as it should be; what was needed was an authentic and sufficient account of the Epworth family. For such a volume there had long been a demand, which Mr. Kirk has now satisfied. We are happy to take the earliest opportunity of introducing so interesting and important a work to our readers; and to avail ourselves of its appearance, and of the help which it affords, to give a view of the ancestral antecedents and influences and the family life which environed the Wesleys, and which contributed towards determining their character and their course.

It is not a fact to be lightly passed over, that the Wesleys were well-bred on both sides and for many generations. So far as can be ascertained, several unbroken lines of gentlemen, scholars, divines, and earnest Christians—of women, too, of corresponding quality and character—converged in the family at Epworth.

The influence upon the character of such breeding, continued through successive generations, is a point which has not been sufficiently studied. It is great as respects the quickness and culture of the intellectual faculties. It is still greater as respects temper and disposition. The true and

thorough gentleman, merely as a gentleman, has been so bred as to exemplify many of the secondary virtues of Christian culture, many of those results (for such they are indirectly) of the highest and most penetrating Christian refinement, which a man destitute of original culture, even though he may have been soundly converted, and may have much more of the power of godliness in his heart than many a true gentleman, yet finds it often exceedingly difficult even to apprehend in their true delicacy, and as appertaining to the humanities, and therefore the moralities, of a perfect Christianity, and finds it still more difficult to exemplify in his ordinary life and practice. It is true, emphatically true, as Young says, that 'a Christian is the highest style of man,' and, as John Wesley often said and wrote, that a Christian in the fullest sense, a 'perfect Christian,' must be in the very highest sense a gentleman, and the only 'perfect' gentleman. Nevertheless, Christianity has much more to contend with than is generally apprehended, when it has to struggle against the prejudices and distempers of a narrow and ungentle nurture. As only transcendent genius can fully overcome the intellectual disadvantages of original neglect or misculture; so nothing less than the purest and most exalted Christianity can so thoroughly refine the nature as entirely to efface the traces of original ill-breeding, in violence of speech, narrow prejudice, a readiness to impute mean and evil motives, a petty misjudging of others, an aptness to take undue advantage of others, and many other besetments to which those are peculiarly liable who, in their early nurture, have known little or nothing of self-control, who have not been schooled in consideration for the feelings and opinions of others, who have lived in a dark and narrow petty world of ignorance, prejudice, contention, and unrestrained passion.

It will be understood that we do not intend by good breeding, wealthy or luxurious nurture; but education conducted on such maxims as in the course of the ages Christian philosophy, instructed by experience, has ascertained and established; we mean, in fact, an enlightened, enlarged, and generous nurture, in harmony with the highest ethical teaching of the ancients, as embodied in Cicero's *Offices*; in harmony, also,—and this is the test,—with the Divine ethics of our Lord and His apostles. Such, at least in its main principles and general outline, and after making due allowance for human misapprehension and infirmity, had been the education, in successive generations, of nearly all the ancestors of the Wesleys.

The Wesley, or more anciently Westley, or Westleigh, family is undoubtedly of Saxon origin, as the name indicates,

notwithstanding Dr. Clarke's amusing and characteristic fancy that it may have been derived from the Arabic, through the Spanish. Families of the name seem to have been common in Wessex from an early period; and to have occupied a good position, some being landowners, and a considerable number belonging to the clergy. Among the landowners we find a Westley family so early as the reign of Edward I., represented by Edward Westley, of Westley, whose son married a knight's daughter.* 'In the borough records of Weymouth,' says the Rev. W. Beal, 'the writer finds that in 1655 Jasper, the son of Ephraim Westley, gent.,' [a Puritan, probably, from his Christian name,] 'resided in this town. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1735, page 332, informs us that, in a county immediately adjoining, Henry Hughes Westley, Esq., died on the 2nd of June. At Tarent, in Dorset, in 1752, died Martha, the daughter of Thomas Westley, Esq.'† Those whose names follow are known to have held church preferment: George Westley, treasurer of Sarum, 1403; John Westeley, a prebendary, Vicar of Sturminster Newton, about the same period; John Westley, Bachelor in Degrees, rector of Langton Maltraves, 1481. There was also Isabel Westleigh, a nun of Shaftesbury Abbey.‡

The family of the brothers Wesley, of Epworth, cannot, however, be traced farther back with any certainty than their great-grandfather Bartholomew Westley, a Puritan clergyman of Dorsetshire, who seems to have been born about the year 1595. He was brought up at one of the universities—there can be little doubt, at Oxford. Oxford lies much nearer to Dorsetshire than Cambridge does, and has, we believe, been much more commonly resorted to by students from the west and south-west of England than the sister university; moreover, Bartholomew Westley's son, grandson, and great-grandsons were all educated at Oxford. At the university he studied physic as well as divinity, which, in the troubles of his later life, stood him in good stead. Where he passed the earlier years of his ministry is not known, but in 1640 he succeeded the sequestered rector of Charmouth, in Dorsetshire, and in 1650 he was appointed also to the rectory of Catherston, a parish immediately adjoining, the two churches being about a mile apart. From the former parish he was ejected as an intruder after the Restoration. The precise date of his ejection

* Clarke's *Wesley Family*, Second Edition, vol. i., p. 54.

† Beal's *Fathers of the Wesley Family*, First Edition, pp. 8, 9.

‡ *Wesley Family*, vol. i., p. 5; Smith's *History of Methodism*, Third Edition, vol. i., p. 51.

tion was March 4th, 1662, five months before the sadly memorable day of his own name-saint. He seems to have lost the living of Catherston, as a consequence of the Act of Uniformity. St. Bartholomew's Day is the 24th of August. Benjamin Bird, his successor at Catherston, was appointed rector on the 14th of October in the same year. Mr. Westley, being deprived of his benefices, fell back upon his medical knowledge, and for the rest of his days practised physic for a living. He lived to mourn, in his own extreme old age, the premature death of his pious and persecuted son John. In what year he died is not known, but it was shortly after his son, who would seem to have finished his troubled course in 1678.* For a complete vindication of the memory of this excellent Presbyterian minister from some imputations thrown upon it by Anthony a-Wood, we must refer to Dr. Smith's *History of Methodism*, and Mr. Beal's tract on *The Wesley Fathers*. All that can be learnt of him goes to prove that he was a man of learning, integrity, and admirable Christian temper and discretion. Not the least part of his praise is the manner in which he brought up his son John, who may not have excelled his father in learning and godliness, but who seems to have much surpassed him in the gifts of a preacher and in energy of character. One reason of this, however, may be that his character was formed and his powers were called into exercise in times of much intenser life than the period of his father's early manhood, and that, while the father's ejection came upon him when he was already far advanced in life, the son was launched into the midst of a sea of controversy and of troubles, when he was just rising into the flower of his age. The fires of a relentless persecution, which raged with increasing fury for nearly twenty years, during the very prime of his life, fused his faith, his courage, and all the energies of his soul into a glow such as can only be wrought up in the souls of persecuted confessors.

John Westley, in several important respects the prototype of his grandson John Wesley, of Epworth and Oxford, was born about 1636, and consecrated to the ministry by his father from his infancy. He feared the Lord from his youth, and 'was deeply convinced of sin, and had a serious concern for his salvation, when a lad at school.†' Soon after this, he began to keep a diary, a practice which he continued with little intermission to the end of his life, and in which he was followed, a century later, by his grandson and namesake, the founder of

* *Wesley Family*, vol. i., p. 25.

† *Ibid.*, p. 32.

Methodism. He went early, as was then customary, to Oxford, where he was a student of New Inn Hall, and in due course took his degrees of B.A. and M.A. He had the good fortune to be at the University during the vice-chancellorship of the great John Owen. Among his contemporaries were Thomas Goodwin, Stephen Charnock, Theophilus Gale, and John Howe. He applied himself particularly to the study of the oriental languages; and by his exemplary conduct commended himself to the high esteem of the vice-chancellor. It is no wonder that he adopted views as to church-government substantially the same as those held by the resident head of his university, that head being John Owen, and by such a contemporary as John Howe.*

After leaving Oxford, John Westley is first heard of as a member of 'a particular church at Melcomb, in Dorsetshire,' by which 'he was sent to preach among the seamen, and at Radipole, a village about two miles from Weymouth. This, his first appointment, was simply a commission to preach the Gospel. No church was then placed under his care, nor was he charged with the administration of the sacraments. On the death of Mr. Walton, 1658, Mr. Westley [being at the time about twenty-two years of age] became the minister of Winterborn Whitechurch, [in the same county]. He was invited by the people to this office, and, having been appointed by the trustees of the parish, received in due time the approval of the "triers."†

We have taken the last paragraph from Dr. Smith's excellent history. Perhaps, however, in one particular, it is hardly exact. Mr. Westley was inducted,—a churchman would say intruded,—into the vicarage of Winterborn, but he never became the 'minister' of the parish in the full ecclesiastical sense. In that most remarkable conversation which he held a few years later with Dr. Ironside, the Bishop of Bristol, (it would seem to have taken place about the beginning of 1661,) and the account of which was transcribed from his Journal by Dr. Calamy, and has since been republished in part by the founder of Methodism in his Journals, (vol. iii.,) and in full by Dr. Clarke in *The Wesley Family*, John Westley expressly says that he had not been called to the *office* of the ministry, but only to the *work* of preaching. He moreover explains that as the people to whom he ministered at Winterborn were not a 'gathered church,' i. e., not a duly and (as he would deem) apostolically organized

* *Fathers of the Wesley Family*, p. 55; Smith's *History of Methodism*, vol. i., p. 60.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 60, 61.

church, he could not, with his views, hold or exercise the office of the ministry among them. He might and did exercise his gifts as a preacher there, as elsewhere, where he had opportunity; but, he says, 'they are not a people that are fit objects for me to exercise office-work among them.' He had not been 'ordained,' but he was 'sent to preach the Gospel,' having 'had a mission from God and man,' and, in particular, having been sent forth to do this work by 'the church of Christ at Melcomb,' as he described what the bishop stigmatizes as 'that factious and heretical church.' The following *morceau* from the interesting dialogue between the bishop and the young sectarian preacher is so suggestive that we must quote it.

'*Wesley*.—I shall desire several things may be laid together which I look on as justifying my preaching. 1. I was devoted to the service from my infancy. 2. I was educated thereto, at school and in the university.

'*Bishop*.—What university were you of?

'*Wesley*.—Oxon.

'*Bishop*.—What house?

'*Wesley*.—New Inn Hall.

'*Bishop*.—What age are you?

'*Wesley*.—Twenty-five.

'*Bishop*.—No, sure, you are not!

'*Wesley*.—3. As a son of the prophets, after I had taken my degrees, I preached in the country, being approved of by judicious able Christians, ministers, and others. 4. It pleased God to seal my labour with success, in the apparent conversion of several souls.

'*Bishop*.—Yea, that is, it may be, to your own way.

'*Wesley*.—Yea, to the power of godliness, from ignorance and profaneness. If it please your lordship to lay down any evidences of godliness agreeing with the Scriptures, and if they be not found in those persons intended, I am content to be discharged from my ministry; I will stand or fall by the issue thereof.

'*Bishop*.—You talk of the power of godliness such as you fancy.

'*Wesley*.—Yea, the reality of religion. Let us appeal to any common-place book for evidences of grace, and they are found in and upon these converts.

'*Bishop*.—How many are there of them?

'*Wesley*.—I number not the people.

'*Bishop*.—Where are they?

'*Wesley*.—Wherever I have been called to preach. At Radpole, Melcomb, Turnwood, Whitechurch, and at sea. I shall add another ingredient of my mission. 5. When the church saw the presence of God going along with me, they did by fasting and prayer, in a day set apart for that end, seek an abundant blessing on my endeavours.

'*Bishop*.—A particular church?

'Wesley.—Yes, my lord. I am not ashamed to own myself a member of one.

'Bishop.—Why, you mistake the apostles' intent. They went about to convert heathens, and so did what they did. You have no warrant for your particular churches.'—*Wesley Family*, vol. i., pp. 42, 43.

The whole dialogue is full of interest. One point to be noted is the admirable good-breeding, as well as Christian temper, which the young evangelist shows in his intercourse with the bishop, who, on his part also, by no means discredited his education and high position. There is a fine combination of manly self-respect, perfect courtesy, trained intelligence, and true religious knowledge, in the replies of John Westley to 'his lordship.' But what is most remarkable is the exact correspondence in many important particulars between the principles and maxims of the sectary of the seventeenth century, as expressed in this conversation, and those which were afterwards embodied by his apostolic grandson in the discipline of Methodism. These particulars have been fully brought out by Dr. Clarke in his *Wesley Family*. John Westley himself was a lay-preacher and an itinerant evangelist. And the very first principle on which the system of Methodist itinerancy originally proceeded, which was brought into operation in the case of Thomas Maxfield, John Wesley's first lay preacher, and on which at present Methodism depends for its supply of 'local preachers,' and of candidates for the full ministry, is that distinction between *vocatio ad opus* and *vocatio ad munus* on which John Westley laid so much stress. Moreover, the threefold test which Mr. Westley offers to the bishop as authenticating his assumption of the calling of a preacher or evangelist, ('preaching gifts,' 'preaching graces,' and 'success,') is identical with that which was adopted by John Wesley, (*grace, gifts, and fruit,*) and which is still a main feature in the economy of Methodism. Dr. Clarke, in view of this subject, was fully justified in saying, 'that Methodism, in its grand principles of economy, and the means by which they were brought into action, has had its specific, healthy, though slowly vegetating, seeds, in the original members of the Wesley family.' Indeed, if there were not direct evidence to the contrary, it would inevitably be inferred from the Minutes of the Methodist Conference for 1746, (the third Conference,) under date Wednesday, May 14th, that John Wesley must have been familiar with all the principles and maxims of his ancestor, and must, when those Minutes were drawn up, have had his grandfather's journal distinctly in remembrance, if not before his eyes.*

* *Minutes of the Methodist Conference*, vol. i., (new edition,) pp. 30, 31.

And yet it is almost certain that, up to that time, he had never seen John Westley's journal, and that the identity of principles was the result only of similarity of character, purpose, and circumstances, not at all of any direct influence which the principles of the grandfather had exerted on the grandson. It was only in 1741 that Wesley had his eyes opened to the lawfulness of lay-preaching by the seal of the Divine blessing on the preaching of Maxfield. Up to that time no man could have been a more single-minded and absolute High Churchman in the matter of lay-preaching; no man could have been in all respects a more exclusive priest and Episcopalian. It was not until January 20th, 1746, that by reading Lord Justice King's *Account of the Primitive Church*, he became convinced, 'notwithstanding the vehement prejudice of his education,' as he himself says in his Journal under that date, that 'bishops and presbyters are essentially of one order.' And when in 1765 he publishes in his Journal, we presume from Calamy's *Nonconformists' Memorial*, an extract from the account of his grandfather's conversation with the Bishop of Bristol, he prefaces the extract by a sentence which can hardly be construed as bearing any other sense than that then for the first time he had become acquainted with it.* We imagine, indeed, that not much of the early history of John Westley, who died when his children were very young, had filtered through the High Church rector of Epworth to the knowledge of the still more High Church Methodist brothers of Oxford. The coincidence, therefore, between the views of the Oxford itinerant Independent in 1661, and those of the High Church Oxford Methodist and evangelist of 1746, cannot well be referred to any acquaintance which the grandson possessed with the specific principles and opinions of his father's father.

Young John Westley, when fresh from Oxford, where he had won the favour of one so eminent and of so much authority with Cromwell and the ruling party in the Commonwealth as the vice-chancellor Owen, and when he had given proof, within a very short time of his settlement at Melcomb, of 'preaching gifts' such as are not often found in combination with high scholarship, must, for a year or two, have had such a prospect of advancement in the clerical career which seemed to lie before him as few young men besides could anticipate. One evidence

* 'Having a remarkable conversation put into my hands, which some will probably be pleased to see, I may insert it here as well as elsewhere. It is a conversation between my father's father, (taken down in short-hand by himself,) and the then Bishop of Bristol. I may be excused if it appears more remarkable to me than it will do to an unconcerned person.'—*Wesley's Journals*, vol. iii., pp. 204-208.

of this may be traced in his marriage. He married, in what year does not appear, but certainly while very young, a lady of distinguished connexions, being the niece of the quaint and famous Thomas Fuller, and the daughter of the Rev. John White, so long known as 'the patriarch of Dorchester,' a minister of the highest mark among the Puritan party, and who was for some time chairman of the Westminster Assembly of Divines.* He is said, by Calamy, to have had a 'numerous family,' although the names of four only have been preserved, —Matthew, Timothy, Elizabeth, and Samuel; and we have no account whatever of Timothy or Elizabeth. But with the death of Cromwell, in 1659, the prospects of John Westley were darkened. He was 'necessitated' soon afterwards 'to set up a school, that he might be able to maintain his growing family,' and very soon after this his troubles began. We take from Mr. Kirk's volume the following summary of his history, from the time of the restoration (1660) to that of his death in 1678.

'The dark clouds now gathered over this devout and hard-working pastor. A succession of storms discharged their violence upon his head. Base informers brought false and scandalous accusations against him, and secured his imprisonment for six months, without a trial. An unbending Independent in his ecclesiastical principles, his refusal to read the Book of Common Prayer led to new troubles. There was a long interview with his diocesan, in which he displayed a scholarship, logic, and Christian temper which we cannot fail to admire. Then came the Act of Uniformity, and on the memorable 17th of August, 1662, he preached an impressive farewell sermon "to a weeping audience" from that most appropriate of all texts, "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified." After lingering a few months in his old parish, during which time his son Samuel was born, and baptized in the church from which his father had so recently been "thrust out," he retired to Weymouth. The landlady who gave him shelter, was fined twenty pounds for the offence; while he was commanded to pay five shillings a week, "to be levied by distress." He wandered to Bridgewater, Ilminster, and Taunton, where "he met with great kindness and friendship from all three denominations of Dissenters, who were afterwards very kind to him and his numerous family." Then "a gentleman who had a very good house at Preston, two or three miles from Melcomb, gave him free liberty to live in it without paying any rent." He accepted this unlooked-for kindness as a marked interposition of Providence, wondering how it came to pass, "that he who had forfeited all the mercies of life

* *Wesley's Works*, vol. xii., p. 125; *Mother of the Wesleys*, p. 17.

should have any habitation at all, when other precious saints were destitute;" and that he should have "such an house of abode, while others had only poor mean cottages."

'Then came terrible temptations about fulfilling his call to preach the Gospel. Silenced at home, he meditated a "removal beyond sea, either to Maryland or Surinam. After much consideration and advice, he determined to abide in the land of his nativity, and there take his lot." Preaching only in private, he kept himself longer out of the hands of his enemies than many of his brethren. But, "notwithstanding all his prudence in managing his meetings, he was often disturbed; several times apprehended; and four times cast into prison." In his "many straits and difficulties," he was "wonderfully supported and comforted, and many times surprisingly relieved and delivered." Finally, he was "called by a number of serious Christians at Poole to be their pastor; and in that relation he continued to the day of his death, administering all ordinances to them as opportunity offered."

'His manifold and heavy trials,—all the result of his unflinching adherence to the testimony which he held,—soon prepared him for an early grave. "The removal of many eminent Christians into another world, who were his intimate acquaintance and kind friends; the great decay of serious religion among many that made a profession; and the increasing rage of the enemies of real godliness, manifestly seized and sunk his spirits. And having filled up his part of what is behind of the afflictions of Christ in the flesh, for His body's sake, which is the Church, and finished the work given him to do, he was taken out of this vale of tears, to that world where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest, when he had not been much longer an inhabitant here below than his blessed Master, whom he served with his whole heart, according to the best light he had." Denied sepulture within the walls of the sacred edifice, his remains lie undistinguished among the common graves of the churchyard. In that day when the "many that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake," John Westley shall "come forth unto everlasting life;" while many of his persecutors shall arise to "shame and everlasting contempt."—*The Mother of the Wesleys*, pp. 46-48.

One feature in the character of John Westley should be particularly noted. Although his ecclesiastical opinions were at the opposite pole from High-Churchism, he had none of the temper of the low fanatic or ignorant sectary. He was firm, but prudent; faithful, but courteous and gentle; and so full of catholic charity that, like his Oxford contemporary, the great John Howe, he practised 'occasional conformity' with the Established Church, the Church of those by whom he was proscribed and persecuted. As we have already intimated, his aged father lived to bury his godly son. His wife survived him about forty years. For some time she was probably assisted by

her kinsfolk and her husband's friends; but for many years before her death she was dependent upon her sons, and we find the rector of Epworth, during the period of his greatest poverty, and when overwhelmed by his own embarrassments, contributing £40 in one sum, and £10 a year, towards the relief of his aged mother.*

Of the two sons of whom we have any record, Matthew, the elder, having no doubt been grounded in classical and liberal learning by his father, was brought up to the medical profession. The eldest son of such a stock was not likely to be left without friends to provide for his education, and to give him a good introduction in his profession among the well-to-do Nonconformists of the metropolis, where he settled in business. It is certain that he obtained a large and lucrative practice as surgeon and accoucheur, that he rated as a man of literary taste and knowledge, had the reputation of a wit, travelled extensively on the Continent and in England, was kind to the family of his brother the rector, and adopted and provided for several of the daughters; but was scandalized, on his one visit to the Epworth rectory, at the extreme poverty of the family, as shown in furniture, dress, and fare, and could not comprehend how his brother, with such a preferment as the rectory of Epworth, could be found in such circumstances. He retained his Nonconformity to the end of his life, but held it with a certain polite dispassionateness and an indifference to points of controversy, which exposed him to the charge of religious laxity, and even to the suspicion of scepticism; for which, however, there appears to have been no real foundation whatever. His memory was embalmed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* by an elegy from the pen of his niece Mehetabel, (Mrs. Wright,) the most gifted of the daughters of the Epworth rectory, whom, being a childless widower, he had adopted and portioned. Few things are more piquant than the glimpses afforded us, in Mrs. Wesley's letters and sundry other documents, of the visit of the rich London doctor, attended by his servant, (both master and man on horseback, of course,) to the bare and comfortless parsonage and homestead at Epworth, where he found his brother buried in his great work on Job, and his lady-like and accomplished sister-in-law, with her clever and spirited daughters, scantily and meanly clad, and poorly dieted, in a chill, half-furnished house. The glimpse we get, also, in his homeward journey from Scarborough, of his stay at Lincoln during several days, and of his hospitalities

* *Wesley Family*, vol. i., p. 73.

there to his nieces, several of whom were at that time engaged at Lincoln in school-keeping, is exceedingly suggestive. It is plain enough that the London gentleman thought his brother's High-Churchmanship had turned out a bad speculation. In a rectory, not of the poorest, he had expected the comforts and appointments of a landed gentleman, as he says in a letter, 'of considerable estate;' and he found himself wofully disappointed. At the same time nothing can be more evident than that he conceived an admiration for his sister-in-law, and was greatly taken with his nieces; so taken, that he lingers at Lincoln day after day, that he may have the pleasure of treating them at his inn, and sharing their company.

The rector of Epworth, notwithstanding, was a man of a far larger mould and higher character than the prosperous brother who severely criticized his *ménage*; and, in a letter which he wrote in reply to his brother's strictures, fully vindicated his honourable poverty. So far we have anticipated what belongs to a later page in this sketch, because we shall not again return to the figure of Matthew Westley. He died in June, 1737, two years after his brother, and six years after his visit to Epworth. We bid good bye to the prim, proper, gentlemanly, intelligent and skilful, moderate and worldly-wise, London surgeon,—a ladies' doctor, as he was, and pre-eminently a ladies' man. Who could have imagined him to be own brother to the strong, sturdy, ponderously learned, unbusiness-like, poor parson of Epworth, always in debt and difficulty, a most unworldly-wise honest partisan, not to say bigot, in Church and State, a stern though just disciplinarian in his parish, mobbed, wronged, outraged, but standing fast in his integrity; at one time and for years one of the most unpopular men in his part of the country, yet finally conquering the respect of all classes; and, after a life of brave and noble though sometimes ill-guided struggles against poverty and obloquy, dying in great honour, and all but out of debt, amidst the regrets of his people, and surrounded by one of the finest families in England?

We shall recur presently to the history of the High-Church son of the sectarian confessor of Melcomb and Whitchurch. We must now direct our attention to the ancestry of the Wesleys on the mother's side. The maternal grandfather of John and Charles Wesley was Dr. Annesley, a foremost name among the ejected Nonconformists, his high merits in other respects being enhanced by his noble presence and his patrician descent. The Annesley family were settled in Nottinghamshire before the Conquest, and after the Conquest took the surname De Aneslei from their estate. In the reign of Charles I.,

Francis Annesley was created Baron Mount Norris and Viscount Valentia, and held the offices of secretary of state and vice-treasurer of Ireland. His eldest son, Arthur Annesley, was the first Earl of Anglesea. Dr. Samuel Annesley, Mrs. Susannah Wesley's father, was the grandson of Lord Valentia and nephew of Lord Anglesea, by a younger brother of the latter, whose name has not been handed down, and who died when his son Samuel was only four years old. The date of Dr. Annesley's birth was 1620; his grandmother, that is, as we understand it, his mother's mother, was a woman eminent for piety, who, dying not long before the child was born, requested that, if a boy, his name might be Samuel. By his mother he was brought up in the fear of the Lord; and, as his disposition was early determined towards the work of the ministry, he was, like the prophet his name-sake, trained with a view to his future sacred vocation from his earliest years. The strict and churchly (though not superstitious) education for which the Puritan gentry were conspicuous, was not an irksome bondage to young Annesley, but a congenial rule. He searched and knew the Scriptures from a child.

The place of Samuel Annesley's birth, as Mr. Kirk's industrious research has now made out, was Haseley, a small village four miles north-west of Warwick. It is probable that his parents' property, which was considerable and descended to himself, lay here. Where Samuel was educated, whether at home or at any public school, is not known; but the former is the more likely supposition. At fifteen years of age, that is, in the year 1635, young Annesley was entered of Queen's College, Oxford, where he graduated in due course. In 1643 or 1644, he was ordained, probably according to the Presbyterian form. Mr. Kirk seems to doubt the tradition that in 1644 he became chaplain to the 'Globe' man-of-war, which carried the flag of the lord high admiral, the Earl of Warwick, and that through his influence in part he obtained the diploma of LL.D. For this demur, however, no grounds are assigned; and to us it appears as if the hereditary and territorial connexion between the family of the squire of Haseley, and the great noble of the neighbouring castle of Warwick, lent some probability to the account. It is certain, however, that in November, 1644, Mr. Annesley was already settled in the valuable living of Cliffe, in Kent, where he took the place of a jovial and scandalous parson who had been sequestered for his incompetency and immorality. After a rough beginning, he had great success at Cliffe. He left this parish soon after the date of Charles the First's execution, having, it is said, incurred the displeasure of Cromwell by

his denunciations of the protector, and of the deed by which the king was put to death. Coming to London, he became the minister of the 'smallest parish in London,'—perhaps that of St. John the Evangelist. In 1657 he was made lecturer of St. Paul's, by the appointment of Cromwell; and in October, 1658, by the favour of Richard Cromwell, 'Cripplegate was made glad by his settlement therein.' He thus ministered to two of the largest congregations in London. On May 14th, 1659, the Parliament appointed him one of the commissioners for the approbation and admission of ministers of the Gospel. At the restoration he presented to the king a petition for confirmation in his lectureship, in which he showed that, like many more of the moderate Presbyterians, he had altogether disapproved, and that he had 'publicly detested,' as he says, 'the horrid murder' of Charles I. He lost the lectureship, but the living of St. Giles's was confirmed to him by the king's presentation, dated August 28th, 1660. The living was worth £700 a year,—a very large sum in those days. It must be remembered that the interest of Dr. Annesley's relation, the Earl of Anglesea, was of some worth with the king. On Bartholomew's Day, however, he had to quit. His name stands among many others, including some yet more illustrious than his own, as one of those London ministers who signed the memorial to the king against the passing of that black and iniquitous Act. The signatures of Manton, Bates, White, Wills, Vinke, Calamy, Annesley, and fourteen more were affixed to this document.

For ten years Dr. Annesley is lost sight of amid these troublous days. His private fortune, however, availed for the supply of his own needs, and those of his large family, and also for the relief of many of his poorer friends. Though often in danger, and though at least once the warrant was drawn out for his apprehension, and would have been signed, but for the sudden death of the magistrate who had the matter in hand, he seems to have escaped imprisonment. No doubt his family connexions, his great influence among his Nonconformist brethren, and his own temper and discretion, all contributed to this immunity. When the Declaration of Indulgence was issued in 1672, he licensed a meeting-house in Little St. Helen's, now St. Helen's Place, Bishopsgate Street, where he raised a large and flourishing church, of which he continued pastor till his death. He took a leading part in all the assemblies, the lectures, the theological undertakings, of the Nonconformists so long as he lived. He was himself the main support of the well-known Morning Lecture. He is said to have been

reckoned among 'the Dissenters' as a sort of second St. Paul. His high family, his experience, his fortune, his unstinting generosity, his fine and dignified person, added to his effectiveness as a minister and his admirable Christian character, appear to have secured him this position. Daniel De Foe was brought up under his ministry, and has celebrated his character and embalmed his memory in a well-known elegy, the heartiness and intrinsic interest of which have conferred upon it a vitality which its poetic merits could not have secured. 'His remains were deposited by the side of his wife's in Shoreditch Church; and Dunton,' the well-known and eccentric bookseller, his son-in-law, 'states, that the Countess of Anglesea desired, on her death-bed, to be buried, as she expressed it, "upon the coffin of that good man, Dr. Annesley."'*

The wife of Dr. Annesley here referred to was his second wife, his first having, after a very short union, died at Cliffe in 1646. Among the many points cleared up by the industry of Mr. Kirk, one is the question as to who was Dr. Annesley's second wife, the mother of Mrs. Susanna Wesley.† He has clearly shown that she was the daughter of no less remarkable a person than Mr. John White, a noted member of the Long Parliament, chairman of the 'Committee for Plundered Ministers,' and author of the *Century of Scandalous Malignant Priests*, who, being a lawyer, took an active part in the Westminster Assembly, and who was buried in 1644 at the Temple Church, with great ceremony, the members of the House of Commons attending his funeral. It is a notable coincidence, that the fathers of the two grandmothers of the Wesleys bore the same Christian and surname, were both eminent Puritans, the one as a divine and the other as a lawyer, and both took a leading part in the Assembly of Divines.

The result of this survey of the ancestry of the Wesleys is, that we find on the father's side three successive descents of clergymen, trained at Oxford, and another clergyman of great eminence, as his maternal grandfather; and that on the mother's side we find a peer, that peer's younger son, and a clergyman of distinguished position and character, in successive descent, and, as her maternal grandfather, a lawyer of eminent position, especially as a Member of Parliament and public

* *Wesley Family*, vol. i., p. 375.

† *Mother of the Wesleys*, pp. 17-19. One point, however, Mr. Kirk has left in confusion. He quotes Mr. Wesley as saying, that his mother's 'father and grandfather were preachers of righteousness.' Where Mr. Wesley says this, we have not been able to find; and Mr. Kirk gives no reference. But the fact is, that her grandfather was not a preacher of righteousness: he was an active Puritan lawyer.

servant. Three out of the five clergymen certainly, most probably four, not improbably all five, were educated at Oxford; four of the five, all except Samuel Westley, of Epworth, were staunch Puritan confessors, who had proved their attachment to their principles by the endurance of severe losses and great sufferings. The lawyer was of the same party; but, having lived through the oppressions which provoked the civil war, and taken a leading part in the Parliamentary proceedings, by which the despotism of Charles and Laud was overthrown, died, as the power of the Parliament was rising to its height, in the year of the battle of Marston Moor. Among all the generations of the Wesley ancestry, so far back as these can be traced, there was not an ignorant or ill-bred person. The men were either divines trained at the university, or gentry of good position and liberal culture; the women were ladies of gentle and generous nurture. And, as Mr. Wesley himself remarks in a letter to his brother Charles, the doctrine which the divines preached was ever the 'genuine Gospel.'

With such an ancestry, the wonder is that the Nonconformity in the Wesley blood was so long in coming out. Extremes, however, beget extremes; and, as we shall have occasion soon to note, violent political dissent so disgusted the father of the Wesleys as to transform him, in the raw heat of his young temper and fiery prejudices, into a violent Churchman. Under such influences his sons continued during their earlier life. Charles remained theoretically a High-Churchman to the end of his days. Nevertheless his stinging satires—a Churchman might call them lampoons—upon the bishops and clergy, and his own free and unscrupulous ecclesiastical irregularities in personal practice, forming as these did an amusing contrast to his High-Church prejudices and theories, were sufficient to vindicate his title to the blood of the Westleys, the Annesleys, and the Whites. As regards John, there can be no doubt that in his mature years he became fully conscious of the near alliance, in ecclesiastical principles and in theological doctrine, between himself and the most moderate of the Puritans, that he felt great union in spirit with Bartholomew and John Westley and Samuel Annesley, and that his own views as to the Act of Uniformity and the policy of those who passed that Act came to be in substantial harmony with those of his nonconforming ancestry.

We have seen that it was in 1746 that Mr. Wesley read Lord Justice King's *Account of the Primitive Church*, which made him virtually a Presbyterian, so far as respects the fundamental principles of ecclesiastical government. Under date

Newcastle, March 25th, 1747, in one of his letters to 'Mr. John Smith,' (supposed to be Dr. Secker, Bishop of Oxford, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury,) Mr. Wesley says, 'I look upon Mr. Cartwright and the body of Puritans in that age to have been both the most learned and the most pious men that were then in the English nation. Nor did they separate from the Church, but were driven out of it, whether they would or no. The vengeance of God which fell on the posterity of their persecutors, I think, is no imputation on Mr. Cartwright or them, but a wonderful scene of Divine Providence,' &c.* It is interesting to note, that just twelve days before the date of this letter, viz., on Friday, March 13th, Mr. Wesley being at the time at his northern home, from which he dates his letter to Mr. Smith, the following entry occurs in his Journal:—'In some of the following days I snatched a few hours to read "The History of the Puritans." I stand in amaze: first, at the execrable spirit of persecution which drove those venerable men out of the Church, and with which Queen Elizabeth's clergy were as deeply tainted as ever Queen Mary's were; secondly, at the weakness of those holy confessors, many of whom spent so much of their time and strength in disputing about surplices and hoods, or kneeling at the Lord's Supper.'† In April, 1754, again, he says, 'In my hours of walking,—at his Paddington retreat,—I read Dr. Calamy's *Abridgment of Mr. Baxter's Life*. What a scene is opened here! In spite of all the prejudices of education, I could not but see that the poor Nonconformists had been used without justice or mercy; and that many of the Protestant bishops of King Charles [the Second] had neither more religion nor humanity than the Popish bishops of Queen Mary.'‡ In his interesting and able 'Free Thoughts on the Present State of Public Affairs,' which were written in 1768, he says, 'Few will affirm the character of King Charles, even allowing the account given by Lord Clarendon to be punctually true in every respect, to be as faultless as that of King George.' Again, he speaks of 'the furious drivers' (referring by name to Strafford and Laud) who surrounded 'poor King Charles.' He says, 'The requiring tonnage and poundage, the imposing ship-money, the prosecutions in the Bishops' Courts, in the High Commission Court, and in the Star Chamber, were real and intolerable grievances. What is there in the present administration which bears any resemblance to these?'..... 'Is Mr. Burke the same calm, wise, disinterested man that Mr.

* *Works*, vol. xii., p. 82.

† *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 48.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 297.

Hampden was? And where shall we find twenty noblemen and twenty gentlemen (to name no more) in the present opposition whom any impartial man will set on a level with the same number of those that opposed King Charles and his ministry?'* In 1775 he published a history of England, in which he says of Charles I., 'He was rigorously just; but is supposed to have been wanting in sincerity.' It is not very easy to reconcile the two parts of this sentence, as his brother Charles pointed out to him in several letters of earnest and almost indignant remonstrance. But what is to be noted is, that Mr. Wesley felt bound to retain the qualifying clause. In a letter dated November 3rd, 1775, he says, 'No man is a good judge in his own cause. I believe I am tolerably impartial; but you are not (at least was not some time since) with regard to King Charles the First.'† And his final answer to his brother was, 'I cannot in conscience say less evil of him.'‡ It is only fair to add that, so far as regards the Treaty of Uxbridge, Mr. Wesley afterwards, upon reading the original papers in Thurloe's Memoirs, justified the king in breaking off that treaty.§ But there is no reason to suppose, however much he blamed the Parliament in its later proceedings, that he changed his opinion as to the character of Charles, and of the measures by which the nation was driven into revolt. On Sunday, January 30th, 1785, being the day of 'King Charles the Martyr,' Mr. Wesley preached in London, probably at City-Road, from the text, 'Righteous art Thou, O Lord, and true in Thy judgments.' He says, 'I endeavoured to point out those sins which were the chief cause of that awful transaction we commemorate this day. I believe the chief sin which brought the king to the block was his persecuting the real Christians. Hereby he drove them into the hands of designing men, which issued in his own destruction.'|| If such was Mr. Wesley's judgment as to the first Charles, it may be anticipated how he would regard the enormities associated with the name of the second. 'Bloody Queen Mary was a lamb, a mere dove, in comparison of him.'¶ This sentence refers particularly to the persecutions in Scotland. But, as regards those 'two public monuments, the Act of Uniformity, and the Act against Conventicles,' the following are his utterances in his 'Thoughts upon Liberty.' 'By this glorious Act'—of Uniformity—'thousands of men, guilty of no crime, were at one stroke, they and their families, turned out of house and home,

* *Works*, vol. xi., p. 27.

† *Life of Charles Wesley*, vol. ii., p. 305.

‡ *Ibid.*, vol. iv., p. 283.

§ *Ibid.*, vol. xii., p. 136.

¶ *Works*, vol. iv., p. 209.

|| *Ibid.*, vol. iii., p. 296.

and reduced to little less than beggary, for no other fault, real or pretended, but because they could not assent and consent to that manner of worship which their worthy governors prescribed, because they did not dare to worship God according to other men's consciences.' 'By virtue of the Act against Conventicles, if any continued to worship God according to their own conscience, they were first robbed of their substance, and, if they persisted, of their liberty; often of their lives also. For this crime, under "our most religious and gracious king," (what were they who publicly told God he was such?) Englishmen were not only spoiled of their goods, but denied even the use of the free air,—yea, and the light of the sun, being thrust by hundreds into dark and loathsome prisons.'*

John Wesley's mature judgment respecting the Puritan controversy, it is evident from these extracts, was decidedly in favour of the Puritans, altogether opposed to their persecutors. He may have thought, he did think, many of them narrow and prejudiced in their objections; but he regarded their persecutors as yet more narrow in their requirements, and as in the highest degree oppressive. As for Charles the Second's bishops, such as Sheldon, for example, we have seen what was his opinion of them. In these views he differed widely from his brother Charles; but he only anticipated the judgment which has been in the present age established by the concurrent voice of all the well-informed authorities in the Church of England itself, with the exception of those who belong to the revived Laudian party. 'This strait waistcoat for men's consciences,' said the late Archdeacon Hare, in reference to the Act of Uniformity of 1662, 'could scarcely have been devised, except by persons themselves of seared consciences and hard hearts—by persons ready to gulp down any oath, without scruple about more or less. Verily, when I think of that calamitous and unprincipled Act,—of the men by whom it was enacted, Charles II. and the aristocracy and gentry of his reign,—of the holy men against whom it was enacted,—it seems almost like a prologue to the profligacy and infidelity which followed closely upon it..... We may bless God, for that He has given such grace and power to weak, frail human hearts, that meek and humble men, when strengthened by His Spirit, are not to be driven out of the path in which their conscience commands them to walk, by the leagued forces of King and Parliament and Convocation, by the severest penal enactments, or

* *Works*, vol. xi., p. 37.

even by the bitter pang of having to leave their loved flocks.*

Wesley, notwithstanding, remained a Church of England man in all his tastes and sympathies to the end of his days. He was not such a zealot as his brother Charles, who said that he would rather see his brother John 'smiling in his coffin' than 'a dissenting minister.' But he loved the liturgy, the comely order, the cloistered universities, the faithful homilies, the grand divinity, the venerable cathedrals, the rich church-music, all the wealth of intellect, the chastened splendour of worship, 'the beauty of holiness,' of the national Church. Still he was not so absolute a Churchman by any means as High-Church curates are apt to suppose. He would not leave the Church of England himself, nor suffer, so long as he lived, that his congregations, save here and there where the circumstances were exceptional, should be separated from the Church. But he felt that his preachers needed to exercise, and did exercise, great forbearance in submitting year after year to be merely the preachers, instead of the pastors, of the flock. And it is plain that he thought it likely that before long after his decease the separation which, during his life, would have been intolerable to himself and inexpedient on general grounds, would take place. To his brother Charles he said, in 1755, 'Do you not understand that they all promised by Thomas Walsh not to administer, even among themselves? I think that an huge point given up; perhaps more than they could give up with a good conscience.' 'I do not fluctuate yet; but I cannot answer the arguments on that side the question. Joseph Cownley says, "For such and such reasons, I dare not hear a drunkard preach or read prayers." I answer, I dare. But I cannot answer his reasons.' Again, in 1761, 'I do not at all think (to tell you a secret) that the work will ever be destroyed, Church or no Church. What has been done to prevent the Methodists leaving the Church, you will see in the Minutes of the Conference. I told you before, with regard to Norwich, *dixi*. I have done at the last Conference all I can or dare do. Allow me liberty of conscience, as I allow you.' And in 1780, 'Read Bishop Stillingfleet's *Irenicon*, or any impartial history of the ancient Church, and I believe you will think as I do. I verily believe I have as good a right to

* *Hare's Miscellaneous Pamphlets*, p. 35. 'The Church of England,' says the judicial Hallam, 'had, doubtless, her provocations; but she made the retaliation much more than commensurate to the injury. No severity, comparable to this cold-blooded persecution, had been inflicted by the late powers, even in the ferment and fury of a civil war.'—*History of England*, 12mo. Ed., vol. ii., p. 350.

ordain as to administer the Lord's Supper. But I see abundance of reasons why I should not use that right, unless I was turned out of the Church.' 'The last time I was at Scarborough, I earnestly exhorted our people to go to church; and I went myself. But the wretched minister preached such a sermon that I could not in conscience advise them to hear him any more.'* Mr. Wesley did, in fact, as is well known, in the year 1784, ordain Coke and Asbury for America,—Coke to be superintendent (*i. e.*, bishop), and Asbury to be elder and superintendent (*i. e.*, presbyter and bishop); in 1785, 'set apart three of our well-trying preachers,' as he says, 'to minister for Scotland;' and in 1787,—the year before the death of his brother Charles,—assisted by the Rev. J. Creighton and the Rev. Peard Dickenson, presbyters of the Church of England, he similarly ordained, by the imposition of hands and prayer, Alexander Mather, Thomas Rankin, and Henry Moore, for the service of the Church in England. Lord Mansfield told Charles Wesley that ordination was separation. No doubt this is in a sense true. Thus far, accordingly, John Wesley proceeded in the direction of separation. Nevertheless, he might justly adhere in 1787 to what he wrote to his brother and published in 1785. 'I no more separate from the Church now than I did in 1758. I submit still (though sometimes with a doubting conscience) to "mitred infidels."† I do, indeed, vary from them in some points of doctrine and in some points of discipline; but not a hair's breadth farther than I believe to be meet, right, and my bounden duty. I walk still by the same rule I have done for between forty and fifty years. I do nothing rashly.'‡

We have taken occasion from our view of the Puritan and Nonconforming ancestry of the Wesleys to advert to John Wesley's own principles and practice on the subject of church conformity and ecclesiastical discipline. We are not sorry to avail ourselves of the opportunity to do this, as the facts of the case seem still to be not so well known as they should be, after the publication of Dr. Smith's and Dr. Stevens's histories of Methodism has put all that belongs to the subject within the easy reach of the general reader. As respects Charles Wesley's most intense but most inconsistent and insubordinate High-Churchmanship, we cannot afford space here for any details. Nor must we venture even to enliven our prose by quotations from his stinging satires upon the state of the

* *Works*, vol. xii., pp. 109, 113, 137, 144.

† Charles Wesley's expression.

‡ *Smith's History of Methodism*, vol. i., pp. 512-526, 547.

Church and the character of churchmen in his day. It is high time that we returned to the history of Samuel Westley, the rector of Epworth, the lineal heir of such wealth of Nonconformist orthodoxy and confessional merit, but himself an early convert to the church of his parents' and grandparents' persecutors. His was no common character. The mere fact of such a transformation is sufficient to claim particular examination. Other circumstances will attract our attention, as we consider his life and story.

Samuel Westley, according to the decisive evidence of the parish register, was born at Winterborn Whitchurch, on December 17th, 1662. When his father died, (in 1678,) he was a pupil at the Dorchester Free School, and 'nearly ready for the university.' Some friends of his family sent him, thereupon, to London, to be entered at one of the Nonconformist private academies as a candidate for the ministry among the Nonconformists. Reaching town in March, 1678, he found that the divine under whose care he was to have been placed had recently died. For a time he went to a grammar school, probably as an assistant, where he had the prospect, if he thought fit, of proceeding to the university. The Nonconformists, however, seem to have been anxious, as well they might be, to secure for their ministry the scion of such a stock; and offered a provision of thirty pounds a year, if he would go to Stepney Academy, at that time under the care of the Rev. Edward Veal. To Stepney he went accordingly.

In London he would have the entry, as the son and grandson of distinguished confessors, and for the sake of his mother's kindred no less than his father's, into the best Nonconformist circles, including as among the most distinguished families that of Dr. Annesley. Here, too, he heard such men as Charnock preach, and once heard Bunyan. His mind must have been greatly quickened, his powers highly stimulated. Academies and colleges, moreover, always have been and are always likely to be, from the zest and competition of their common life, a sort of forcing houses for youthful minds, not often conducive, unless powerfully qualified and counteracted, to the truest and best development of their powers. Young men in such places often become fond of 'chop logic' and of satire, disputations and presumptuous, 'heady, high-minded.' As to young Westley,—he was a bright, sharp youngster; he had a turn for verses; and soon, accordingly, he became 'a dabbler in rhyme and faction.' In this, he was encouraged and applauded; sometimes even received cash payment for his 'silly lampoons.' His effusions were printed; and grave

divines suggested subjects, and corrected some of his productions for the press.

Upwards of two years Samuel Westley thus spent with Mr. Veal, when, this minister having suffered prosecution and been compelled to break up his 'academy,' Mr. Westley transferred himself to a similar institution at Stoke Newington, conducted by the Rev. Charles Morton. Here he remained more than a year longer. Meantime, however, he was becoming increasingly dissatisfied with himself, with Nonconformity, and with his position and prospects.

The simple fact is that young Westley had been placed in a position which could only be made congenial and happy by deep religious convictions of duty. Such convictions he did not possess. He was designated to the office of a Christian minister; but at this time and for some years afterwards it is evident that he was destitute of any sense of a true and spiritual vocation to that ministry. He had taken to it professionally, not as his father and grandfather had done, for the sake of God's glory and with a heart full of steadfast passionate devotion. A merely professional preference for the office of 'the priesthood' would be no disqualification for an aspirant to a benefice in the Established Church; but no man could worthily, usefully, or happily, tread in the steps of the Baxters, Howes, and Charnocks, or the Annesleys, Calamys, and Westleys, of the age preceding, whose heart had not been kindled by Divine fire, who had not the burning inner vocation of a New Testament prophet. John Westley, his father, had spoken of himself to the Bishop of Bristol as 'a son of the prophets.' His son Samuel was certainly not as yet in the succession. Matthew Henry, at the time a law student, was intimate with some of the students at Stoke Newington, and seems to have been indebted to their learned and excellent tutor for occasional lessons in theology. How he profited in the Nonconformist ministry, we know well; he had the vocation, Samuel Westley was out of his element. Uneasy where he was, he cast longing eyes towards the University, where his ancestors had been trained. *There* was life and learning; the young life of the choicest of the nation, the learning of centuries. Once at least before he had hoped to secure his entrance there, but had been disappointed. With such views and with defective spiritual convictions and aims, what wonder that Samuel Westley grew disgusted with his 'academies,' and dreamed and yearned after Oxford. Moreover, it appears that some of his kinsmen, probably on his mother's side, who resided in a remote part of the country, we may presume

somewhere about Dorsetshire, were ministers of the Established Church. One of these 'reverend and worthy' kinsmen visited him at Morton's seminary, and 'gave him such arguments against that schism in which he was then embarked, as added weight to his reflections when he begun to think of leaving it.' But, beyond all these considerations, the Nonconformity of 1682 was very inferior in strength and grandeur to the Puritanism of fifty years before. The nation was no longer capable of such fruit as it had borne in the last generation. It was passing through a stage of deepening degeneracy. The Commonwealth, with all its glories, had in part prepared the way for this. There was probably less religion, and certainly more hypocrisy, in 1659 than in 1640. A show of austere and punctilious godliness had become fashionable; the result was a wide-spread growth of sanctimonious hypocrisy, and, on the part of a large section of the nation, a rooted disgust at everything like moral restraint or religious solemnity. Then followed the Restoration, with its floods of unbridled licentiousness and its fashion of unbelief. Then St. Bartholomew's Day silenced by thousands the holiest and ablest preachers in the land, and suppressed the growth of godly ministers who should have risen up into the offices of the Church. Twenty years had passed since that period, years of increasing irreligion and corruption of every kind. The king was a pensioner of Louis of France; French manners and French morals had debased the dignity and purity of the country of Cecil and Hampden; the manliness of the nation was in process of rapid decomposition; the Christian faith and heart of the people were dying out; a downward course had been entered upon, so far as respected the national life and character, which neither the Revolution of 1688, nor the victories of Marlborough, could effectually arrest, which reached its lowest point in the reign of George II., and from which England was only redeemed by that religious movement of which Methodism was the chief instrument and the representative. Great principles could not maintain their ground in such an age; the more noble or sacred any cause might be, the less likely was it to obtain popular support. Hence, in 1682, Nonconformity was fast losing its grandeur. It had no political party to sustain it. It had lost the heart of the nation. Puritanism had been identified with a great struggle for political liberty, with gallant resistance against a crushing and cruel despotism. Hence, in great part, its hold upon the nation at large; hence its grandeur and sacredness in their eyes. But that great movement had worn

itself out. Puritanism under the Commonwealth had done violence to national prejudices, offended popular taste, proscribed the pastimes and pleasures alike of high and of low. This, in the case of a nation not as yet very far removed from Popish times, and from the licence of Popish and mediæval manners, whose squires and yeomen were still in a high degree coarse, ignorant, and jovial, was more than could be endured. 'New wine' had been 'put into old bottles,' and the result was that the bottles burst and the wine was spilled. Moreover, the multiplicity of dissenting sects, and the ignorance, fanaticism, and presumption of not a few self-constituted sectarian teachers, had disgusted the rude but useful common-sense of the average Englishman of the period. From the combined effect of these causes, and causes such as these, Puritanism lost its hold upon the people of England. But for this, the ministers and Parliament of Charles II. could not have carried into effect their policy of proscription and persecution. The people in 1662 were not prepared to run the hazard of another revolution, or, indeed, to run any hazard at all, in behalf of the Puritan divines, whose character, notwithstanding, multitudes among them revered, and whose cruel sufferings multitudes more commiserated. They might pity the victims, but they would not rally to their cause. The consequence was, that as years passed away, what had once been a great and noble party, identified with all that was truest, freest, most godly, in England, became little more than a sectarian remnant. Most of the great leaders among the Puritans were dead or aged. In an age of deepening heartlessness and vice their plain worship and strict maxims found less and less favour. Occasionally, when such a man as Baxter was 'shamefully entreated' by such a monster as Jeffreys, there was some movement of indignation. But this did not interfere with the general decline of the cause.

Not only did the Dissenters, as in 1682 they were beginning to be called, decline in general influence; but the life and purpose which animated their organizations became a much smaller and less noble force than it had been. The great divines among the Puritans had been educated at the national universities, and had ruled as stars within the pale of what was truly the national Church, including as it then did almost all varieties of orthodox belief. And, so far as they belonged to a party, it was a great national party. Their souls stood within the full sweep of all the great currents of national controversy and national energy and feeling. They gave law to a nation's stir and strife. It was otherwise with the young Dissenters who frequented 'seminaries' and 'academies' in 1682. Unless

they studied with a sacred devotion to the cause of God's truth and Gospel preaching, as did such men as Matthew Henry and Philip Doddridge, unless their studies and their calling were ennobled by the purity of their consecration and the holiness of their character, they fell down to the level of mere sectarian teachers, whose life was to be cribbed within the strait limits first of a small and 'particular' seminary, and then of a small and 'particular' church. If such men were not pre-eminently religious, they of necessity became merely political, and sought to justify their dissent and to aggrandise their cause by putting prominently and chiefly forward the political principles with which their dissent was associated. Only thus could Presbyterian neophytes of a secular spirit—standing apart from anything like an organized Presbyterianism—avoid the sense of utter isolation and insignificance. Only thus could those who taught the virtue of independency in Churches, who had therefore no sense of a great and united brotherhood of ministers and sisterhood of Churches to sustain and inspire them, and who were destitute of the fervid religious consecration of soul to the work of the pastor or evangelist which would invest the office with dignity under any circumstances, be prevented from becoming conscious of the irksome bondage within the limits of a separate cell to which they were about to consign themselves.

Accordingly, the academies became to a large extent political. Pasquils were written against the bishops and clergy; political satires were in vogue; those who were not devoted to spiritual self-culture and to preparation for a godly and soul-saving ministry, relieved in this way their tedium and employed their spare hours. Young Westley did all this. He also wrote foolish verses, verses sometimes indelicate as well as foolish. It would appear, moreover, from his own circumstantial accounts, published in after life, that coarse and lewd conversation was by no means uncommon among the students. After making every deduction on account of the circumstances under which he, as a Churchman, was led to write, and afterwards to vindicate, his account of his education among the Dissenters, we fear so much in general must be accepted as undoubted. The radical evil, however, was that neither Samuel Westley nor his offending companions were truly converted, or had a sense of their Divine vocation to the work of the ministry.

The turning-point came at last. 'Being a young man of spirit,' writes his son John, 'he was pitched upon to answer some severe invectives' recently published against the

Dissenters. He had, as we have seen, for some time had his misgivings about Dissent; to him, at any rate, it was not the holy thing it had been to his forefathers. He had seen the seamy side of a worn garment. True, it had been hallowed by the sufferings of his ancestors, and had still the love of many of the excellent of the earth. But the education of Samuel Westley, a smart, wilful, and fatherless lad, had not been such as to teach him humility. His self-confidence had been nurtured; his powers of disputation had been unduly stimulated. What wonder, then, that he soon discovered himself to be 'wiser than all his teachers?' 'During his preparation for the task which had been assigned him,' Mr. Kirk tells us, (p. 55,) 'he saw reason to change his opinions.' The result was that, instead of writing the answer, 'he renounced the Dissenters and attached himself to the Established Church.' This was in 1683, when, according to Mr. Kirk's reckoning, he was twenty-one years of age.

At this time he lodged in London with his mother and an old aunt, both strong Dissenters. Not daring to tell them of his change of views, he 'rose betimes one August morning, (1683,) walked all the way to Oxford, and entered himself as a "servitor of Exeter College." Here he maintained himself partly by helping other students, and partly by his pen, as is shown at large by Dr. Clarke in his *Wesley Family*. He took forty-five shillings to college, but he left it with a much better furnished purse. Here, too, his character seems to have ripened and improved. Among his Dissenting friends he had been peevish and violent; the University took this out of him. Moreover, he gave evidence of the awakening within him of a true pastoral feeling of compassion and responsibility by visiting the prisoners confined in the castle, as his sons did fifty years later.

The important change in the opinions of Samuel Westley, which we have endeavoured to elucidate, had its counterpart in the case of a very young, but very superior and precocious, damsel, belonging to one of the most distinguished families among the London Dissenters; and it seems not improbable, as Mr. Kirk suggests, that the two ecclesiastical conversions stand to each other in some degree in the relation of cause and effect. Westley was intimate at Dr. Annesley's. When Dunton, the bookseller, with whom Westley was afterwards much associated in literary undertakings, was married to Elizabeth Annesley in 1682, Westley was of the party, and presented an 'Épithalamium.' The following year Mr. Westley abandoned Dissent; the following year, also, Miss Susanna Annesley, whom he afterwards married, abandoned Dissent, being at the

time only thirteen years of age. It can hardly be doubted that the one of these events did much to determine the other. If she were old enough, and had sense enough, to make up her mind on the subject, she was old enough to take a deep interest in its discussion, and to be the confidante of Samuel Westley respecting his views and the reason of his change. She, too, had, it may be observed, near kinsfolk who were members of the Church of England,—the family, to wit, of the Earl of Anglesea, whose wife, as we have seen, was strongly attached to Dr. Annesley. That Susanna Annesley, at the early age of thirteen, abandoned altogether the ministry of her venerable father, and went alone to Shoreditch Church, is hardly to be supposed. But from that age the convictions of the highly educated and independent girl were decided. Probably she, no less than her lover, had been disgusted with much that she had seen of Stepney and Stoke Newington students, so different from the spirit and deportment of her parents, from the manners and carriage of her noble relatives, from the ideal which she would have pictured of Puritan godliness and spirituality. She had fallen on an unheroic age; the baldness of the meeting-house was no longer redeemed by the heavenliness of the confessors. There was no more godliness in the Established Church,—probably not by any means so much. But there was no pretence of superior godliness. And there were at this time great preachers in the London churches—such men as Barrow, Tillotson, Tenison, Stillingfleet, South, and Sherlock, with whom, for popular effect, even such a man as Charnock could hardly compare; while the solemn beauty of the services satisfied her taste and won her admiration. So from this time forth young Sukey Annesley is known in her father's family as the young Churchwoman, and by her noble father indulged accordingly. She is the flower of the family. Others are more beautiful, though she is fair; but none more cultivated and accomplished,—none so thoughtful and thorough as she. The young collegian has gained her heart; the family understand that, and let her know that they understand it. Susanna goes to church sometimes; more and more frequently as she expands into a noble woman; after her marriage, which will not be delayed any longer than needful, she will be a Churchwoman altogether. Thus, if the Puritans could not transmit to her lover and herself their ecclesiastical principles, at least they transmitted a bold independence of judgment and of conduct.*

* The early maturity of the young Puritans is exceedingly remarkable. In the *Life of Matthew Henry*, by J. Bickerton Williams, which is prefixed to some modern

As a convert from Puritanism, it was to be expected that the Oxford freshman would enter the University an extreme Tory in Church and State. Oxford was a congenial soil into which to transplant a zealous High-Church neophyte. For many years this University had been, to borrow the words of Hallam, 'the sanctuary of unspotted loyalty, as some would say,—a sink of all that was most abject in servility, as less courtly tongues might murmur.' And now it was about to ascend to heights of loyal devotion—or to descend to depths of servile degradation—which it had not previously reached. Westley entered Exeter College in August, 1683, at a time when the absolutism of Charles II. was every month becoming more resolute and unrelenting, and when the legal atrocities of Jeffreys were filling the country with sorrow, indignation, and terror. Nevertheless, this was the period chosen by the University for passing the famous decree against 'pernicious books,' in which the political doctrines not only of Milton, but of Locke, were anathematized, and the volumes containing them ordered to be burnt; 'in which, among the articles placed upon the same level with the vilest doctrines of the Jesuits, was the maxim that the sovereignty of England is in the three estates of king, lords, and commons; that the king has only a co-ordinate power, and may be overruled by the other two;' a decree which was itself, in its turn, publicly burned by an order of the House of Lords in 1709. But whatever might be the zeal of the University in general on behalf of the doctrines of Divine right and passive obedience, it would appear that Mr. Samuel Westley distanced most of his contemporaries in the race of loyalist subservience. It is said, indeed, by Mr. Kirk, as it had been more strongly said by others, that Mr. Westley was no supporter of the policy of James II., (1685–1688,) and his own authority is adduced to prove that the conduct of the bigot king in regard to Magdalen College—the first thing which wakened up the University in general to a perception of the true nature of his designs and of his essentially despotic principles and character—made such an impression on Mr. Westley that from that time he ceased to place any confidence in the tyrant. That this memorable passage in the history of the University made an abiding

editions of his Commentary, we have a letter from young Matthew to his father, written in his fourteenth year, and also a review of his religious experience written at the same age. Both documents are wonderfully staid, thoughtful, and old-fashioned; they abound in sage reflections and doctrinal statements. In those perilous and solemn times the children of the Puritans seem never to have been young. Matthew Henry gravely examined himself when he was eleven years old.

impression on the mind of Samuel Westley, as on all true Protestants at the University, is hardly to be doubted. Nevertheless, there is decisive evidence—heartily do we wish it were otherwise—that Mr. Westley continued after this to degrade his pen by using it in fulsome eulogy of the Popish despot. It was in September, 1687, that King James visited Oxford, and, as Macaulay says, treated the fellows of Magdalen ‘with an insolence such as had never been shown to their predecessors by the Puritan visitors.’ It was on the 27th of May, in the following year, (1688,) that the seven bishops were summoned to appear on the 8th of June before the king in council. On the 8th of June they were sent to the Tower, two days before the Prince of Wales, the ‘Old Pretender,’ was born. On the 29th of the same month the bishops were acquitted. By this time the national feeling against the king was at its height, and the reaction in the University itself, which had commenced in the previous autumn, had grown very strong.

Nevertheless, at a later date than the last of these transactions Samuel Westley, of Exeter College, published some lines on the birth of the prince, which show how decided an adherent he continued to be of James even up to this period, and within so few weeks of the Revolution. In Ellis’s Correspondence, under date June 28th, 1688,—the day before the acquittal of the bishops,—there is found the following entry:—‘We expect verses gratulatory upon the birth of the prince from both the Universities, and also from the Society of Magdalen College, in a particular book by themselves.’ To understand this entry, it must be borne in mind that at this time, through the violent and tyrannical impositions of the king, Magdalen College had been converted into a Jesuit seminary. In accordance with this notice, there very soon appeared a volume from the Oxford press, entitled *Strenæ Natalitiæ Academicæ Oxoniensis in clarissimum Principem*, in which is published what it is large courtesy to call a ‘poem’ on the occasion, which bears the signature of ‘Sam. Wesley, A.B., of Exeter College.’ In this sorry production Ariosto is represented as descending from the celestial regions to sing of ‘Este and England’s wondrous heir.’ It is said that ‘his father’s soul shines through his mother’s eyes,’ and that he is ‘formed all of bravery and love.’ The panegyrist proceeds,—

‘Thus look’d great James, when he, in Dunkirk field,
Before hard fate retired, but could not yield;
Or when his thunders, at Batavia hurl’d,
Pale Neptune scared, and all his watery world.’

The poet predicts the glorious future of the new-born child, and even goes so far, notwithstanding what had taken place the year before, as to picture his paying a visit to Oxford:—

'I see thy loyal waters, Isis, moved
(For never English prince but Isis loved)
When he comes there: these venerable men,
Who met great James, how do they crowd again!
Again each cluster'd street and house prepare,
With flowers and hearts, to attend great James's heir.
The lively youths their valour fain would try,
And almost wish for some new enemy,
Greater than Him,* who but too quickly fell,
Whom they prepared to entertain so well.'

From this effusion it is only too evident that Samuel Westley retained his extreme Toryism to the end of the reign of James II. He may have had misgivings, but he stood by his Divine-right principles to the last. Only 'the logic of facts,' in the accomplishment of the great Revolution by the landing of William of Orange, in the latter autumn of the same year, (November 5th, 1688,) seems to have made any decided impression on his servile political principles. It is superfluous, after this, to add that there is no truth whatever in the story so long current, that he preached on occasion of the famous "Declaration of Indulgence" from the text, 'Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods,' &c. At the time when that declaration was issued, as was shown in an article in this journal nine months ago, Samuel Westley was not even in orders. We may now say, that our attention had been directed to this point by Mr. Kirk, and that he has the merit of correcting an error of long standing, which had been endorsed even by such writers as Southey and Macaulay, and had passed into the current stream of all Methodistic history.† It is necessary for us to correct another error in Dr. Clarke's interesting *collectanea* respecting Mr. Westley. He has strangely entitled the verses from which we have lately quoted as 'On the Death of the Prince of Wales.' We presume that he was in his haste misled by the last few lines, in which

* Monmouth.

† The real hero of the anecdote so long current of Mr. Samuel Wesley, Sen., was the Rev. John Berry. The story is told by Samuel Wesley, Jun., in an elegy on Mr. Berry, entitled 'The Parish Priest,' which will be found at page 95 of the last edition of his poems (edited by the late Mr. Nichols). Mr. Berry was the younger Wesley's father-in-law, and is addressed as 'sire' in the poem. Hence the confusion which has transferred the anecdote in question from the father-in-law to the father. See a letter in the *Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine* for last September, (Sixpenny,) from the pen of the venerable biographer of the Rev. Charles Wesley, the Rev. Thomas Jackson.

Ariosto is represented as breaking off from his strain of gratulatory prophecy, because recalled to Elysium,—‘he mounts and fills his seat among the blest.’ But the title of the volume, and his own quotations from Ellis and Evelyn, should have kept him right, even if he had not adverted to the fact that the Prince of Wales in the reign of James II. did not die, but survived to become the pretender to the English crown.

This copy of verses seems to have been one of the last things indited by Mr. Westley before his leaving the University. Having taken his B.A. degree, he was ordained deacon at Bromley, by the Bishop of Rochester, August 17th, 1688, and priest at St. Andrew’s, Holborn, by the Bishop of London, on the 26th of the following February. On leaving Oxford he seems to have dropped a letter of his name and to have materially modified his politics. Henceforth he must be spoken of, as he subscribed himself, Wesley; henceforth also his Jacobitism seems to have subsided into mere High-Churchism, of an intrepid and active character. No doubt his change of residence from Oxford to London, and the renewal in social life of his intercourse with his dissenting friends, had much to do with this change of political tone. A man may be as absurd a bigot or doctrinaire as he pleases in a cloister, among his brother cœnobites; but he must become practical and common-sense in the daily rub of London literary and political life. It appears, moreover, that, being an equally ready and needy writer, he ‘wrote and printed the first thing that appeared in defence of the government, after the accession’ of William and Mary. Nor was he content with a single pamphlet; he ‘wrote a great many little pieces more, both in prose and verse, with the same view.’ The Marquis of Normanby became his patron; and the queen had him on her list of those whose claims merited favourable consideration.

Mr. Wesley had supported himself well during his collegiate life by helping other students and by his literary industry. There is no need to speak of his juvenile production entitled ‘Maggots,’ published by Dunton, his brother-in-law, soon after his going to Oxford. His principal maintenance seems to have been derived from his co-editorship in the *Athenian Oracle*, of which Dunton was the publisher. After he left the university, his chief source of pecuniary supply would appear to have still been Dunton’s *Oracle*, and various literary projects in which Wesley lent Dunton a hand. His first appointment in the Church was a curacy of £28 a year (1688-9). After this he obtained a naval chaplaincy at £70, which he held a year. It

was probably in 1689 that he commenced his metrical *Life of Christ*. In 1690 he married, on a London curacy of £30 a year. It was a humble home to which Susanna Annesley went, when she left her father's house, and poverty was her companion all her life through. Her husband and she, however, 'boarded' in London or the neighbourhood 'without going into debt.' In the autumn of 1690 the Marquis of Normanby presented Wesley to the living of South Ormsby in Lincolnshire, worth at that time £50 a year. Hither the husband and wife, with one infant, removed from the great metropolis, with which they had been so long familiar, henceforth to spend a hard, sequestered life among the uncultivated rustics of Lincolnshire. Wesley himself describes the parsonage as 'a mean cot, composed of reeds and clay.' Their family rapidly increased, 'one child additional per annum.' To live upon the income of the rectory was, of course, impossible; but the diligent and accomplished young wife did all that thrift and management might do to 'make ends meet,' while her sturdy husband endeavoured to eke out his scanty means by his pen. Whilst here, he published his *Life of Christ*, of which the queen accepted the dedication, and which, though ponderously dull, as well as fairly ballasted with learning, is believed not to have been an altogether unprofitable speculation. Here, too, he published a treatise on the Hebrew points; while his most lucrative, though least congenial, occupation was still in connexion with Dunton's *Athenian Oracle*, one third of which he wrote with his own hand. Six years thus passed away at South Ormsby. The wonder is not that pecuniary embarrassment slowly accumulated, in spite of all that the brave couple could do in the way of striving and stinting, but that this accumulation was so slow and so small as we find that it was.

It seems to have been within a few months, earlier or later, of the beginning of 1697, that Mr. Wesley was presented to the rectory of Epworth, 'in accordance probably with some wish or promise of' the late queen, who did not forget her client. The living was in itself a good one, being worth, in the currency of those days, about £200 a year. But Mr. Wesley's family was large: he was in debt: the fees necessary to be paid before entering on the living added considerably to this debt; and an additional outlay was required in order to furnish the parsonage, and to stock the farm and bring it properly into cultivation. All these things together made up such a load of embarrassment as rendered his position at Epworth little less discouraging than it had been at South

Ormsby. Moreover, as rector of Epworth, his time was so much occupied by business, and his ecclesiastical position was so far dignified, that it is not likely he would be at liberty to write for Dunton as he had formerly done, or to make so much out of the *Athenian Oracle*. He was called upon to take a leading part in the ecclesiastical business of the archdeaconry and diocese; we find him preaching a visitation sermon, and appointed three times to go to London as 'convocation man,' an appointment which, if it were honourable and congenial to the disposition and talents of the Rector, yet involved the necessity not only of absence from his estate and family, but of residence in London for many weeks together at his own charges. The rector soon found himself hard pressed to procure the cash he needed, and especially to meet the 'interest-money.' Then he had many and costly losses and troubles. His 'one barn of six baies' fell down twelve months after his entering on the rectory, and had to be rebuilt. Four years afterwards, in 1702, a third of his thatched parsonage was burnt to the ground. Already the rector felt as if he were a victim doomed to misfortune. When the news reached him, at the other end of the town, that the parsonage was on fire, but his family safe, he exclaimed, 'For which God be praised, as well as for what He has taken! I find 'tis some happiness to have been miserable; for my mind has been so blunted with former misfortunes that this scarce made any impression upon me.' Within twelve months after this, 'his entire growth of flax, on which he relied to satisfy some of his hungry creditors, was consumed in the field.' Then came the contested election of 1705, in which the rector zealously espoused the Tory, which was at this time both the unpopular and the anti-ministerial, side. One result of this was that he was deprived of the chaplaincy of a regiment which he had obtained from the Duke of Marlborough, as he himself said in a letter to the Archbishop of York, 'with so much expense and trouble.' Another was that he was arrested, immediately after the election, on the suit of one of the opposite party, for a debt of less than thirty pounds, and consigned to Lincoln Castle. Now the worst had come to the worst, and he was 'at rest,' in 'the haven where he had long expected to be.' 'A jail,' he says, 'is a paradise in comparison of the life I led before I came hither.' In his 'new parish' the undaunted rector set himself at once to work for the good of his 'brother jail-birds.' At the rectory the heroic wife bore herself with such 'fortitude and generous patience' as only a noble woman in adversity can show. Money she had none,—not a coin; the household lived

on bread and milk, bread probably made from the wheat of their glebe, milk certainly obtained from their own dairy. What she could to help her husband she did; she sent him her little jewellery, including her wedding ring. Three months the rector remained in prison, cheered the while by the letters of Archbishop Sharp, of York, and by the kind exertions of many friends. When he left Lincoln, half his debts (amounting to £300) were paid, and arrangements made for liquidating the remainder. He had sent back to his wife her trinkets, precious as memorials, though of no great account as money's worth.

But his misfortunes were not at an end. He was released from Lincoln Castle in 1705; and for several years after this date must have been in comparatively comfortable circumstances, so far as household means were concerned. The ill-will of his parishioners, however, continued. Not only was he a high Tory in his Church and State politics, but he was a rigid disciplinarian in his parish. The canon law was by no means a dead letter in Epworth. Presentations in the bishop's court were not infrequent; penances, painful and shameful penances, were exacted from convicted violators of the law of chastity; excommunication was a real power. In many ways had the parishioners shown their malice against the rector: his dog had been mutilated, his cattle stabbed; and it seems most likely that to the deliberate malice of some of his evil-minded parishioners must be attributed the burning of his flax, if not also of his parsonage. In 1709 the parsonage was again on fire, and this time was burnt to the ground. This, too, was probably the work of incendiaries. It was this second fire from which the child John Wesley was barely rescued by the bravery of two of the parishioners.* Now, then, the stone of Tantalus is again at the bottom of the hill; the parsonage must be rebuilt, and all the rector's work is to do over again. Wesley was not again arrested, but he was never from this time fully free from debt. When he died, however, a quarter of a century later, his debts did not exceed £100, and there was property

* 'The next day, as the rector pensively paced the garden, surveying the blackened ruins of the house, he picked up a leaf of his cherished and expensive Polyglott Bible, in which just one solitary sentence was legible: *Vade, vende omnia quæ habes, et attolle crucem, et sequere Me.* "Go, sell all that thou hast, and take up thy cross, and follow Me." (Mother of the Wesleys, p. 84.) Few will not have heard, or having heard can have forgotten, the father's words, when John, the last of his children, was brought to him in a neighbour's house: 'Come, neighbours, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God. He has given me all my eight children: I am rich enough.' Well done, Christian heart of oak, firm and true, stern and strong, but sound and loving! John Wesley took for his motto in after life, 'Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?'

enough to defray them all. Meantime he had brought up a very numerous family; had sent three sons to the university; and, in the midst of his own straits, never failed to contribute £10 per annum towards the support of his aged mother, the widow of John Westley of Whitworth, to whom also, in the earlier part of his married life, he had advanced £40 in one sum to save her from distress.

It is pitiful to see how extreme were the hardships endured by this noble family. In 1701, writing to his true friend the Archbishop of York, the rector says: 'Never came anything more like a gift from heaven. Wednesday evening my wife and I clubbed and joined stocks, which came but to *six shillings*, to send for coals. Thursday morning I received the *ten pounds*' (from the Countess of Northampton); 'and at night my wife was delivered [of twins]. Glory be to God for His unspeakable goodness!'^{*}

In a letter addressed by Mrs. Susanna Wesley to her brother Samuel, in the East Indies, (one of the most affecting letters we ever read,) she says: 'Mr. Wesley rebuilt his house in less than one year; but nearly thirteen years are elapsed since it was burned, yet it is not half furnished, nor his wife and children half clothed to this day.' 'The late Archbishop of York once said to me, (when my master was in Lincoln Castle,) among other things, "Tell me," said he, "Mrs. Wesley, whether you ever really wanted bread?" "My lord," said I, "I will freely own to your grace that, strictly speaking, I never did want bread. But then, I had so much care to get it before it was eat, and to pay for it after, as has often made it very unpleasant to me." "As to my own affairs," says Keziah Wesley in January, 1729, writing to her brother John, 'there is nothing remarkable, for want of money and clothes was what I was always used to.'[†]

Again, in July of the same year, she writes to the same: 'My mother's ill health, which was often occasioned by her want of clothes or convenient meat, and my own constant ill-health these three years past, weighed much more with me than anything else.'[‡] The *paterfamilias* himself, writing from Wroth to his son John, then at Oxford, under date April 1st, 1726, says:—

'I had both yours since your election: in both you express yourself as becomes you; for what I had willingly, though with much greater difficulty than you imagine, done for you; for the last

^{*} *Wesley Family*, vol. i., p. 198.

[†] *Ibid.*, pp. 389, 391.

[‡] *Ibid.*, vol. ii., pp. 378, 380.

twelvemonth pinched me so hard, that I'm forced to beg time of your brother Sam, till after harvest, to pay him the £10 that he lent you; nor shall I have so much as that, I question whether £5, to keep my family from May-day till after harvest; and don't expect I shall be able to do anything for Charles when he goes to the university. And what will be my own fate, God knows, before the summer be over; *sed passi graviora*. Wherever I am, my Jacky is Fellow of Lincoln!"—*Wesley Family*, vol. i., p. 306.

There can be little doubt that Mr. Wesley was but a poor man of business. He himself admits as much; and his wife makes the same admission. He made a very unsatisfactory agent in the affairs of his wife's wealthy brother, Samuel Annesley, the Indian civilian, for which all the family had to suffer; and he managed his own farm and money matters but indifferently. But a more honest, hardworking man than Samuel Wesley never lived, as he himself has proved in his letter of defence to his London brother Matthew, and as Epworth and Lincolnshire well knew. And so high was his reputation for integrity, that he never found any difficulty in borrowing money; and even usurers showed their respect for him by lending money at the ordinary rate of interest. For, indeed, long before his death, this true and sturdy Christian Englishman had conquered the respect of his parishioners and neighbours, and had won the affection of not a few. There was a generous quality of heart and soul in the High-Church son of the Puritan confessor, notwithstanding the austerity, almost amounting to harshness, of his early character, which years ripened, and sorrows mellowed into nobleness and loving strength. Nothing can be in finer tone than the letters written to his sons during the latter years of his life. His clearness and force of intellect he preserved to the end. Nothing could be more affecting than the history of his closing days. The narrative was beautifully given by the brothers John and Charles, especially by the latter in a long letter to Samuel Wesley, of Tiverton; and the fine epitome of it in the pages of Southey's *Life of Wesley* has been often quoted.

Mr. Kirk has set the marks of his well-directed research in every part of the ground over which he travels. And he has done some service to the memory of the rector of Epworth, by resolving some anecdotes which were current respecting him into mere legends, having but a slender foundation in fact. For instance, the rector is said to have selected a certain 'psalm before sermon,' in order that the second line might be dolefully sung out by his clerk, newly arrayed in the rector's last cast-off wig, a world too wide and big for the head-piece

of the small and self-important official. But, unfortunately for the story, no such couplet as

‘Like to an owl in ivy bush,
That rueful thing am I,’

is to be found in Sternhold and Hopkins’s version, which was in use in the church, or in any other psalter which has fallen in the way of Mr. Kirk or any of his friends. ‘We never saw more of it,’ adds Mr. Kirk, ‘than the two lines quoted; and the most confident advocates of the genuineness of the story have not condescended to hint at its authorship, or point to the version or collection in which it may be found.’ We are bound, however, to say that the lines seem to us to be too genuine to have been invented for the sake of the story; nor, indeed, can we conceive how the story could have come to be current, if there had been no foundation for it. Mr. Kirk suggests that the verses may have been composed by the clerk himself, if such ever were given out. We confess that it does not seem to us absolutely incredible that they may have been composed by the rector, with a view to their application to the clerk; and that this is probably the fact of the case, if the story is in any degree and manner true. Dr. Clarke avers that he gives the anecdote as it was told to him by John Wesley. Here we must leave the matter: the story does not well hang together; indeed, its incongruities awaken strong suspicion; and yet the source from which it is derived, its raciness, its circumstantiality, nay, the very fact that the lines, while apt for the occasion, are not to be found in any version,—all together seem to afford some intrinsic evidence of its authenticity.

Mr. Kirk’s wholesome scepticism is also exercised upon the story that for twelve months the rector of Epworth absented himself from his home because his wife would not respond at family worship to the prayer for the King (William III.). This account rests also upon the authority of John Wesley; yet it is certain that, whatever foundation there may be for it, the statement made by the son is at least exaggerated. There can be no doubt, indeed, that Mrs. Wesley, being in principle a strict Jacobite, did not respond in the family when prayer was offered for King William. The extracts which Mr. Kirk has given from her private papers render that unquestionable. With her this was a point of conscience. And it may be conceived how the rector, so thorough a priest as he was, would resent an interference with the supremacy of his will in conducting worship for his family. There must have been sore

trouble on this point. It must be to this, we imagine, that the father refers in writing to his son Samuel in 1730, when, in enumerating the proofs of his attachment to the settlement of the crown and constitution in 1688, he says, 'And that I ever had the most tender affection and deepest veneration for my sovereign and the royal family; on which account it is no secret to you, though it is to most others, that I have undergone the most sensible pains and inconveniences of my whole life, and that for a great many years together; and yet have still, I thank God, retained my integrity firm and immoveable, till I have conquered at the last.*' Nevertheless, Mr Kirk, by a collation of dates and of facts, has proved that the separation could not have continued for twelve months as alleged, nor indeed for more than nine months; and that as the cause of difference must have been eleven years old, there is some improbability as to its having occurred at all. Let us add that the rector was 'Convocation man' that same year; and even though he might prolong his stay from home beyond the limit of the session, we may hope that there was some reason for it, other than the recusancy of his wife.†

In justice to that noble-hearted lady, the rector's wife, it is proper here to say that the real gist of the difference between herself and her husband seems to have been that she was true to her principles and that he was not. Long after the heats of early life were spent, when he was approaching his septenary, in the letter which he wrote in reply to the accusations of his brother Matthew, he indicates his own political principles, speaking perhaps the more pointedly because his brother was a Dissenter. Of his children he says 'that he hopes they are all High-Church, and for inviolable passive obedience; from which, if any of them should be so wicked as to degenerate, he cannot tell whether he could prevail with himself to give them his blessing.'‡ It is plain that to a man of such principles the glorious revolution of 1688 should have been a great crime,

* *Wesley Family*, vol. i., p. 320.

† We must, however, add that what the rector might have endured while his children were very young, he may have resolved to endure no longer when their eldest child, Samuel, had come to the age of eleven, and was still at home. Moreover, as John Wesley states that he was the first child born after this separation, which he strangely enough regarded as the cause of the Old Geoffrey visitation, there is here a point and circumstantiality which adds exactness and authority to his statement. It may after all have so been that neither party could, at the time, give way upon this 'point of conscience;' and that Wesley departed on this account abruptly on his journey to London, and remained away the longer, and from time to time repeated his absences from home, until, by the death of King William in 1702, the most pressing cause of variance had ceased.

‡ *Wesley Family*, vol. i., p. 235.

mere rebellion. Mr. Wesley, however, was ever loyal to 'the powers that be.' With him the *de facto* king was king *de jure*. Having become convinced, at the eleventh hour, and after leaving Oxford for London, that James II. was bent on destroying the liberties both of Church and State, he had heartily embraced the cause of William, and ever afterwards unflinchingly stood by it. Susanna Annesley, however, cherishing High-Church principles in the midst of a Puritan family, and regarding the cause of the Stuarts as the cause of honour, chivalry, and the fair and glorious Church of England, clung with the partisanship and devotion of a glowing girl to the cause of James, to what she esteemed as the sacred cause of loyalty, royalty, and misfortune; and when, in after years, she heard of her Stuart sovereign as an exiled dependent, and of his son and heir as a forlorn and almost friendless prince, she still adhered to the political faith (with her a part of her religion) of her youthful prime. To blame such constancy would be monstrous; it was a feeling, a principle, a necessity for the genuine High-Churchwoman. Thousands more such loyalists there were in England for many years after the incoming of the eighteenth century. Nor is it in the least to be wondered at in one of however strong a mind, who seems scarcely to have left her remote country home even once, from the time when, at twenty years of age, she quitted the great city in which she had always lived to accompany her husband to his poor rectory, until, more than forty years afterwards, on her husband's death, she left it to find a shifting home thenceforward amongst her sons and daughters. At the same time an active, stirring clergyman like her husband, who had his way to push, and was in desperate need of patronage and preferment, who mingled much with political and ecclesiastical business, who knew men, and appreciated facts, and could not be insensible that William had given a new lease of life and prosperity to the realm, both Church and State, could not be expected, for the sake of an abstract dogma, however much he might have admired and loved it, to isolate himself from the world of action and progress, to ignore the decisions of Providence, to contend vainly against a manifest destiny, and to cut himself off from all chance of preferment. Samuel Wesley was a desperate High-Churchman, but he had common sense, and was too practical a man to be a Jacobite. He obtained a chaplaincy from the Whig Duke of Marlborough, (the great duke,) partly as a consequence of his eulogistic poem on that hero. He dedicated three weighty productions of his pen to three successive queens,—the *Life of Christ*, as we have seen, to Mary; the

History of the Old and New Testament to Anne; and his last and most elaborate work on Job, a ponderous monument of learning, which was posthumously published, to Caroline. It was, as we have noted, through the favour of Mary, that he obtained the living of Epworth. It is no wonder that he was no Jacobite, and that he resented his wife's refusal to join in the prayer for William. Still it is impossible not to respect the disinterested and woman-like devotion with which Susanna Wesley clung to the defeated cause.

The only thing, we confess, which we cannot well excuse in the conduct of the rector of Epworth, is the unrelenting sternness with which he compelled his accomplished daughter Mehetabel to carry into effect a rash promise, the result of sore disappointment in her affections, and impale herself in a living martyrdom by becoming the wife of an illiterate sot and profligate, like the plumber Wright. The letter which this remarkable woman wrote to her father in relation to this matter, and which is printed in Clarke's *Wesley Family*, is of a very painful character, and suggests that father Wesley must have been not only stern, but at times harsh and unrelenting, in his rule of his family. It must be admitted, indeed, that they all had not only bright faculties but strong wills; and that they needed a firm, strong hand to guide them. But Mrs. Wesley's guidance, though surely firm enough, seems always to have been loving and considerate. No higher tribute could there be to a mother than the tone of respectful and grateful, yet free and even playful, confidence in which all her children, whether sons or daughters, write to this rare woman, this almost unequalled mother.

We shall not make any attempt to estimate the value of Mr. Wesley's labours as an author. He was, certainly, but an indifferent poet, even if the most be made of *Eupolis' Hymn to the Creator*. That he was a learned man, cannot be denied; for a poor parochial clergyman, a man of uncommon learning. He had made Hebrew his special study, taking with this Chaldee and Syriac. He was pre-eminently a biblical student, and planned a publication somewhat resembling what Bagster has furnished in his Polyglott. He must have been a superior preacher, if we may judge from the few indications which remain to us of the estimate in which he was held, and from his *Letter to a Curate*, a production of great interest and superior merit, learned, earnest, racy, and practical, the quintessence of many years' learning and experience earnestly and rapidly prepared, originally for the benefit of Mr. Hoole, who came to be his curate. This valuable tract is reprinted

entire in the appendix to the Rev. Thomas Jackson's admirable Memoir of Charles Wesley. There is one passage in it which we cannot refrain from quoting.

"But who cannot read prayers?" I am clearly of another mind, and think there are but few who can or do perform it as it ought to be done. I fancy I have not heard many in my life that have done it in perfection, out of college-chapels, and cathedrals; and truly not over many there either; though these are likely to be the best schools, if one could be so happy as to light on a right master. I know not but I may have heard an hundred who have preached well to one who has read prayers so; and it is well if one main reason for it be not that they have preached better sermons than their own, though they cannot read prayers with a better voice and better sense than their own. I have known persons of the soundest judgment, who would give a very near guess at a man's capacity, by his way of reading the prayers; though that criterion may not be infallible, because some persons of sense may be got into an ill manner of reading, or may have so unfortunate an ear or pipe that they may be masters neither of their own cadency nor pronunciation. Yet I know not but it may hold true, that no man without good parts, or, at least, tolerable ones, assisted with great observation and application, can read prayers as they ought to be read, especially in a public congregation. —*Life of Charles Wesley*, vol. ii., p. 507.

It is perhaps, however, yet more pertinent to the scope of this article to refer to two of the rector's minor productions which notably anticipate some of the principles many years afterwards carried into effect by his sons, John especially. One of these is the 'Letter concerning the Religious Societies,' which was published in 1699. In this letter, which is printed at length in the first volume of the *Wesley Family*, Wesley argues that such societies are in full harmony with the spirit of primitive Christianity, that they would supply the lack in the Church of England of that element of strength and influence which the Church of the Middle Ages found in monastic institutions, that they would be great helps to earnest and active parish ministers, and that in every way they would conduce to the life of the Church. He rebuts the allegation of their schismatic tendency; and shows their lawfulness and fitness as an organization in the following paragraph.

"Public assemblies in the church, though constantly and devoutly attended by the members of these societies, yet must be owned to be improper, on several accounts, for those excellent ends which they propose in their stated meetings. 'Tis not there proper to discourse of many things which fall under their care, nor is there any room for Christian conversation, if it were decent to practise it,

Pious discourse must be owned as necessary as it is a delightful employment to all good Christians; and yet what more generally and shamefully neglected, and even by the accursed rules of civility exploded out of the world? This practice that late excellent person, Dr. Goodman, has endeavoured to retrieve, and has recommended it in so charming a manner in his *Winter Evening Conference*, that he would not have failed of making many converts to it, had there been virtue enough left in the world to make use of his directions. Now, if this religious discourse be lawful and commendable where it is accidental, or among a few persons only, I would fain to know how it should come to be otherwise, when it is stated and regulated, and among a greater number? Is it any more a conventicle than any other meetings? Is there any law that it offends against? Is it any greater crime to meet and sing psalms together, than to sing profane songs, or waste hours in inpertinent chat or drinking? Indeed, one would almost wonder how a design of this nature should come to have any enemies; nor can I see any reason why good men should be discouraged from joining in it by those hard words, faction, singularity, and the like, when all possible care is taken to give no just offence in the management of it."—*Wesley Family*, vol. i., pp. 150, 151.

This letter, taken in conjunction with that to his curate, may serve to show that the faculties of method and organization, for which his sons were so remarkable, were possessed by their father as well as by their mother. Much as the Wesleys owed to their mother, they owed not a little also to their father, who throughout kept up a full and practical correspondence with them, who counselled and guided them during their college life, and by his example and directions, when they were at home, in their youth and early manhood, impressed his bias upon them. Moreover, we cannot but recognise in such a letter as that from which we have now quoted, that the High-Church rector had not lost all the flavour and spirit of that Puritan communion, that earnest spiritual life, with which he had been imbued in his youth.

The other writing of Mr. Wesley's to which we must refer is his 'broad and comprehensive scheme,' as Dr. Smith calls it, 'for the complete evangelization of the East,' to which he procured the sanction and signature of the Archbishop of York, and which he supports in the most emphatic and persuasive way by the offer of his own services. 'If,' he says, in conclusion, '£100 per annum might be allowed me, and £40 I must pay my curate in my absence, either from the East India Company or otherwise, I should be ready to venture my life on this occasion, provided any way might be found to secure a subsistence for my family, in case of my decease in

those countries.* Surely here speaks the father of John Wesley, the grandfather of Methodism. How remarkably the spirit and principles of John Westley of Whitchurch, the rector's father, re-appeared in John Wesley, we have already noted. Nor is the resemblance less undeniable in certain salient particulars between the father and his son. Samuel Westley, the undergraduate at Oxford, visiting the prisoners in the common prison; the rector in his parish, diligent in all his duty, strict and yet, as extant correspondence shows, just and considerate in his enforcement of discipline; the apologist of 'the religious societies;' the propounder of the magnificent Missionary scheme; must be acknowledged to be the worthy father of the Wesleys. He was a learned man, a comprehensive thinker, a racy writer and speaker, a brave worker, a manly soul, hasty, impetuous, hot, but loving, liberal, and true. The most unfortunate passage in his life was his fierce and protracted controversy with his old friends, the Dissenters, arising out of the unauthorised publication of a private letter which he had written to a friend, and in his trenchant prosecution of which he was urged on by the great prelate of York, to whom he was so much indebted. Yet it is to be noted that his adversary in that controversy seems to have confessed himself worsted, both by not attempting to reply to Mr. Wesley's last publication, and by himself afterwards conforming to the Church of England.† It must also be remembered that Wesley was always peaceable and friendly in his private relations with the Dissenters. It would have been a shame indeed if the son of such ancestors, the son-in-law of such a Nonconformist, the brother-in-law of such women as Ann Annesley (see *Samuel Wesley's Poems* by Nichols, p. 543 : compare also p. 319), had been otherwise.

Our space is exhausted, and we cannot attempt to bring Mrs. Wesley into view. There is the less need to do this, both because her character is better understood than her husband's, and her influence on her sons more justly appreciated, and because Mr. Kirk furnishes our readers with the opportunity of doing this fully for themselves. The Rev. W. M. Punshon has depicted Susanna Wesley with more eloquence and felicity than any previous speaker or writer. His lecture is not yet published, but has been heard by many of our readers. These will be prepared to welcome Mr. Kirk's biography. Susanna Wesley was not the woman of exquisite beauty that she has been supposed to be. The picture which

* *Mother of the Wesleys*, p. 130.

† *Wesley Family*, vol. i., p. 181.

has been engraved and circulated as presenting her in her youth (a beautiful lady dressed *à la mode*), was not a portrait of the lady of the rectory. But we have as a frontispiece to this volume a genuine portrait of her in her old age. She was a graceful and noble English lady, but not strikingly beautiful. But she was wise, witty, accomplished; she had a masculine intellect, stored with theology, as if she were a divine, and at the same time highly cultivated in due feminine studies; she had a tender, brave, woman's heart, full of affection and truth; she was refined, methodical, highly bred, and carried these qualities into all her education, imbued with them all her children. She was the sole instructress of her daughters, all of whom, so far as appears, wrote English of the clearest sense and purest quality, and were women of spirit, principle, and refinement. She herself is one of the best female writers of English,—simple, chaste, nervous English,—of her own or any age; her writing is distinguished by disciplined strength, often by exquisite, most quiet pathos.

For her daughters she prepared digests of divinity, which might have been written by a bishop. On similar subjects she corresponded with her sons when they had attained to man's estate. Yet she gave her household play in their pleasures and pursuits, and remained her daughters' confidante in their maturer years.

Nor was she unworthy in her religious principles and practice of the stock from which she had descended, as witness her 'Meetings' in the kitchen of the parsonage, and her noble letter to her husband when he was alarmed at the bruit of such proceedings.

Isaac Taylor, in his *Wesley and Methodism*,—a work which contains so much of crude speculation and unfounded assertion, and at the same time so much of ripe wisdom, suggestive thought, and catholic feeling,—makes the following observation:— 'It must not be regarded as a refinement when it is affirmed that the special characteristics of religious communities do go down to the second, third, and fourth generation, in the instance of families that have walked forth from the enclosure within which they were born and bred. Family peculiarities may have disappeared,—the *physical* type, perhaps, has been lost; and yet a note of the *religious* pedigree survives, and re-appears in grandchildren, sons, and daughters. The Wesleys, John and Charles, if not Samuel, inherited from both father and mother qualities most serviceable for their after-work, which their father, if not mother, would have disallowed

and rooted out from their bosoms.* How remarkably this dictum holds good, as regards the paternal ancestors of the Wesleys, it has been a main object of this article to set forth. Mr. Kirk shows how fully the words of Mr. Taylor are justified, so far as they relate to Mrs. Wesley. We do not, indeed, believe, with Mr. Taylor, that 'mind is from the mother;' but nothing can be more certain than that, to quote his words closely following what we have already cited, Susanna Wesley 'conferred upon her sons whatever advantage they might derive from her composite excellence as a zealous churchwoman, yet rich in a dowry of nonconforming virtues.'†

How far Mrs. Wesley influenced her sons in the opening chapters of Methodist history; and how far also her influence told upon the personal character of her sons; is well exhibited by Mr. Kirk. It must have been a singular and exquisite pleasure to the brothers to have their venerable mother with them, to receive her smile and blessing in her latest years, and to rejoice over her departure in the same faith and hope which were their joy and life.

Mr. Kirk has carried his memoir to its true conclusion by telling us most of what is known respecting the daughters of Mrs. Wesley, a marvellous cluster of fine women, among whom that gifted but unfortunate woman, the poetess, Mehetabel, (Mrs. Wright,) and the no less afflicted, but more richly comforted, Mrs. Hall, the friend of Dr. Johnson, shine conspicuously. Had these ladies not been the children of poverty, how different might have been their lot! The misfortunes of the greater number of them move our keenest sympathy; but throughout it is evident that their noble training and their high principles, while no doubt they intensified their sufferings, also opened for them special sources of strength and consolation, and, finally, by the grace of God, were the means of helping them to come with all their troubles and without one exception to the bosom of their Saviour and to blessed rest and hope in prospect of a better inheritance. The words of Dr. Adam Clarke, at the close of his *Wesley Family*, in relation to the whole family of Epworth, are of such truth and weight that with them we will finish this article: 'Such a family I have never read of, heard of, or known; nor, since the days of Abraham and Sarah, and Joseph and Mary of Nazareth, has there ever been a family to which the human race has been more indebted.'

* *Wesley and Methodism*, pp. 18, 19.

† *Ibid.*

ART. V.—*Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile.*

By JOHN HANNING SPEKE. Edinb.rgh and London:
W. Blackwood and Sons. 1863.

GEOGRAPHERS will soon have to sit down and weep that there are no more countries to survey. Hitherto the central region of Africa has been considered a *terra incognita*, and the map-makers have been content to leave it almost if not altogether a blank. On the eastern and western coasts of the continent there is just a fringe of names, and no more; the numerous rivers are traced for a short distance from the sea, and then they disappear as completely as though, according to popular superstition, they were swallowed up in the sands. In truth, the idea is very general that the interior of the continent is burnt up with heat and drought, and is scarcely fit for the habitation of men. How completely this is a mistake has been shown by recent explorers, and especially by the expedition of Captains Burton and Speke in 1857-8, and that of Captains Speke and Grant in 1860-2. It may be well to sketch in a few words the route taken by these two exploring parties. Both started from Zanzibar, on the east coast, and proceeded to Kazé, the great depôt of the Arab merchants, in south lat. 5°, and east long. 33°. From this point Captain Burton's expedition took a course nearly due west, through a remarkably rich country, having a decided fall towards the west. About a hundred and fifty miles brought them to a large crescent-shaped mass of mountains, the two horns of which pointed southward. These mountains were considered to be the Mountains of the Moon of Ptolemy, though this has ever since been a strongly contested point. Whether or no, the mountains are there, and are a most remarkable group. They form the head of an extensive lake, (Tanganyika,) running north and south,—about three hundred miles in length, and from thirty to forty miles in breadth at its centre, but tapering towards each end. It is a magnificent sheet of water, of great depth, appearing of a brilliant blue, like the larger Swiss lakes, and surrounded by grand mountain and woodland scenery. This region is the finest in point of luxuriance and beauty of any yet discovered on the African continent. Unfortunately the native canoes are so unsafe, that it was impossible the lake could be explored thoroughly; and it cannot be said with certainty whether it has, or has not, any outlet. Native testimony affirms that there are three rivers connected with it, one on the eastern shore, and one at each extremity; but, curiously enough, they are all described

as running *into* the lake. It is not likely that this statement can be correct; and in this and several other important points much confusion arises from the fact that, by a curious native idiom, the same expression means both 'in to' and 'out of.'

But the same expedition was fortunate enough to discover a much larger mass of water than even Lake Tanganyika; and as Captain Burton was too ill to move, it fell to Captain Speke's lot to undertake the journey. Accordingly, returning to Kazé, he took from thence a north-easterly course, through a fine country, less picturesque than that on the western route, but extremely rich, and far more thickly peopled. After travelling 220 miles, he reached the most southerly point of a great lake or inland sea, in latitude 3° south of the Equator, and 33° east longitude. From the neighbouring heights a view was obtained of an immense expanse of water, growing wider as it extended northwards, but reaching in that direction to the horizon, without any apparent shore. The natives declared that it had no northern shore, and that it doubtless extended to the end of the world,—a powerful motive for exploring it forthwith. But unfortunately further progress was impossible; the supplies would hardly see the party back to Kazé; and it was necessary to return without delay. It does not seem to have struck Captain Speke at the time, but it did afterwards, that this lake, to which he had given the name of Victoria, would prove to be the long-sought source of the Nile. The conviction grew upon him, and was received so favourably by scientific friends at home, that on the return of the expedition to England, the Royal Geographical Society determined to send out Captain Speke again, assisted by Captain Grant, to ascertain how far the theory was correct.

This expedition was absent the greater part of three years. Entering the continent as before from the east coast, it passed through two thirds of the length of Africa, and descended the Nile to Cairo. As results we have a large tract of country carefully mapped out, a new route opened up for traders, and, of course, for missionaries, a thorough exploration of the western and northern shores of the lake, and evidence that it pours its waters into the White Nile. As will be seen further on, the question can by no means be considered as set at rest; but at present the Victoria N'yanza stands as the true source of the Father of Waters, which thus in his magnificent course rolls over 'thirty-four degrees of latitude, or more than 2,300 miles, being one-eleventh of the circumference of the globe.'

It is not a little singular that this discovery should have verified the most ancient traditions, which had long since come to

be considered as purely fictitious. In an old Arabian map of the ninth century, the Nile is represented as rising from a lake on the Equator. An English map also, of the time of Newton, to whom it is dedicated, places the great lake much in the same position as it is laid down by Captain Speke; while another map, a little later in date, places Lake Zembre where he places Lake Tanganyika. Still more singular is the passage now so often quoted from Claudius Ptolemy, the great Egyptian geographer, who flourished in the second century: 'Around this [Barbarian] Gulf dwell the man-eating Ethiopians, from the west of whom extend the Mountains of the Moon, from which THE LAKES OF THE NILE receive their snows.'* This passage is so exactly true, that we may be certain the source of the Nile has not always been the hidden secret we have supposed it, and that our recent explorations must be looked upon as recovered rather than discovered truths.

The conformation of the African continent is not a little singular. Captain Speke likens it to a dish turned upside down, thus representing an elevated central plateau 3,000 feet above the sea-level; surrounded more or less completely by a mountainous ridge, and the country outside this ridge sloping gradually downwards to the sea. So far from being dried up with perpetual drought, the country lying within five degrees of the equator, north and south, has rain during six months of the year, while on the actual line of the equator there is rain, more or less, all the year round. This elevated plateau is not a uniformly flat table-land. On the contrary, there exist not only several mountain groups, but a large portion of its surface is undulating ground,—hill and dale extending in unbroken succession for leagues together. The drainage of this extensive area falls into lakes of corresponding size, which are in fact inland seas, and are perennial 'fountains of waters.' Consequent on this abundant moisture vegetation is luxuriant, and, with but little attention, the soil yields in rich plenty all that is necessary for the wants of the inhabitants. It must be understood that this refers to the slip of country lying within the limits above-mentioned. North and south of this fertile zone is a comparatively dry and inhospitable country. From the great elevation of the plateau the temperature is very moderate; in fact, at certain times of the year, when the easterly winds prevail, the air is really chilly, and the coast-men in the present expedition felt the cold so much, that they

* Τούτων μὲν οὖν τὴν [Βαρβαρικὴν] κόλπον περιεκοῦσιν Αἰθίοπες ἀνθρωποφάγοι, ὧν ἀπὸ δυσμῶν διήκει τὸ τῆς Σελήνης ὄρος, ἀφ' οὗ ὑποδέχονται τὰς χιύνας αἱ τοῦ Νείλου λίμναι.—*Geographia* lib. iv., cap. ix., § 8.

supposed, in their ignorance, that they must be approaching England. As a proof of the moderate temperature that prevails, it is sufficient to say that our travellers wore thick woollen clothing, lamb's wool stockings included, and slept between blankets, throughout the journey.

As we have already indicated, the plan was not to proceed up the river itself towards the head, as had previously been done, but to work from the opposite end, to strike the river somewhere near its source, ascertain with exactness its actual rise, and then descend it as far as might be necessary to reach a European trading station. The area within which the source of the river must necessarily be found, was comparatively limited; but a long and painful journey would be necessary in order to reach it.

Not only the home government, but the Indian government, and that of the Cape, assisted the undertaking with money, arms, ammunition, handsome presents for the chiefs, and the like; so that the expedition started under the most favourable auspices. Captains Speke and Grant left England towards the end of April, 1860, and reached Zanzibar on the 17th of August, later by two months than was at all desirable for commencing a journey into the interior. An Arab sheikh, who had taken charge of Captain Burton's party, was at once engaged, with six of his slaves. An intelligent Negro, who had seen some service in the Indian army, and also an old acquaintance, was fixed upon as second in command. It would not be easy to define the duties of this honest fellow, who was by turns commissary-general, valet, brigadier, and ambassador extraordinary; but he acquitted himself well in any capacity, and the reader's interest in Bombay, the name of this factotum, increases as the narrative proceeds. Engagements were made with 70 Wangũana, or 'freed men,' and 100 Negro porters. These, with 10 Hottentots furnished by the Cape government, made a total of 186 men,—quite a respectable caravan. A year's wages having been paid in advance, each man signed an agreement in the presence of the English consul, for an indefinite term of service in the interior, with extra pay at the close of it, and free transport to his home. It would almost appear as though the pay was too liberal, and the work too light, for these black rascals; for, from the very first day to the last, they were perpetually quarrelling among themselves, or in a state of mutiny against their masters, or running away altogether. Within twenty-four hours, ten of the Wangũana deserted in a panic, believing, or professing to believe, that the two Englishmen were cannibals, and were taking them into the interior to eat them. They made off with their year's pay as a matter of

course. One Negro porter ran away also; but his terror was genuine, and, moreover, he was honest enough to leave his pay upon the ground. These desertions became so frequent that one wonders the twelve mules and twenty-two goats did not desert too. Scarcely any of the men remained true to their engagements, so that it became necessary, from time to time, to hire fresh men from the savage tribes on the line of march.

The Wangũana are Negroes who, for the most part, have been bought as slaves by Mussulmen, and have been set free on the death of their master according to the laws of the Koran. The sketch of their habits is very amusing, and very characteristic.

‘The Wangũana generally turn out a loose, roving, reckless set of beings, quick-witted as the Yankee, from the simple fact that they imagine all political matters affect them; and, therefore, they must have a word in every debate. Nevertheless, they are seldom wise; and lying being more familiar to their constitution than truth-saying, they are for ever concocting dodges with the view, which they glory in, of successfully cheating people. Sometimes they will show great kindness, even bravery amounting to heroism, and proportionate affection; at another time, without any cause, they will desert, and be treacherous to their sworn friends in the most dastardly manner. Whatever the freak of the moment is, that they adopt in the most thoughtless manner, even though they may have calculated on advantages beforehand in the opposite direction. In fact, no one can rely upon them, even for a moment. Dog wit, or any silly remarks, will set them giggling. Any toy will amuse them. Highly conceited of their personal appearance, they are for ever cutting their hair in different fashions to surprise a friend; or if a rag be thrown away, they will all in turn fight for it to bind on their heads, then on their loins or spears, peacocking about with it before their admiring comrades. Even strange feathers or skins are treated by them in the same way.

‘Should one happen to have anything specially to communicate to his master in camp, he will enter giggling, sidle up to the pole of a hut, commence scratching his back with it, then stretch and yawn, and gradually, in bursts of loud laughter, slip down to the ground on his stern, when he drums with his hands on the top of a box until summoned to know what he has at heart, when he delivers himself in a peculiar manner, laughs and yawns again, and, saying it is time to go, walks off in the same way as he came. At other times, when he is called, he will come sucking away at the spout of a teapot, or scratching his naked arm-pits with a table-knife, or, perhaps, polishing the plates for dinner with his dirty loin-cloth. If sent to market to purchase a fowl, he comes back with a cock tied by the legs to the end of a stick, swinging and squalling in the most piteous manner. Then, arrived at the cook-shop, he throws the bird down on the

ground, holds its head between his toes, plucks the feathers to bare its throat, and then, raising a prayer, cuts its head off.

'But enough of the freed man in camp; on the march he is no better. If you give him a gun and some ammunition to protect him in case of emergencies, he will promise to save it, but forthwith expends it by firing it off in the air, and demands more, else he will fear to venture among the "savages." Suppose you give him a box of bottles to carry, or a desk, or anything else that requires great care, and you caution him of its contents, the first thing he does is to commence swinging it round and round, or putting it topsy-turvy on the top of his head, when he will run off at a jog-trot, singing and laughing in the most provoking manner, and thinking no more about it than if it were an old stone; even if rain were falling, he would put it in the best place to get wet through. Economy, care, or forethought never enters his head; the first thing to hand is the right thing for him; and rather than take the trouble even to look for his own rope, to tie up his bundle, he would cut off his master's tent-ropes, or steal his comrade's.'—Pp. 28-30.

The loading of the caravan consisted of cotton cloths and glass beads, (which take the place of gold and silver,) quantities of brass wire, (which may be considered as bank-notes,) tents, and other camp equipage, scientific instruments, large stores of ammunition, presents for the more influential chiefs, many of them of considerable value, as Whitworth rifles, revolvers, chronometers, gold watches, embroidered silks, &c. Fifty of the men were also armed with carbines, and served as a military escort. Although the stores thus carried seem ample, according to our European notions of what should be needful in those regions, yet fifty-six loads of cloth and beads had already been sent forward to Kazé, six hundred miles on the road, as a sort of deposit account, on which to draw. Even this proved insufficient; for every chief through whose territories the caravan had to pass, exacted his *hongo*, or toll, before he would allow it to move on; and this tax, being purely arbitrary, and not according to any fixed scale, became not only burdensome in itself, but a source of very great irritation and anxiety.

The process of fleecing commenced with the second day's march; for while in the very territory of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and in the presence of an escort which he had sent to see his visitors safely over the frontier, two petty chiefs, rejoicing in the names of Lion's Claw and Monkey's Tail, made most pertinacious demands, which it was necessary to satisfy. At the same time the Negro porters struck for higher wages, and refused to move another step. When this took place close to the coast and in friendly territory, the prospect as regarded the interior was not of the brightest. Moreover, Captain Grant

fell ill of intermittent fever, which continued with him more or less, all through the journey, and which since appears to have seriously undermined his health. The Hottentots also fell ill, and they too proved quite unable to stand the climate. Finally, it became more and more certain that the rumours, which had been little heeded, of drought and famine up the country, were perfectly true, and most extravagant prices would have to be paid for the daily necessities of the camp. But, nothing daunted, the caravan continued to press forward, though making but slow progress. The following extract will show the nature of the work to be done at the close of each day's march:—

'The process of camp-forming would be thus: Sheik Said, with Bombay under him, issues cloths to the men for rations at the rate of one-fourth load a day (about 15lb.) amongst 165; the Hottentots cook our dinners and their own, or else lie rolling on the ground, overcome by fatigue; the Belüchs are supposed to guard the camp, but prefer gossip and brightening their arms. Some men are told off to look after the mules, donkeys, and goats, whilst out grazing; the rest have to pack the kit, pitch our tents, cut boughs for huts and for fencing-in the camp,—a thing rarely done, by the bye. After cooking, when the night has set in, the everlasting dance begins, attended with clapping of hands and jingling small bells strapped to the legs, the whole being accompanied by a constant repetition of senseless words, which stand in place of the song to the Negroes; for song they have none, being mentally incapacitated for musical composition, though as timists they are not to be surpassed.

'What remains to be told is the daily occupation of Captain Grant, myself, and our private servants. Beginning at the foot—Rahan, a very peppery little Negro, who had served in a British man-of-war at the taking of Rangoon, was my valet; and Baraka, who had been trained in much the same manner, but had seen engagements at Mülтан, was Captain Grant's. They both knew Hindustani; but while Rahan's services at sea had been short, Baraka had served nearly all his life with Englishmen, was the smartest and most intelligent Negro I ever saw, was invaluable to Colonel Rigby as a detector of slave-traders, and enjoyed his confidence completely, so much so, that he said, on parting with him, that he did not know where he should find another man to fill his post. These two men had now charge of our tents and personal kit, while Baraka was considered the general of the Wangūana forces, and Rahan a captain of ten. My first occupation was to map the country. This is done by timing the rate of march with a watch, taking compass-bearings along the road, or on any conspicuous marks, as, for instance, hills off it, and by noting the watershed,—in short, all topographical objects. On arrival in camp every day came the ascertaining, by boiling a thermometer, of the altitude of the station

above the sea-level; of the latitude of the station by the meridian altitude of a star taken with a sextant; and of the compass variation by azimuth. Occasionally there was the fixing of certain crucial stations, at intervals of sixty miles or so, by lunar observations, or distances of the moon either from the sun or from certain given stars, for determining the longitude, by which the original timed course can be drawn out with certainty on the map by proportion. Should a date be lost, you can always discover it by taking a lunar distance and comparing it with the *Nautical Almanack*, by noting the time when a star passes the meridian, if your watch is right, or by observing the phases of the moon, or her rising or setting, as compared with the *Nautical Almanack*. The rest of my work, besides sketching and keeping a diary, which was the most troublesome of all, consisted in making geological and zoological collections. With Captain Grant rested the botanical collections and thermometrical registers. He also boiled one of the thermometers, kept the rain-gauge, and undertook the photography; but after a time I sent the instruments back, considering this work too severe for the climate, and he tried instead sketching with water-colours,—the results of which form the chief part of the illustrations in this book. The rest of our day went in breakfasting after the march was over—a pipe, to prepare us for rummaging the fields and villages to discover their contents for scientific purposes—dinner close to sunset, and tea and pipe before turning in at night.'—Pp. 20, 21.

The country through which they passed, though naturally fertile, was almost depopulated by incessant warfare. The timid inhabitants, accustomed to the forays of their stronger neighbours, fled the moment the expedition came in sight, supposing that kidnapping was its object; and if the sport had not been good, the want of supplies would have been a serious inconvenience. The traders always have a large following, sometimes three or four hundred strong, and carry immense stores of cloths and other fabrics, exchanging them against slaves and ivory, which are the chief articles of commerce in these regions. For slaves there is a constant, if not an increasing, demand, and, in order to obtain the necessary supplies, the country is continually harassed by marauders. The weaker tribes live in a state of constant fear. They keep a sharp watch on the movements of their neighbours, and, on any sign of an approaching expedition, they quit their villages and fly to the mountains, remaining there till all is quiet again in the plains, though they often return to find their crops carried off or destroyed, and their dwellings levelled with the ground. In one instance that fell under the notice of our travellers, a party of forty men and women, overcome by hunger, came down from the hills to buy food from a tribe

better off than themselves; but, on some frivolous pretext, were at once seized by the chief and sold into slavery. The extent of the ivory trade may be inferred from the fact, that England alone consumes a million pounds' weight in a year, or the produce of eight thousand elephants; to which must be added the consumption of the European continent. To meet this demand the African traders have to open up new districts every two or three years, and, although inured to the dangers of travel, often suffer severe privations. One of the largest of these traders on the eastern coast, travelling with five or six hundred of his men, was met by Captain Speke near the outset of his (the Englishman's) journey, who received but little encouragement to prosecute it. The men of the returning caravan were half famished, and had been compelled to live on roots and wild grasses, boiling down a few skin aprons of the Negro porters occasionally for a soup! The accounts given by this merchant of the desolate state of the country induced our travellers to change their route; but the famine seems to have visited the whole land, and most exorbitant prices had to be paid in all cases for food, while even water was as dear in some places as *pombé* or native beer.*

Of this part of the journey it is sufficient to say generally that the country rises gradually to an elevation of some three thousand feet, and then forms a table-land the limits of which are as yet unknown. The edge of this table-land, or rather the mountain chain which encloses it, consists of a series of steep hills and romantic gorges, as picturesque as the middle heights of the Himalayas. The rate of progress was extremely slow, the stoppages were frequent, the desertions frequent, the strikes frequent, and the quarrels perpetual; so that Captain Speke might well thank Providence that he was blessed with a larger share of patience than most men. As to the claims for *hongo*, they soon rose from request to demand, and from demand to menace; and there was no remedy but to submit both to the loss of property and the loss of time. It had required four months to reach Kazé, a distance of six hundred miles from the point of departure, being an average of five miles daily.

Unyamwezi, or the Country of the Moon, is a territory as large as England, and was once united, but is now broken up into a number of petty states. The people are great traders,

* *Pombé* is a fermented drink obtained from the juice of the plantain, and is one of the institutions of the country. Judging from the gusto with which it is mentioned in the narrative, it might be thought an improvement on 'Burton.'

and are more adventurous than their neighbours, readily hiring themselves for the long journey down to the coast. They are industrious,—a rare quality among Africans: they grow cotton and manufacture it, smelt iron and work it up, keep large flocks, build substantial dwellings, and seem on the whole to be very respectable savages. But they are not a fine people physically, and their appearance is not improved by the universal custom of extracting the lower incisors, and cutting a wedge-shaped gap between the upper ones. They are not brave, nor skilful in the use of arms, while they smoke to excess, and are universally hard drinkers. The expedition was detained here for more than four months, owing to a war that had broken out between the natives and the Arabs, which rendered the country unsafe for travelling, and prevented supplies from coming up from the rear. When the road was again open, sickness and desertion had reduced the men to a number quite insufficient for the work before them, and no fresh recruits could be had, though enormous prices were offered. It was therefore resolved that Speke should go forward with part of the property and such men as he had, while Grant, with the remaining stores and a sufficient guard, should remain behind until sent for. This separation of the two leaders was frequently had recourse to, and was by no means conducive to the welfare of the expedition. Occasionally it may have been necessary, as in this instance, but as a rule there was no need whatever for such a division; and we cannot but regret that Captain Grant's assistance was not more frequently availed of, and that he was kept, in more senses than one, in the background.

As an example of the troubles of the road, take the following, which occurred on the borders of the Uzinza country. After treating with two chiefs in succession about the everlasting hongo, Speke was informed that he must go ten miles to the westward, and that distance out of his proper course, in order to see Makaka, a superior chief, who was extremely anxious both to receive his dues, and to know what white men were like. This Makaka being a superlative extortioner, it was expressly intended to give him a wide berth, and his subordinates likewise; but the caravan leader had, treacherously, so contrived, that there was no chance of escaping them. When the traveller reached the village, instead of receiving him hospitably, the chief ordered all the men into the cow-yard, and, forbidding his subjects to offer any food for sale until 'the presents' were arranged, commenced his demands. He refused all ordinary cloths, and insisted upon having a *déolé* or

embroidered silk; and these had been stolen, except three which were specially reserved for the kings of Karagway and Uganda. Bombay, who had the management of such matters, was, however, so frightened that he consented to find one, and gave up his own which he had brought on speculation from Zanzibar. As might have been expected, Makaka no sooner got it than he required another, and battled for it pertinaciously. Meanwhile night came on, and the men had to shelter as they best could, and without food after their march. Next day the squabbling and bargaining was renewed, sundry pieces of coloured cloth being eventually taken in place of the second *déolé*. This was the price of friendship; the toll had still to be arranged, and this the barbarian declared should be exactly double what he had already received, which of itself was no trifle. Even after this second operation of bleeding, he demanded an exchange of presents before he would allow his people to trade, and he must have in addition a royal salute. There was no help for it; so the presents were got ready, and the salute was ordered. But this last was not half fast enough for him. The first volley was scarcely fired, when he shouted, 'Now, fire again, fire again; be quick, be quick! What's the use of those things?' (meaning the guns.) 'We could spear you all while you are loading; be quick, be quick, I tell you.' Presently he entered the tent of Captain Speke, who had been invisible until now, and who thus relates the interview:—

'I motioned him to take my chair, which, after he sat down upon it, I was very sorry for, as he stained the seat all black with the running colour of one of the new barsati cloths he had got from me, which, to improve its appearance, he had saturated with stinking butter, and had tied round his loins. A fine-looking man of about thirty, he wore the butt-end of a large sea-shell cut in a circle, and tied on his forehead for a coronet; and sundry small saltiana antelope horns, stuffed with magic powder, to keep off the evil eye. His attendants all fawned on him, and snapped their fingers whenever he sneezed. After passing the first compliment, I gave him a barsati, as my token of friendship, and asked him what he saw when he went to the Masai country. He assured me "that there were two lakes, and not one;" for on going from Usoga to the Masai country, he crossed over a broad strait, which connected the big N'yanza (Lake) with another one at its north-east corner. Fearfully impetuous, as soon as this answer was given, he said, "Now I have replied to your questions, do you show me all the things you have got; for I want to see everything, and be very good friends. I did not see you the first day, because, you being a stranger, it was necessary I should first look into the magic horn to see if all was right and safe; and now I can assure you that, whilst I saw I was safe, I also saw that

your road would be prosperous. I am indeed delighted to see you ; for neither my father, nor any of my forefathers, ever were honoured with the company of a white man in all their lives."

'My guns, clothes, and everything were then inspected, and begged for in the most importunate manner. He asked for the picture-books, examined the birds with intense delight—even trying to insert under their feathers his long royal finger nails, which are grown like a Chinaman's by these chiefs, to show they have a privilege to live on meat. Then turning to the animals, he roared over each one in turn as he examined them, and called out their names. My bull's-eye lantern he coveted so much, I had to pretend exceeding anger to stop his further importunities. He then began again begging for lucifers, which charmed him so intensely, that I thought I should never get rid of him. He would have one box of them. I swore I could not part with them. He continued to beg, and I to resist. I offered a knife instead, but this he would not have, because the lucifers would be so valuable for his magical observances. On went the storm, till at last I drove him off with a pair of my slippers, which he had stuck his dirty feet into without my leave. I then refused to take his bullock, because he had annoyed me. On his part he was resolved not to beat the drum : but he graciously said he would think about it, if I paid another lot of cloth equal to the second *déolé* I ought to have given him.'—Pp. 130, 131.

Captain Speke says he was almost tempted to shoot this young ruffian as a warning to others, but it would have roused the whole country against him ; and, of course, no such additional risks could be run. This further exaction was, therefore, paid like the rest ; and then the drums beat in token that all was settled, and the people might trade.

Seeing what sort of hands they had got into, there is no wonder that the native porters and attendants objected to go any further, or that already, at each succeeding halt, they had required large bribes to induce them to proceed. The head men, being themselves alarmed, trumped up all manner of stories about the chiefs next to be encountered, in the hope of alarming their master, and inducing him to return. Finding this useless, they tried expostulation and entreaty ; and when these weapons failed, the porters laid down their hire money, and went off in a body. Captain Speke then made up his mind to leave the camp in charge of a servant whom he could trust, and return to Kazé, in the hope of raising more men. The stores, too, even at this stage of the journey, had fallen so low, that it was necessary to order up fifty men from the coast, with as many loads of cloth and beads, though at a cost of a thousand pounds. This visit to Kazé wasted a whole month, left the camp idle and in mischief, and secured but very little

assistance, while it laid the foundation of a severe illness, from which Captain Speke suffered for some time. On returning to the camp, proofs quickly came to light of dishonesty on the part of those in charge, both wire and cloth having been sold for what they would fetch : but it was more politic to wink at the frauds than to punish them. When all was ready for a fresh start, a chief, ten miles away, Lumerési by name, sent a polite message, requesting the favour of a visit. An equally polite message was returned, with a present, in the hope that this might suffice. But the only reply was a still more pressing invitation ; and the expressed wish of an African potentate amounts to a command, quite as much as in the case of Western courts, while the consequences of a refusal are a great deal more serious. But, by the time the palace was reached, Captain Speke's symptoms had become very alarming, so that he had to take to his bed, with rather doubtful prospects of ever leaving it again. During this illness, the fat old rascal, Lumerési, with kind words and a gentle voice, first welcomed and then commiserated his visitor, and then begged, and then extorted, after the fashion of his kind. Poor Captain Speke was driven nearly crazy with excitement, and indignation at his successive exactions. Like Makaka, he assented, after a few days, to a moderate sum, which was paid, and according to custom there ought to have been free permission to depart, and indeed arrangements were at once made to leave the place. But Lumerési, seeing his victim escaping, forbade any movement until three more cloths were given him. These were immediately paid down, when he declared the sick man should not move until he was well, adding, hypocritically, that it would be a disgrace if he should die in the jungle. But the plea of humanity was soon laid aside, and the price of escape fixed at one *déolé*. Until this was paid, the Englishman was to consider himself as a prisoner. In two or three days more, the demand had risen to two *déolés*. After ten days' wrangling, the *déolé* so carefully preserved for King Rūmanika was given him. Upon this, the villain laughed and said, 'Yes, this will complete our present of friendship ; now for the *hongo*. I must have exactly double of all you have given.' This was Makaka's trick over again, and had, doubtless, been passed on from one to the other, as the newest contrivance for extorting money. In the end, an equivalent was given in brass wire, cloths, and red coral beads, making an alarming inroad into the remaining stock of these articles. Then the drums sounded, and preparations were at once made for resuming the march. But at this juncture the two interpreters who

had been engaged at Kazé, and were the principal results of that expensive journey, could nowhere be found; they had run away! Troubles thus followed each other so closely, and the difficulties of the expedition, to say nothing of the dangers, seemed to increase so rapidly, that for a moment the bold traveller lost heart; and being weak and ill, he declares that he fairly broke down, and cried like a child. Things were not going on much better in the rear; for Grant, having got together about a hundred men, had set off to join his comrade. Not approving of African principles of taxation, and, probably, thinking that his colleague had paid enough for both, he disregarded the 'invitation' of a chief; and, as a consequence, the caravan was attacked while on the march, the cowardly porters flying in all directions, and the savages plundering to their heart's content. Most of the property was afterwards recovered, but a heavy tax was levied by the chief, and another tax by his next neighbour; and then the two portions of the expedition were once more united.

Soon the Usui country was reached, which is under the dominion of a great potentate, Súwarora. This chief had, from time to time, sent most kind messages, regretting the difficulties placed in the way of the two Englishmen, but assuring them of a hearty welcome as soon as they should set foot in his dominions. A special embassy had also been sent to meet them, consisting of three head men, most polite and deferential in their manners, and bringing with them, by way of credentials, no less than the royal sceptre. But when once fairly within the boundary, the plundering exceeded all that had gone before. In addition to the three commissioners, there now arrived Súwarora's right-hand man, or minister, in order to keep up appearances, or possibly to take stock of the new comers. He was a fine young fellow, quite a dandy, dressed in bright-coloured cloths, with a turban on his head, and much ease of manner, and volubility of tongue. He sat down in a chair, doubtless the first he had seen, as naturally as a European; and expressed no surprise, much less fear, at any of the strange things shown him. His self-conceit was very amusing. The presents intended for his sovereign were laid before him, and explained; among the rest a revolver, which was fired. 'No,' said he, 'you must not show these things at first, or the Mkama might get frightened, thinking them magic. I might lose my head for presuming to offer them, and then there is no knowing what might happen!' They pressed for an immediate interview with the great chief. 'No,' said he, 'I will see him first; for he is not a man like myself, but requires to be

well assured before he sees anybody. He wishes to see you, but does not like doing things in a hurry. Superstition, you know, preys on these men's minds, who have not seen the world like you and me.' This fine gentleman, however, not only looked sharply after his perquisites, but was quite as great a cheat as the rest. Suwarora himself was a great deal too much afraid of the evil eye to receive the visitors whom he had been so anxious to see; and after keeping them waiting a fortnight, he graciously condescended to receive, at second hand, a tribute which must have paid the expenses of his travelling commission, his prime minister, and a whole cabinet to boot, and still have improved his treasury balances.

While waiting the royal pleasure, a very interesting visitor made his appearance,—a native of Uganda, the most civilised country yet discovered in Central Africa, and which lay some distance ahead. He was the first Uganda man the expedition had met with, and he left upon them a most favourable impression. 'He was dressed in a large skin wrapper, made up of a number of small antelope skins, as soft as kid, and just as well sewn as English gloves.' The manners of the man were quite in keeping with his dress. He was the brother of the dowager queen of Uganda, and had been sent by the reigning king, along with a fitting retinue, to ask the hand of Súwarora's daughter, who was surprisingly beautiful. It seems that the father of the damsel procrastinated, keeping the men waiting month after month, when unhappily the beautiful damsel died; and the father was so afraid of the great king's displeasure, that he was still keeping the embassy until he could make up an equivalent in goods,—a mere question of amount; for in these countries woman is nothing more than an article of merchandise. Another fine fellow, a Uganda man, and one of the embassy, also made his appearance; and, after some conversation, Captain Speke gave into his charge a Colt's revolving rifle as a present to his king, saying that he would shortly follow it. But the man dare not accept it, lest the king should consider it an evil charm. For the same reason he refused a knife, and several other things. It being desirable to send something by way of card, a red cotton pocket-handkerchief was selected as perfectly harmless, and possibly useful.

Nearly fourteen months had now passed since leaving the coast; and during the whole of this time the exploring party had been, not exactly in a hostile country, since fear of the white man will generally hold him unharmed,—but, at any rate, subjected to shameful extortion and plunder. Now there was

to be an end to all this; for at the very first halting-place, after renewing the journey, an officer of King Rūmanika appeared to say that not only were no taxes levied on strangers in Karagway, but that the officers in every village were ordered to furnish food at the king's expense; and sheep, fowls, and sweet potatoes were sent into the camp accordingly. The country also became more interesting, not merely undulating, but thrown up into bold hills; these hills were covered with grass, and wooded on the higher slopes, while in the rich plain below lay herds of fat cattle, and troops of hartebeest. The surface of a considerable lake also glistened in the sunlight, which at first sight was taken for the great central lake of the continent, and does really communicate with it. Descending into the valley, the travellers found it even more richly luxuriant than it seemed to be from the higher ground, and, in addition to palms and plantains and other tropical produce, studded here and there with magnificent trees, which are comparatively rare in Africa, while the hills, rising to a height of a thousand feet, and as prettily clothed as the mountains of Scotland, fenced in the whole. Three days' journey through scenery of this kind brought the expedition to another mountain range; from which they looked down upon a picturesque and lovely valley, with glimpses of a beautiful sheet of water, afterwards named the Little Windermere, and on its shore stood the extensive palace of the king. Report had spoken favourably of this sable monarch; and all that had been seen of his subjects only served to strengthen this impression. The people were by far the most intelligent, and agreeable, and hospitable, that had yet been met with. The strangers were everywhere treated as the king's guests, and not as lawful prey; while the kind messages of the king himself, and the pains he had taken to consult the wishes of his white visitors, had stamped him already as one of Nature's gentlemen. For the first time, a visit to a royal personage was looked forward to with real pleasure.

'To do royal honours to the king of this charming land, I ordered my men to put down their loads and fire a volley. This was no sooner done than, as we went to the palace gate, we received an invitation to come in at once, for the king wished to see us before attending to anything else. Now, leaving our traps outside, both Grant and myself, attended by Bombay and a few of the seniors of my Wangūana, entered the vestibule, and, walking through extensive enclosures studded with huts of kingly dimensions, were escorted to a pent-roof *baraza*, which the Arabs had built as a sort of government office, where the king might conduct his state affairs.

Here, as we entered, we saw, sitting cross-legged on the ground, Rūmanika the king, and his brother Nnanaji, both of them men of noble appearance and size. The king was plainly dressed in an Arab's black *choga*, and wore, for ornament, dress-stockings of rich-coloured beads, and neatly-worked wristlets of copper. Nnanaji, being a doctor of very high pretensions, in addition to a check cloth wrapped round him, was covered with charms. At their sides lay huge pipes of black clay. In their rear, squatting quiet as mice, were all the king's sons, some six or seven lads, who wore leather middle-coverings and little dream-charms tied under their chins. The first greetings of the king, delivered in good Kisūahili, were warm and affecting, and in an instant we both felt and saw that we were in the company of men who were as unlike as they could be to the common order of the natives of the surrounding districts. They had fine oval faces, large eyes, and high noses, denoting the best blood of Abyssinia. Having shaken hands in true English style, which is the peculiar custom of the men of this country, the ever-smiling Rūmanika begged us to be seated on the ground opposite to him, and at once wished to know what we thought of Karagūé, for it had struck him his mountains were the finest in the world; and the lake, too, did we not admire it? Then, laughing, he inquired—for he knew all the story—what we thought of Sūwarora, and the reception we had met with in Usūi.—Pp. 204, 205.

The king, like other savages in similar circumstances, had once been greatly perplexed to know how a letter which he had seen could convey intelligence from one person to another. He readily understood the explanation, which led to a long conversation on European countries, and the progress of civilization. At this and subsequent interviews all manner of questions were discussed touching art, science, politics, and religion. Think of the traffic of Fleet Street described to an African chief accustomed only to paltry villages placed miles apart; and the mysteries of steam machinery, where the simplest laws of mechanics are unknown. The inquiry if fresh suns came every day, and why the moon was always making faces at the earth, doubtless led to an astronomical lesson, while the Mosaic account of the creation elicited at least this thoughtful remark from the king, that he had often considered that the earth never died, and that even a tree lived for many hundred years, while a man lived, at the very most, but one hundred years, and not often so long, so that he was more feeble even than a tree. During the four weeks spent with this intelligent monarch, many opportunities occurred of conveying knowledge to him, which cannot fail to exert a powerful influence over both himself and his people. Indeed, he promised to send

two of his sons to England to educate; but the proposal seems to have fallen through.

It seems a sudden descent from *belles lettres*, constitutional monarchy, and the electric telegraph, to—magic! On second thoughts, however, not greater than that from an English parsonage to table-turning, or from a polite *conversazione* to Zadkiel's crystal ball. Still, it is not without a certain shock that we hear this hopeful student of Newton's *Principia* refer the potency of fire-arms and the superiority of the English equipments to the black art. And further, after lamenting that he had tried in vain all his enchantments against a rebel brother at large in the mountains, he applies to his instructor to aid him with the stronger incantations of the white man. Nor are we reassured by his protestations that he was not really anxious to kill this brother, but only to put out his eyes! We find him returning again and again to the charge, altogether disbelieving in any professed ignorance of such mysteries, and not a little chagrined at the repeated refusals to oblige him. This belief in witchcraft is universal in this region. The evil eye is a perpetual terror. Nothing important can be done without consulting the magician, who in every village reigns as supreme as does the medicine-man among the Red Indians. He invariably has a magic horn,—that is to say, a cow's or antelope's horn, full of a consecrated powder, which has the useful property of making visible things to come. Fowls are flayed alive, and auguries are derived from the appearance of the blood and entrails, like those of the Romans of old. Certain flowers held in the hand are supposed to lead up to anything lost; and everywhere the flight of birds is looked upon as exerting a good or evil influence, as the case may be. The guns of the exploring party were supposed to be great fetish; and the compass by which the route was determined, and which, of course, was in constant requisition, was called in consequence the white man's magic horn.

The king soon got over his disappointment touching his brother, and showed his visitors every possible attention, so that with his help they got a thorough insight into the manners and customs of the people. Among other curiosities of barbarism, they were shown several remarkable specimens of female beauty. A slender waist and a trim ankle would be altogether unappreciated in these countries. A fashionable lady must be fat as well as fair, loveliness being reckoned by the hundred-weight. Captain Speke got a sight of several of these elephantine belles.

¹ In the afternoon, as I had heard from Mūsa that the wives of the

king and princes were fattened to such an extent that they could not stand upright, I paid my respects to Wazézérü, the king's eldest brother,—who, having been born before his father ascended his throne, did not come in the line of succession,—with the hope of being able to see for myself the truth of the story. There was no mistake about it. On entering the hut I found the old man and his chief wife sitting side by side on a bench of earth strewn over with grass, and partitioned like stalls for sleeping apartments, whilst in front of them were placed numerous wooden pots of milk, and, hanging from the poles that supported the beehive-shaped hut, a large collection of bows six feet in length, whilst below them were tied an even larger assortment of spears, intermixed with a goodly assortment of heavy-headed *assagés*. I was struck with no small surprise at the way he received me, as well as with the extraordinary dimensions, yet pleasing beauty, of the immoderately fat fair one his wife. She could not rise; and so large were her arms that between the joints the flesh hung down like large, loose-stuffed puddings. Then in came their children, all models of the Abyssinian type of beauty, and as polite in their manners as thorough-bred gentlemen. They had heard of my picture-books from the king, and all wished to see them; which they no sooner did, to their infinite delight, especially when they recognised any of the animals, than the subject was turned by my inquiring what they did with so many milk-pots. This was easily explained by Wazézérü himself, who, pointing to his wife, said, "This is all the produce of those pots: from early youth upwards we keep these pots to their mouths, as it is the fashion, at court to have very fat wives."—Pp. 209, 210.

This lady was a sylph compared with another member of the royal family, who is described as so hugely fat that she could not stand, but with some loss of dignity made her appearance on all fours. She measured one foot eleven inches round her royal arm;—we forbear to quote the remaining dimensions, which would weigh too heavily on our conscience.

The social condition of women, though apparently better in Karagway than in some of the neighbouring countries, is nevertheless most pitiable throughout the whole interior of Africa. Polygamy universally prevails, the number of a man's wives being simply limited by his means of purchasing and maintaining them; for woman—alas that we should have to say it!—is nothing more than so much property, having a regular market value, and therefore to be bought, sold, bargained for, even exchanged, like any other merchandise. She has not even a voice in her own disposal. She ranks as an inferior being, and lives apart. The men eat their meals alone; the women eat by themselves afterwards. Even their own sons forsake them while still mere boys, and refuse to eat in their presence. This

degradation bears sorrowful fruit; for although everywhere the men look upon their female children as so much live stock, only one degree more valuable than the sleek cattle in the pastures, yet it is a depth of degradation lower still, to find a *mother* selling her own offspring into slavery, for half a dozen yards of cloth, to any trader who may offer the price. There are other results,—dreadful evils which may not be discussed here, though part of the general question.

But to leave social science for topography. Within sight of the encampment, but in the extreme distance, were seen several mountain peaks, evidently of immense height. These proved, on inquiry, to be the cones of Mfumbiro, one of Speke's Mountains of the Moon, and conjectured to be ten thousand feet above the sea level, the entire range forming 'the great turn-point of the Central African water-shed.' All the travelled men that could be got together were questioned both as to the mountains themselves, and the features of the country that lay between. These accounts are spoken of as remarkably clear and consistent with each other, and from them a map of the country was laid down as far north as 3° of north latitude, as far east as 36° , and as far west as 26° , of east longitude. Our author says that he was 'not only surprised at the amount of information about distant places he was enabled to get from these men, but also at the correctness of their vast and varied knowledge, as afterwards tested by observation and the statements of others.' This is all very well, and for a less critical feature of the problem might have been allowed to pass. But it seems almost incredible that with these mountains actually in sight, at whose bases, in the opinion of many, the great secret of the source of the Nile yet lies hidden, and surrounded as he was by men well acquainted with the country and therefore trustworthy guides, Captain Speke should have omitted to examine for himself, and should have been content with the meagre information gained from the natives, when all experience shows that their knowledge is not always reliable, even for ordinary purposes, and is all but valueless in a scientific point of view. And to this must be added the difficulty of securing technical information in a foreign and barbarous language. No wonder that all this portion of his map should be strenuously objected to, and that regrets are sometimes mingled with censure that such an opportunity for setting all doubts at rest was neglected. The only exploration that seems to have been made, was a day's excursion to the king's country-house, which lay in that direction; in the course of which a communication was proved to exist between several small lakes and rivers, and one *larger*

river flowing from the range in question, all tending, as we should have thought, to attract the attention of the explorers still more strongly to this important district. The explanation must be sought in the fact of a foregone conclusion. Captain Speke had fully made up his mind, from what he saw in his former journey, that the Victoria N'yanza was the true source of the Nile; and this journey was undertaken to prove the correctness of his views. His party was now travelling parallel with the western shore of the lake, and he was impatient to reach the north shore and test his theory. But, having left three considerable tracts of country unexplored, his evidence is incomplete, and is merely proof confirmatory, and not, as it might have been, proof positive. Before the question can be set at rest, it will be necessary thoroughly to examine in the west the crescent-shaped mountains which enclose Lake Tanganyika, and the Little Luta Nziga Lake to the northward of them, as there is a very plausible theory of a chain of lakes in this direction, through which the Nile runs; and this would make Lake Tanganyika, or rather the river which runs into it at the southern extremity, the true source. Further north is a considerable loop of the river itself, which, as it passed through hostile territory, was missed altogether. In this distance there is a difference of level of one thousand feet or more to account for. And there is, thirdly, the entire eastern shore of the Great Lake, (Victoria N'yanza,) and the range of the Snowy Mountains still further east, which last will probably furnish the sources of the Great Lake. We are, however, anticipating the narrative.

After a month's residence in Karagway, messengers arrived from the king of Uganda, to conduct the travellers to his palace, preparations having also been made for their accommodation along the road, with the same free hospitality that had been shown by Rūmanika. In these countries there is an evident improvement in the race, owing to a large infusion of Abyssinian blood. The kings and great chiefs are pure Abyssinians; so are a small proportion of their subjects; the remainder are a mixture of the two races, but the pure Negro is rarely found. The country itself also improves, and becomes increasingly fertile as the traveller approaches the Equator; and the beauty of the scenery calls forth many exclamations of delight from the writer of the *Journal*.

‘On arrival at Ngambézi, I was immensely struck with the neatness and good arrangement of the place, as well as its excessive beauty and richness. No part of Bengal or Zanzibar could excel it in either respect; and my men, with one voice, exclaimed, “Ah,

what people these Waganda are!" and passed other remarks, which may be abridged as follows:—"They build their huts and keep their gardens just as well as we do at Ungüja, with screens and enclosures for privacy, a clearance in front of their establishments, and a *baraza*, or reception-hut, facing the buildings. Then, too, what a beautiful prospect it has!—rich marshy plains studded with mounds, on each of which grows the umbrella cactus, or some other evergreen tree; and beyond, again, another hill-spur such as the one we have crossed over." One of King Mtésa's uncles, who had not been burned to death by the order of the late King Sunna on his ascension to the throne, was the proprietor of this place, but unfortunately he was from home. However, his substitute gave me his *baraza* to live in, and brought many presents of goats, sweet potatoes, yams, plantains, sugar-cane, and Indian corn, and apologized in the end for deficiency in hospitality. I, of course, gave him beads in return.

'Continuing over the same kind of ground in the next succeeding spurs of the streaky red-clay sandstone hills, we put up at the residence of Isamgévi, a *Mkungü*, or district-officer of Rūmanika's. His residence was as well kept as Mtésa's uncle's; but, instead of a *baraza* fronting his house, he had a small enclosure, with three small huts in it, kept apart for devotional purposes, or to propitiate the evil spirits,—in short, according to the notions of the place, a church. This officer gave me a cow and some plantains, and I in return gave him a wire and some beads.....

'Maüla now came, after receiving repeated and angry messages, and I forced him to make a move. He led me straight up to his home, a very nice place, in which he gave me a very large, clean, and comfortable hut; had no end of plantains brought for me and my men; and said, "Now you have really entered the kingdom of Uganda, for the future you must buy no more food. At every place that you stop for the day, the officer in charge will bring you plantains, otherwise your men can help themselves in the gardens; for such are the laws of the land when a king's guest travels in it. Any one selling anything to either yourself or your men would be punished." '—Pp. 266-268.

Uganda is the largest and most powerful state in Central Africa, and is held in that kind of respect by its immediate neighbours, which the weak are apt to show towards the strong. Its kings have always been intelligent, enterprising, warlike men. Kiméra, under whom it first revolted from the parent kingdom of Unyoro, raised a large army, built a fleet of boats (not canoes), sought out for his service the most active officers, cut roads from one extremity of the country to the other, bridged all the rivers, instituted sanitary laws, built himself a large palace, and even kept for his amusement a menagerie of wild animals. Altogether he comported him-

self more like a civilised monarch than a savage chief. But the severity of his code furnishes a test that he cannot stand; for the life of a man counted for no more than the life of a dog, and the slightest breach of law, or of etiquette in the royal presence, a gesture, nay, a forbidden glance even, was punished with death. This monarch has had as yet only eight successors, and his policy and laws have been maintained by them with little change. Among the great officers of state there are governors of provinces, an admiral of the fleet, a commander-in-chief, a guardian of the king's sisters, two chief executioners, (seeing that the office is laborious,) sanitary commissioners, a commissioner in charge of tombs, &c. All officers are compelled to attend at court when not otherwise employed, the utmost exactitude in dress is enforced, and an accidental displacement, however slight, is punishable with death. 'No one dare stand before the king, whilst he is either standing still or sitting, but must approach him with downcast eyes and bended knees, and kneel or sit when arrived. To touch the king's throne or clothes, even by accident, or to look upon his women, is certain death.' Pages are employed to carry messages; but when so engaged they are compelled to run; for to walk would indicate indifference to the royal commands, and would incur the usual penalty. According to strict etiquette all acts of the king are benefits for which he must be thanked, so that if a man is mulcted of his cattle, or his wives, or is condemned to be flogged, or even to lose his head, he must thank his royal master for the favour of his commands. This reverence is paid by the person throwing himself flat on his face, wriggling and wallowing upon the ground, literally abasing himself in the dust, varying these servile prostrations with gestures indicative of reverence,—in fact, the attitude used by us in prayer alone, kneeling upon the knees, with the arms somewhat extended, and the palms of the hands pressed against each other. The form of government is a pure despotism. There are no ministers, no councillors; the great functionaries receive their orders direct from the king. The principal business is transacted at *levées*. The official reports are brought in, and in open court the king suddenly gives orders, it may be to raise one man, or to disgrace another, or to invade a neighbouring province which has given no provocation, and will receive no warning. So culprits are brought in, and their cases are inquired into or not, as it may please the royal humour, sentence frequently being pronounced at first sight of the prisoner, or as soon as the offence is charged, without hearing a word of his defence; and the sentence is

generally death. But if the culprit be a rich man, he can frequently get his sentence commuted by paying a fine,—a convenient arrangement which is understood on both sides,—except in grave cases. Men bring for this purpose their cattle, goats, cloths, or daughters,—the last quite as often as the first. The royal harem contains from three hundred to four hundred inmates; and as fast as additions are made, others are killed out of the way. Our author says that each day during his visit, one, two, or sometimes three unhappy wives of the king, often remarkable for their beauty, were led away to execution, filling the air with their piteous cries. One of the royal wives, deservedly a favourite, in the course of a pleasure excursion, offered some fruit to the king; on which he indignantly remarked, that no woman had ever before dared to insult him by offering him a gift, and ordered her to be instantly executed, and even himself commenced to beat her on the head with a heavy stick. This roused Captain Speke's indignation, and, standing between the tyrant and his victim, he boldly demanded that her life should be spared. The request was granted, much in the same way that a sulky lad would give up a cat which he had resolved to drown. An officer holding an important command was guilty of some informality in his obeisance, and, the fatal word being passed, was immediately seized, bound, and slain. An old man was accused of giving shelter to a runaway slave; both the man and the girl were condemned, not simply to death, but to death literally by inches; food to be supplied as long as the victims could receive it, in order to prolong their torture. On the return of a marauding expedition, certain soldiers were pointed out as having acted a cowardly part, and were slain on the spot. A little page who had blundered over a message from Captain Speke, had his ears cut off instead of his head, to teach him care for the future. Anger is not the only cause of this havoc. On hearing of the actual approach of his long expected English visitor, the king in his joy had ordered that two hundred common men, and fifty men of station, should be beheaded immediately.

When tired of business, the king abruptly rises from his throne, and retires without a word or sign of dismissal to his court. He may have kept the great functionaries of state for half a day or a whole day waiting in the ante-rooms for a sight of him, with important business to transact; but so long as the wilful potentate is not in the humour, no one dares follow him into his privacy, or suggest unpleasant business. The marvel is, that the commands of this capricious young tyrant are so

implicitly obeyed, and that no attempt is ever made to rebel against his authority.

Five months spent in contact with such a reckless savage, involved a trial of patience and judgment such as few men would care to undergo. A false step, the loss for a moment of that imperturbable *sang froid* which holds a man safe even in the jaws of danger, and all would have been lost. The difficulties of the situation were somewhat lessened by the close neighbourhood of the queen-mother's court; and the tinge of jealousy that existed between the two, enabled our traveller to play off one against the other. His first appearance at court was very characteristically managed, and gives the key to his success in dealing with the king.

It is customary for merchants and traders visiting the country to be kept waiting for weeks, and even months, for an interview, which time is completely wasted on their part, as no one can commence trade without obtaining special permission. But Captain Speke had been long expected, and the day after his arrival a gracious message came from the palace to say that a *levée* would be held specially in his honour. The presents, consisting of four rich silks, one Whitworth rifle, one revolver pistol, three rifled carbines with bayonets, one gold chronometer, and some other articles of less value, were sent forward in a long procession, with the union-jack in advance, and escorted by twelve men with carbines, as a guard of honour. The royal palace, or rather domain, is very extensive, the sides and brow of a large hill being covered with roomy huts beautifully thatched, and each series regularly partitioned off by a fence of yellow reeds, while an outer fence of the same material enclosed the whole. At each successive gate officers were placed, both as a guard, and to see that it was opened and shut for visitors. In the first court were men of rank, dressed with the most scrupulous neatness, who stepped forward to greet the new arrivals. Most of the persons attending the *levée* carried presents in their hands, or, in the case of women, cattle, dogs, or goats, held them attached by cords. Speke was ordered to sit on the ground and wait the king's pleasure, like any Arab merchant. But this treatment he resented, and gave five minutes to the court to offer him a proper reception, such as became a prince, and not a pedlar; and if not granted, he threatened to walk away. Nothing being done, he placed the presents in charge of his factotum Bombay, and abruptly left; the company present being lost in amazement at his audacity. The king, who was in reality

burning with impatience for the interview, no sooner heard what had happened, than he sent messengers after Captain Speke, entreating his return. These remonstrances availed nothing, and, with much coolness, he continued walking until he reached his hut. In addition to various royal messengers, Bombay now arrived, saying that the king was much displeased that any rudeness should have been offered his foreign visitor, and requesting him not only to return, but to bring his chair with him, that he might sit in the royal presence, though such a thing had never been known in the history of Uganda. This being highly satisfactory, Captain Speke proceeded to refresh himself very leisurely with coffee and a pipe, and then set out for the palace.

'After returning to the second tier of huts from which I had retired, everybody appeared to be in a hurried, confused state of excitement, not knowing what to make out of so unprecedented an exhibition of temper. In the most polite manner the officers in waiting begged me to be seated on my iron stool, which I had brought with me, whilst others hurried in to announce my arrival.....

'The mighty king was now reported to be sitting on his throne in the state-hut of the third tier. I advanced, hat in hand, with my guard of honour following, formed in "open ranks," who in their turn were followed by the bearers carrying the present. I did not walk straight up to him as if to shake hands, but went outside the ranks of a three-sided square of squatting Wakungü, all habited in skins, mostly cow-skins; some few of whom had, in addition, leopard-cat skins girt round the waist, the sign of royal blood. Here I was desired to halt and sit in the glaring sun; so I donned my hat, mounted my umbrella,—a phenomenon which set them all a-wondering and laughing,—ordered the guard to close ranks, and sat gazing at the novel spectacle. A more theatrical sight I never saw. The king, a good-looking, well-figured, tall young man of twenty-five, was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well dressed in a new *mbügü* (coat of bark-cloth). The hair of his head was cut short, excepting on the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stern like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring, of beautifully-worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colours. On one arm was another bead ornament prettily devised; and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with snake-skin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper rings; and above the ankles, half way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his "getting up." For a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece of

bark and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain-wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd-cups, administered by his ladies-in-waiting.

'I was now asked to draw nearer, within the hollow square of squatters, where leopard-skins were strewed upon the ground, and a large copper kettle-drum, surmounted with brass bells on arching wires, along with two other smaller drums covered with cowrie-shells, and beads of colour worked into patterns, were placed. I now longed to open a conversation, but knew not the language, and no one near me dared speak, or even lift his head, from fear of being accused of eyeing the women; so the king and myself sat staring at one another for full an hour,—I mute, but he pointing and remarking with those around him on the novelty of my guard and general appearance, and even requiring to see my hat lifted, the umbrella shut and opened, and the guards face about and show off their red cloaks,—for such wonders had never been seen in Uganda.

'Then, finding the day waning, he sent Maïla on an embassy to ask me if I had seen him; and on receiving my reply, "Yes, for full one hour," I was glad to find him rise, spear in hand, lead his dog, and walk unceremoniously away through the enclosure into the fourth tier of huts; for, this being a pure *levée* day, no business was transacted.'—Pp. 289, 292.

The odd way in which King Mtésa walked seemed perfectly unaccountable, until it was ascertained that this was a custom of the royal house, and was intended to imitate the gait of the lion! Some time now passed, to allow of refreshments, when the whole party advanced to an inner enclosure, and, on entering the hut, the king was seen leaning against the right portal, standing on a red blanket, 'talking and laughing, handkerchief in hand, to a hundred or more of his admiring wives; who, all squatting on the ground, *outside*, were dressed in new *mbügüs*' (bark cloaks). The king addressed several questions to his officers, who, after giving their answers, went through the usual attitudes of worship, ending by grovelling painfully in the dust before him. Shortly after this, the party adjourned to another hut, the Englishman sitting as before. Mtésa again asked his visitor if he had 'seen him,' and some sort of conversation ensued, but in a most indirect way. For no one may speak to the king in person; every remark addressed to his majesty must pass through the proper officer; and as, in addition, two interpreters were in this case necessary, conversation was extremely difficult to carry on, and must have suffered considerably on both sides. But the question was soon asked, 'What guns have you got?' In reply, the Whitworth and

other rifles were presented in due form, described, admired, and then all bundled together,—guns, pistols, powder, boxes, cases, cloths, and beads,—and carried off by the pages.

In a few days Captain Speke's attendance was again requested, and four cows were placed before him, to be dispatched as quickly as possible. This was done by a revolver in a second or two, and gave such delight that the king seized one of the guns, loaded it, and, giving it to a page, told him to run out and shoot the first man he found outside. In a minute or two the lad returned 'with a look of glee such as one would see in the face of a boy who had robbed a bird's nest, caught a trout, or done any other boyish trick.' Beyond a joking inquiry whether he had done it cleverly, no further notice was taken of the circumstance, nor did such a wanton murder seem to occasion any surprise. The fire-arms caused unbounded astonishment, and the court never wearied of observing their effects. Here is a scene very vigorously sketched :—

'Immediately after breakfast, the king sent his pages in a great hurry to say he was waiting on the hill for me, and begged I would bring all my guns immediately. I prepared, thinking naturally enough that some buffaloes had been marked down; for the boys, as usual, were perfectly ignorant of his designs. To my surprise, however, when I mounted the hill half way to the palace, I found the king standing, dressed in a rich filagreed waistcoat, trimmed with gold embroidery, tweedling the loading-rod in his finger, and an alfa cap on his head, whilst his pages held his chair and guns; and a number of officers, with dogs and goats for offerings, squatting before him.

'When I arrived, hat in hand, he smiled, examined my fire-arms, and proceeded for sport; leading the way to a high tree, on which some adjutant birds were nesting, and numerous vultures resting. This was the sport; Bana (the great chief) must shoot a nundo (adjutant) for the king's gratification. I begged him to take a shot himself, as I really could not demean myself by firing at birds sitting on a tree; but it was all of no use—no one could shoot as I could, and they must be shot. I proposed frightening them out with stones, but no stone could reach so high; so, to cut the matter short, I killed an adjutant on the nest, and, as the vultures flew away, brought one down on the wing, which fell in a garden enclosure.

'The Waganda were for a minute all spell-bound with astonishment; when the king jumped frantically in the air, clapping his hands above his head, and singing out, "Woh, woh, woh! what wonders! O, Bana, Bana! what miracles he performs!"—and all the Wakungu followed in chorus. "Now load, Bana—load, and let us see you do it," cried the excited king; but before I was half loaded, he said, "Come along, come along, and let us see the bird." Then directing the officers which way to go,—for, by the etiquette

of the court of Uganda, every one must precede the king,—he sent them through a court where his women, afraid of the gun, had been concealed. Here the rush onward was stopped by newly made fences, but the king roared to the officers to knock them down. This was no sooner said than done, by the attendants in a body shoving on, and trampling them under, as an elephant would crush small trees to keep his course. So pushing, floundering through plantain and shrub, pell-mell one upon the other, that the king's pace might not be checked, or any one come in for a royal kick or blow, they came upon the prostrate bird. "Woh, woh, woh!" cried the king again, "there he is, sure enough; come here, women,—come and look what wonders!" And all the women, in the highest excitement, "woh-wohed" as loud as any of the men. But that was not enough. "Come along, Bana," said the king, "we must have some more sport.".....He then, growing more familiar, said, "Now, Bana, do tell me—did you not shoot that bird with something more than common ammunition? I am sure you did, now; there was magic in it." And all I said to the contrary would not convince him. "But we will see again." "At buffaloes?" I said. "No, the buffaloes are too far off now; we will wait to go after them until I have given you a hut close by." Presently, as some herons were flying overhead, he said, "Now, shoot, shoot!" and I brought a couple down right and left. He stared, and everybody stared, believing me to be a magician, when the king said he would like to have pictures of the birds drawn and hung up in the palace; "but let us go and shoot some more, for it is truly wonderful!"—Pp. 334—337.

The mother of the king lived close at hand, having an establishment on the same general plan as the royal palace, but on a smaller scale. Captain Speke was ordered to pay his visits to her every third day; and as she took a great fancy to him, calling him her 'son,' and always treating him well, the arrangement was very serviceable to him. The contents of his medicine chest gave him considerable influence over both of them, as during his lengthy stay in Uganda he was frequently called upon to prescribe for the ailments of the two households. It had been part of his design, from the first, to have a hut allotted to him within the palace enclosure; and for this he laboured unceasingly both with the king and his mother. All was in vain, until he tried the effect of a present to the Kamraviona or commander-in-chief, who also acts as chamberlain, when the request was granted at once. This change of residence not only gave our author a higher position in the eyes of the natives, but afforded excellent opportunities for observing closely the customs of the country.

Some of these have been already mentioned. Respecting others a word or two may be added here. The natives of

Uganda are good craftsmen, as their pretty bark cloths and other garments show; the robes made of antelope skins are admirably cured, and are said to be as neatly stitched as the work of any French glover. They are excellent smiths, and some of their iron work is not only good, but ingenious. They thoroughly cook their food, beef and mutton, fowls and goats' flesh, using plates and dishes of plantain leaves, and moist napkins of plantain fibres; while the royal family, and, doubtless, the chief men, use iron knives to cut their food with, neatly inlaid with copper and brass. Coffee is not used as an infusion; but the berry is chewed, and is deemed a luxury. Smoking is as common with them as with us, and the tobacco is well-flavoured. As for drink, pombé, or plantain beer, is the universal tippie; and, perhaps for the reason that it will not keep, the quantity that is sometimes taken at one sitting by half a score of these jolly fellows, would scandalise the Temperance League. Music they are extremely fond of; and their bands take part in all ceremonies and amusements, and, indeed, play all day long. The king himself and his two brothers are skilled performers on the flute, and spend much time in practising together. In addition to the flute is another similar instrument blown at the end, like a clarionet. In the case of one instrument the tube is made in two parts, sliding into each other, on the same principle as the trombone; but no further particulars are given by which we can judge of the range of the notes. There are also wooden harmonicons, and drums, big and little. And there are performers who can whistle skilfully. Captain Speke is evidently not a musician; and gives us no idea of the character of the performances, beyond the general remark that the king's private band reminded him very much of the Turkish regimental bands, which, atrocious as they are, still make some pretensions to harmony. Concerted performances on the flute are several times mentioned; and these would seem to indicate some degree of musical skill. Still it is difficult to imagine performances of even the simplest concerted music without some description of notation. The scrupulous care required in matters of dress, has already been noticed. Rank is denoted by the pattern in which the hair is worn. The king and the whole royal family wear it cut close, except a ridge from front to back like a cock's comb. This fashion is peculiar to royalty. The court pages have their hair dressed in two cockades; and three ranks of nobility are denoted by the single cockade being worn at the back, or on the right or left side, of the head. It is considered rude to visit more than one friend *per diem*, the pleasure supposed to result from that

visit being considered quite sufficient for the day. The king is always attended at his levées by female sorcerers, as a protection against the evil eye. No weapon is allowed to be worn at court, nothing beyond a stick. No one is allowed to address the king unless spoken to; and then only through the recognised minister. The limitations are equally strict out of doors. 'No one dare ever talk about the royal pedigree, of the countries that have been conquered, or even of any neighbouring countries. No one dare visit the king's guests, or be visited by them, without leave; else the king, fearing sharers in his plunder, would say, "What are you plucking our goose for?"' Beads and brass wire, exchanged for ivory or slaves, are the only articles of foreign manufacture any Uganda man can hold in his possession. Should anything else be seen in his house, for instance, cloth, his property would be confiscated, and his life taken.' This is despotism with a vengeance. No man's life is safe; death is the penalty for the most trivial offences, and is sometimes decreed without any offence whatever having been charged. And yet life is held so cheap, and custom is so powerful, that there seems no thought of disobedience. No man dare take an independent course. No man dare act against even a supposition of what may be the royal inclination. Captain Speke obtained permission for the head men to visit him; but he in vain tried to induce them to come, as they were not quite satisfied whether such was really the king's wish, or whether the permission was not rather a nominal concession made in order to silence a pertinacious visitor. There being this shadow of a doubt as to the royal intentions, no one was hardy enough to risk his neck by partaking of the hospitality of the Englishman.

From this cause, we apprehend that much valuable information was lost; for although Captain Speke had the *entrée* of the court, yet there are many subjects that could not be introduced there at all. We should have been glad to know whether the laws and regulations established in the capital, extended also throughout the kingdom; and if the same absolute disposal of life is placed in the hands of governors of provinces, as the representatives of majesty. Also in what way the revenue is obtained; for the only system of which we are here informed, is one of presents, each man who appears at court bringing with him his offering. There is the same absence of definite information respecting religious observances. According to our author, religious and magical ceremonies are closely linked together; if, indeed, they are not one and the same. There is no description of

anything that may be accounted a religious ceremony, not even connected with the burial of the dead; whereas the Abyssinians, who, in other respects, have left their impress upon several of these kingdoms, are themselves a particularly religious people.

After a five months' sojourn in Uganda, waiting wearily for leave to depart, which was always postponed on some frivolous pretence or other, the long desired leave was given. The king of Karagway, though exceedingly kind to his visitors while they remained with him, had yet no intention of letting them slip out of his hands altogether; and when he passed them on to his brother of Uganda, he sent a trusty officer with them, to see that they wanted for nothing, but with positive orders to bring them back again to him. Getting anxious about their return, he made (fortunately for them) an urgent request to king Mtésa that they might be sent back. This was an interference with despotic rights, which that monarch resented, by calling them to him, and declaring that they were free to go forward on their journey, though he bade them farewell very reluctantly. Handsome presents were exchanged on both sides, the king giving sixty cows, fourteen goats, ten loads of butter, one load of coffee and tobacco, as food for the journey, and one hundred sheets of mbügü as clothing for the men. The necessary preparations being all made, a special levée was held for the purpose of leave-taking, many kind words passed on both sides, and the king and all his court came out in procession to see the start.

It should here be remembered that the Victoria N'yanza, the great lake so often spoken of, is of a somewhat triangular shape, the apex of the triangle pointing south, while its base is on the actual line of the Equator. The western side, and the base, are about two hundred and fifty, and two hundred and twenty miles in length respectively, while the eastern side is longer than either. The party had now skirted the whole of the western shore, and about one half the extent of the northern shore, at which point king Mtésa's palace stands. It had been intended to continue along the border of the lake until the outlet was reached; but so many difficulties were placed in the way, that in preference a direction due north was taken, in order to strike the river some little way down its course, and then return by it to the lake. After ten days of uninteresting travel, the two companions separated, again unnecessarily, as we think. The expedition was almost within sight of its goal. A few days would certainly reveal the secret; and, after two years of toil, it seems an ungracious thing that Captain Grant should not share the results of so much labour and anxiety. It is true he was out of health, and had to be carried on a litter;

but he was not seriously ill, and to the bearers it could make no difference whether they carried their burden east or west. Be this as it may, Grant went north toward the palace of Kamrasi, the king of Unyoro, and Speke went east towards the Nile, which he reached in two days' march. Doubtless it was a thrilling sight; but whatever may have been the traveller's real feelings, he does not vent them in any vehemence of language. The remark in his journal is simply as follows; and it will be seen that his men were even more matter-of-fact than himself.

'Here at last I stood on the bank of the Nile; most beautiful was the scene,—nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly kept park; with a magnificent stream from six hundred to seven hundred yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterns and crocodiles basking in the sun, flowing between high grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of the *nsunnū* and *hartebeest* could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and *florikan* and guinea fowl rising at our feet..... I told my men they ought to shave their heads and bathe in the holy river, the cradle of Moses,—the waters of which, sweetened with sugar, men carry all the way from Egypt to Mecca, and sell to the pilgrims. But Bombay, who is a philosopher of the Epicurean school, said, 'We don't look on those things in the same fanciful manner that you do; we are contented with all the commonplaces of life, and look for nothing beyond the present. If things don't go well, it is God's will; and if they do go well, that is His will also.'—Page 459.

As proper boats could not be had at this place, the journey was made along the right bank, instead of by water as intended. Four days brought them to the Isamba Rapids, of which there is a pretty description.

'The water ran deep between its banks, which were covered with fine grass, soft cloudy acacias, and festoons of lilac convolvuli; whilst here and there, where the land had slipped above the rapids, bared places of red earth could be seen, like that of Devonshire: there, too, the waters, impeded by a natural dam, looked like a huge mill-pond, sullen and dark, in which two crocodiles, laving about, were looking out for prey. From the high banks we looked down upon a line of sloping wooded islets lying across the stream, which divide its waters, and, by interrupting them, cause at once both dam and rapids. The whole was more fairy-like, wild, and romantic, than—I must confess that my thoughts took that shape—anything I ever saw outside of a theatre. It was exactly the sort of place, in fact, where, bridged across from one side slip to the other, on a moonlight night, brigands would assemble to enact some dreadful tragedy. Even the

Wangūana seemed spell-bound at the novel beauty of the sight, and no one thought of moving till hunger warned us night was setting in, and we had better look out for lodgings.'

Three days more, and the long expected outfall was reached, —an imposing rush of water, worthy to be the cradle, if cradle it be, of the sacred river. One would suppose that if any enthusiasm did really exist in a man's soul, the moment of realising the great object of all his toil—such an object, and such toil—would really bring it to the surface. But there is here nothing of the sort. The first sight of what the writer is convinced is the true source of the Nile, is described in as few and simple words as any other noticeable object met with during the expedition. The book is as matter-of-fact as a Gazette. What the author sees, that he relates, and no more. A fact is a fact, whether it be the slaughter of a hundred men, or the extent of a kingdom, or the pattern of a head-dress;—they are all in the record, like the items which succeed each other in an abbey roll. There is many an incident of the ordinary daily march that fills greater space than does the climax of the expedition. Indeed, it might easily be overlooked altogether by a careless reader, seeing that it occupies rather more than half a page, out of the six hundred and fifty of which the volume consists.

'We were well rewarded;—for the "stones," as the Uganda call the falls, was by far the most interesting sight I had seen in Africa. Everybody ran to see them at once, though the march had been long and fatiguing, and soon my sketch-block was called into play. Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about twelve feet deep, and four hundred to five hundred feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours,—the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish, leaping at the falls with all their might, the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats and taking post on all the rocks with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake—made, in all, with the pretty nature of the country, small hills, grassy-topped, with trees in the folds, and gardens on the lower slopes, as interesting a picture as one could wish to see.'—Pp. 466, 467.

As, in spite of the king's instructions, Captain Speke could not get boats in order to go upon the lake, nor leave to mount a hill in the neighbourhood in order to get a view of the surrounding country, nor even a supply of fish for himself and his men, nor indeed any attention whatever, he sent messengers.

to the king to complain of the incivility of the *Sakibobo* (governor of the province) whose orders had caused these annoyances. This worthy happened at the moment to be at court, and was instantly seized and bound. 'Pray,' said his majesty, 'who is the king, that the *Sakibobo's* orders should be preferred to mine?' and then, turning to his captive, demanded what ransom he would pay for his release. Death being unpleasantly near, the eager reply was, '80 cows, 80 goats, 80 slaves, [third in the list!] 80 loads of mbügu, 80 of butter, 80 of coffee, 80 of tobacco, 80 of jowari; and, in fact, 80 loads of all the produce of Uganda.' The officer saved his life, and orders were at once sent that Bana was to have whatever he might want.

Nevertheless, five boats only could be mustered, and these of very primitive construction, and indifferently manned. The voyage down the Nile commenced, but the little flotilla was soon attacked by the natives, and it became necessary to fire in self-defence, when several of the assailants were wounded. The escort became frightened in consequence of this fracas, and refused to proceed by water, fearing that the passage would be disputed lower down; it was therefore resolved to abandon the boats, and march to Kamrasi's overland. The country is described as uninteresting, and the journey as tedious and slow. The chief features were forests of small trees, grass six feet high, and most difficult to get through, the absence of hills and of the rich pasture lands characteristic of Uganda, the country thinly populated, the huts small, and the people dirty. These characteristics became more and more marked as the journey proceeded. The further the Equator was left behind, and the hilly region extending a few degrees north of it, the dryer and poorer the country became. On arriving within two days' march of Kamrasi's palace, a halt was called, in spite of every protest, as the native officer in command would not hear of any further advance until the king was informed of the approach of his guests, and his pleasure concerning them was known. He stood on ceremony quite as much as his neighbour Mtésa, and was quite as jealous of his prerogative. He kept the travellers several days waiting his commands, and then gave them permission to advance. But nearly a fortnight elapsed before he would grant them an interview, and then not in his own palace, but in a temporary hut erected for the purpose, and in a situation concealed as much as possible from notice. Kamrasi proved to be a more taciturn, self-contained man than Mtésa. But if less impulsive, he was also less quick and clear in his perception. And although infinitely more humane in his sys-

tem of government, he does not personally create so favourable an impression as his powerful neighbour. The description of this interview in the temporary hut is a companion picture to the other two royal receptions.

‘Within this, sitting on a low wooden stool placed upon a double matting of skins,—cow’s below and leopard’s above,—on an elevated platform of grass, was the great king Kamrasi, looking, enshrouded in his mbūgū dress, for all the world like a pope in state,—calm and actionless. One bracelet of fine-twisted brass wire adorned his left wrist; and his hair, half an inch long, was worked up into small peppercorn-like knobs by rubbing the hand circularly over the crown of the head. His eyes were long, face narrow, and nose prominent, after the true fashion of his breed; and though a finely-made man, considerably above six feet high, he was not so large as Rūmanika. A cow-skin, stretched out and fastened to the roof, acted as a canopy to prevent dust falling, and a curtain of mbūgū concealed the lower parts of the hut, in front of which, on both sides of the king, sat about a dozen head men.

‘This was all. We entered and took seats on our own iron stools, whilst Bombay placed all the presents upon the ground before the throne. As no greetings were exchanged, and all at first remained as silent as death, I commenced, after asking about his health, by saying I had journeyed six long years (by the African computation of five months in the year) for the pleasure of this meeting. The purpose of my coming was to ascertain whether his majesty would like to trade with our country, exchanging ivory for articles of European manufacture; as, should he do so, merchants would come here in the same way as they went from Zanzibar to Karagūé. Rūmanika and Mtésa were both anxious for trade, and I felt sorry he would not listen to my advice and make friends with Mtésa; for, unless the influence of trade was brought in to check the Waganda from pillaging the country, nothing would do so.

‘Kamrasi, in a very quiet, mild manner, instead of answering the question, told us of the absurd stories which he had heard from the Waganda, said he did not believe them, else his rivers, deprived of their fountains, would have run dry; and he thought, if we did eat hills and the tender parts of mankind, we should have had enough to satisfy our appetites before we reached Unyoro. Now, however, he was glad to see that, although our hair was straight, and our faces white, we still possessed hands and feet like other men.

‘The present was then opened, and every thing in turn placed upon the red blanket. The goggles created some mirth; so did the scissors, as Bombay, to show their use, clipped his beard; and the lucifers were considered a wonder; but the king scarcely moved, or uttered any remarks, till all was over, when, at the instigation of the courtiers, my chronometer was asked for and shown. This wonderful instrument, said the officers, (mistaking it for my compass,) was

the magic horn by which the white men found their way everywhere. Kamrasi said he must have it, for, besides it, the gun was the only thing new to him. The chronometer, however, I said, was the only one left, and could not possibly be parted with; though, if Kamrasi liked to send men to Gani, a new one could be obtained for him.—Pp. 511–513.

His character generally showed itself in an unamiable light. He had neither the kindly, gentle temper of Rūmanika, nor the frank, lively, jovial disposition of Mtésa. He was sullen, reserved, cunning, and so greedy, that notwithstanding the handsome presents he had just received, on paying a return visit to Speke and Grant, he begged for almost everything he saw. Indeed, at a subsequent interview his demands were so importunate, that each request was refused point blank, and he went away offended, and then renewed his requests by special messenger. The Englishmen, having measured their man, thought it safe to take high ground with him, and accordingly returned a violent answer, to the effect that they were thoroughly disgusted with all that had occurred, but they would send 'a bag of beads for the poor beggar who came to their house yesterday, not to pay them a visit, but to see what he could get; and at the same time they declined the honour of his further acquaintance!' This bold stroke evidently told, and for a time his demands ceased. Every effort was made to get away, but he, like his neighbours, was most unwilling to let the white men depart. He was half afraid of them himself, and he knew that their presence and that of their armed followers laid a salutary dread upon his brothers, whose rebel forces occasioned him constant anxiety.* For the sake of this moral influence, and for the sake of the presents which he still hoped to screw out of them, Kamrasi repeatedly broke faith with his guests, postponing their departure from day to day until two months had passed, when the final permission was given them, and they took their leave. It was characteristic of the king that after keeping them all this time in strict seclusion,—so that they were sometimes in doubt whether their hut was not in fact a prison,—he would not allow them to march by land, but sent them away by water, that no eyes but his own might look upon the white men.

* With respect to these frequent cases of brothers rebelling against the sovereign in possession, the explanation is found in the practice of polygamy, which makes sad havoc in the family of the reigning house. On the death of the sovereign, his successor puts all his own brothers to death in order to save further trouble; as all brothers are rivals. If he can destroy them all, he reigns in peace; but if, as is generally the case, one or more of them escape, they wage incessant warfare against him, and when, as in this case, they join their forces, it becomes a serious business.

From this point the course of the river northward forms a letter S, the upper loop of which, passing through a hostile country for nearly two hundred miles, it was unfortunately necessary to miss, by keeping due north instead of trending to the west. This is the more to be regretted, because in this tract of country, which is altogether unknown, there is a descent of a thousand feet or more, unaccounted for. It so happens that this is the most important piece of ground in the whole course of the river; for, besides the difficulty just named, there exists a considerable lake, said to be connected with the river, and that in a most extraordinary manner. For, after travelling along the arc of this chord, and again reaching the river, which they had left in full flood, Captain Speke affirms that they had 'beaten the stream,' which is unaccountable on any ordinary hypothesis. Captain Speke suggests that at some point of the loop the river runs backward into the lake, which, overflowing, carries the water again forward in its ordinary course. He thus makes this Luta Nziga Lake a backwater to the Nile: an ingenious theory, but still only a theory, and one moreover which looks very much as though it were made to fit the facts.

The country north of Kamrasi's had become less and less interesting, and in some districts comparatively desert; the people also are very inferior to those of Karagway and Uganda, so that in this region there is little of interest to note. On the 15th of February, 1863, the party reached Gondokoro, where friends awaited them; and from thence they proceeded leisurely to Cairo. The Zanzibar men were sent home rejoicing in little fortunes of their own; and the leaders of the expedition, after a three years' absence, made the best of their way to England.

This expedition must take rank as one of the great successes of our day. It has opened up new ground from 5° of south latitude, to 5° of north latitude, for the most part rich and fertile country, and has shown that the interior of the continent is inhabited by intelligent and not unfriendly nations. It has proved the immense superiority of the eastern coast over the north or west, as a point of departure.* And it has furnished

* It is only just to Dr. Beke to say, that he long ago pointed out the superiority of this route, and that in 1846 he dispatched an agent upon what was, practically, the same journey as that now accomplished by Captains Speke and Grant. Unfortunately for him, the expedition proved a failure, chiefly for want of funds, and the agent proceeded no further than Zanzibar. Still, in laying down the road, and in supporting it by speech and pen, Dr. Beke has the priority; and Captain Speke would have lost nothing in general estimation, if he had made some slight acknowledgment of the fact.

extensive and most valuable contributions to science, especially in botany and zoology. But when we come to the main object of the journey, the great question that was to be for ever set at rest, we must confess that the result is not equally satisfactory, and that more might have been made of such an opportunity. Two points are settled,—that the Blue Nile, as a stream, is inferior to the White Nile; and that the White Nile receives the waters of the Great Lake. But this by no means solves the problem. Recent discoveries have proved in such a remarkable manner the correctness of Ptolemy's account, that we are disposed to give full weight even to the minutiae of his description. He represents the Nile as rising from two lakes situated relatively east and west, the two streams gradually approaching each other as they flow north, but not uniting until five degrees of latitude have been passed. The Victoria N'yanza, and Lake Tanganyika, occupy similar positions with respect to each other, as the two lakes occupy on Ptolemy's map. The issue of the river from the former lake is now ascertained, but of the latter we know nothing. Captain Speke asserts his belief that there is no outlet from that lake to the north; but the Arab, Sief ben Sayed, in concluding his description of the lake, says, 'It is well known by all the people there, that the river which runs through Egypt takes its source and origin from the lake.' And in his own record of the journey of 1858 Captain Speke quotes the testimony of a respectable Arab merchant, which perfectly agrees with this statement; for, said he, 'I saw one great river at the northern end, which I am certain flowed out of the lake; for although I did not venture on it,.....I went so near its outlet, that I could see and feel the outward drift of the water.' These two statements, made at wide intervals, and without the remotest connexion with each other, are not only definite in themselves, but agree perfectly with the map of the Egyptian geographer. Moreover, if there is an outlet to the north, the stream must find its way into the Luta Nziga Lake, which, curiously enough, joins the Nile about five degrees north of Tanganyika, thus again agreeing with the rude map of the Egyptian. If this theory should prove to be correct, (and it will certainly be tested,) then Tanganyika, or, rather, the river Marunga, which supplies it at the southern extremity, would constitute the head stream of the Nile; and this would carry it up to 8° south of the equator, and probably farther still. When Captain Speke was in the district, so to speak, it does seem almost inexcusable that he did not settle this important question of an outlet to the north.

There is another feature in Ptolemy's description which mus

not be overlooked. He lays down the Mountains of the Moon as forming the *eastern* side of the basin of the Nile; whereas the mountains at the head of Tanganyika are on the *western* side. Moreover he speaks of them as covered with perpetual snow, while Speke's Lunar Mountains, having an elevation of only six thousand or eight thousand feet, can never be covered with snow. Snow at the equator sounds like a paradox: but in 1848 Mr. Rebmann, one of the Church missionaries stationed at Mombas, on the eastern coast, discovered the mountain Kilimandjaro, estimated to be sixteen or eighteen thousand feet high, and covered with perpetual snow. In the following year Dr. Krapf, also a missionary, saw another snow-capped mountain (Kenia); and in the same year Captain Short, while ascending the river Juba, saw what he believed to be a range of such mountains. These agree with the Lunar Mountains of Ptolemy, both in position, and in the unexpected feature of being snow-covered; and there is a strong probability that the Great Lake is fed from these sources, receiving tributaries on some part of its eastern shore. Captain Speke denies this, on the strength of Arab information, which he declares more than once, to be worthy of implicit credence. But he does not explain why Arab information should be credible in the case of the eastern lake, and incredible in the case of the western lake! In both cases a thorough investigation is still necessary in order to silence objectors.

There is also another matter which might, with very little trouble, have been cleared up. On the western shore of the Great Lake, a considerable river flows into it,—so considerable, indeed, that its volume as it enters the lake, is equal to that of the White Nile as it issues from it; whereas, if the former be only a feeder, the latter, which receives the entire waters of the N'yanza, ought immensely to exceed it in volume. Captain Speke was struck with the discrepancy; and is at a loss to account for it, merely saying that the one river is slow and the other swift, so that it is difficult to compare the real proportions of the two. But this is not a very satisfactory explanation, because a practised eye would almost instinctively note this difference, and allow for it. When such an important river, as the Kitangulé is described to be, was actually crossed by the line of march, it would surely have been well to explore it for some distance up its course.

The difficulty of the Luta Nziga Lake considered as a back-water to the Nile, has been already alluded to. We do not wish to pluck a single leaf from the laurels which Captain Speke has fairly won. His discoveries will have gained for him an

imperishable name, whether the deductions he makes from them be finally accepted or not. Had he taken rather lower ground, and been more guarded in his statements, he would have disarmed his opponents, and would have won universal admiration. But when he disdains all controversy, affirms that every point is settled, puts forth extravagant claims, and seeks through his friends a special recognition of his services by the government of the day, it is time to speak out, and, while allowing full credit for all that has been accomplished, to say that his explorations have not been so complete as to satisfy impartial inquirers on the great point at issue; and that his conduct has not been so generous, either to predecessors or colleagues, as to challenge anything beyond a just appreciation of his services.

ART. VI.—*History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.—*Reign of Elizabeth.* Vols. I. and II. London: Longmans. 1863.

WE have no need to do battle in defence of a point which has the undisputing assent of all students of history, and observers of human nature,—namely, that the influence of 'the weaker sex' is exceedingly powerful. The topic might be illustrated and enforced by a thousand allusions to the everyday occurrences of private life; and a careful examination of national annals, 'from China to Peru,'—from Mother Eve to the Princess Alexandra,—ought to convince the most obdurate misogynist that woman has had much to do with the making and marring of states and statesmen. Mr. Froude's new volumes, on part of the reign of Elizabeth, afford remarkable food both for the depreciators and for the panegyrists of the fair sex. No one, perusing the records of those times, can deny the power then publicly wielded by female sovereigns. Whether we turn to England, Scotland, or France, we find woman's influence predominant, and the neighbouring potentates troubled to know how to deal with the astute queens, regnant or dowager. The attention of our readers is now called to the early years of the reigns of two of these ladies,—our own renowned Queen Bess, and her lovely rival, Mary Queen of Scots; and in glancing briefly at the stirring events of their days, we shall avail ourselves of the fresh light which Mr. Froude—rummaging the Spanish archives at Simancas, sifting the wheat from the chaff at the Rolls House, and rifling the

hoards of Burleigh papers at Hatfield—has shed on the 'gorgeous dames and statesmen old.'

Queen Mary, of cruel memory, had breathed her last; and though it was chill November, English life seemed to burst forth into new spring at the knell which announced that the gloomy bigot had ceased to reign. It was only during the short period of five years and a few months that she had wielded supreme power; yet to most of her subjects it had appeared an age. It was in truth a hopeless, weary time; a bitter night of intolerance, made horrid with the frequent bonfires which consumed so many martyrs. At its abrupt end we may safely affirm that the whole nation rejoiced,—with the exception of a few savage ecclesiastics, who knew that the last day of their harsh sway had dawned. For even the Romanists themselves, both clergy and laity, felt that a heavy weight was lifted from every English heart; and that the loss of the queen who had lost Calais, and ruined the realm by obstinate bigotry and senseless waste, was anything but a misfortune to the survivors. So the bells rang out merrily, and many a cheery bonfire shot upwards flames that were guiltless of torturing a human being.

True, some fiery priests, while still in doubt what course Elizabeth would take, lamented over her sister, whom they regarded as a model queen,—one who would sacrifice the comfort and even the life of her subjects to that excellent end, the re-binding of England to Rome. One of these worthies, White, Bishop of Winchester, had the audacity to take as his text for her funeral sermon Ecclesiastes ix. 4: 'A living dog is better than a dead lion:' while Abbot Feckenham was more modest and less personal both in his text and in its application, discoursing on Ecclesiastes iv. 2: 'I praise the dead rather than the living.' However, it mattered little what texts these bigots took; for, as Fuller well remarks, 'the Protestants of that age cared not how many—*so it be funeral*—sermons were preached for' Mary.

On the same day on which Mary died, (November 17th, 1558,) Elizabeth was proclaimed queen; and the next day she—an inexperienced woman of twenty-five—had at once to take the reins of a great state, and to proceed to serious business; her first step being to try to replenish the empty coffers of the Treasury by dispatching the shrewd Sir Thomas Gresham to raise a loan at Antwerp. By the end of the week statesmen of all parties had hurried down to the palace of Hatfield, where she had lived for some years a prisoner; and on Sunday, the 20th, she gave a public reception, and addressed the peers in moderate and well-chosen words.

Two days afterward the court removed to London. Elizabeth was met at Highgate by all the bishops, and by a great concourse of people. It must have stirred her gratitude to recall the last time she had travelled that road; when she had been carried in a litter, sick, a prisoner, and with the likelihood of a cruel death hanging over her. London, head quarters of the Reformation, sent out its citizens by shoals to catch the pleasant smile of the new queen, and to welcome to its borders her who had had so narrow an escape from being beheaded when many of its sons suffered with Wyatt, and again when her hand was solicited for the Danish prince. Down the long hill they led her with joyous acclamations; the throng swelling till it reached the residence of Lord North in the Charter House, where she took up her lodging for a few days. On the 28th she made a joyful passage through the City to the Tower, where not many years before she had been landed as a traitor, with every probability of ending her career, like her mother, on the block.

The position of Elizabeth, at her accession, was one of great difficulty. 'Men, money, and victuals,' had been consumed in the wars; the exchequer was empty; Calais was lost; and Scotland was governed by Mary of Guise. In religious matters how was she to move?—which side was she to take? Though she had not held the doctrines of the Reformation with such firmness as to be willing to hazard her life for them, yet her sympathies were strongly with the Reform movement; and she inherited from her father a royal reluctance to hold office under the pope. The national feeling was in transition: the new doctrines had deep root in the earnest and thoughtful; but these were, as usual, in a minority. The great body of the people did not trouble themselves much about either Rome or Augsburg. Whatever the head of the state pronounced to be orthodox,—that was the right doctrine for them: whatever he or she declared to be heresy or treason,—that was decidedly to be avoided. Yet, with all this indifference, there was a strong and general bias towards the Reform, as according best with the free English spirit: and Mary's miserable reign had done much to increase this tendency. Had she, whilst allowing a certain amount of free thought, simply set the fashion of being a devout Papist, and, surrounding the old religion with all the fascinations of court life, had she laughed at the serious faces of the Bible-students, and scornfully ignored all who would not conform, she might perchance have turned the force of the popular current, for a while, into other channels, and England might have remained through another generation a fief of the

Papal See. Of what may be done in this way, even in our enlightened days, we have a noteworthy example in the Empress Eugénie, who, true daughter of the Romish Church, knows well how to combine dissipation and superstition, millinery and Mariolatry,—ready at any hour alike to listen to the ardent eloquence of a young friar, or to dictate the jauntiest cut for a *jupon*, or the most harmonious hue for a mantle. But Mary's bigotry, fortunately, was so thorough and downright as to outwit itself. Its extreme sourness sickened many of those who, under Edward VI., had retained a relish for the old mummeries. And so, with all Elizabeth's shortcomings, we have to hail her as the mother of the Reformation in this country; and to bless her memory for the preservation to us of Gospel light, however faint and flickering its flame may for a while have been.

The first omen of the new reign was a bad one for the Papists. When Mary's flock of bishops met the maiden queen at Highgate, she suffered them all to kiss her hand, except one,—and that one was Bonner. From him she shrank in disgust; and so gave warning to them all what further steps might be expected from her. It soon became evident which way the tide was turning. Elizabeth was instantly the rallying-point for all who had been suspected of 'heresy:' the ladies of her household were, without exception, of the new opinions: her Council was speedily weeded of such bigots as Montague, Englefield, and Cornwallis; whilst among her chief advisers and intimate friends were Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, Sir John Harrington, Lord Bedford, and Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh. The last was the guiding genius of Elizabeth's reign. Whenever she gained glory, it was by yielding to the promptings of her own better nature, and to the sage advice of her trusty and incomparable councillor: whenever she mismanaged matters, and gave vantage-ground to her direst foes, it was in petulant opposition to his solid wisdom. Immediately on Mary's death, it was he who sketched the proclamation; changed the guard at the Tower; sent couriers far and wide through Europe; caused the wardens of the marches to keep close watch on the Border, and the garrisons on the south coast to trim their beacons, and look to their arms; and, finally, selected a 'safe' preacher for the next Sunday's discourse at Paul's Cross, 'that no occasion might be given to stir any dispute touching the government of the realm.' Elizabeth's words to him at Hatfield, when he took the oaths as secretary, are a remarkable proof both of the

high estimate she had already formed of him, and of her prophetic insight into his future conduct.

'I give you,' said she, 'this charge, that you shall be of my Privy Council, and content yourself to take pains for me and my realm. This judgment I have of you, that you will not be corrupted with any manner of gifts, and that you will be faithful to the State; and that, without respect of my private will, you will give me that counsel that you think best: and if you shall know anything necessary to be declared unto me of secrecy, you shall show it unto myself only; and assure yourself I will not fail to keep taciturnity therein.'—*Froude's Elizabeth*, vol. i., p. 17.

Cecil, in common with his royal mistress, had bent to the Papal storm: but so soon as his inclinations and convictions had free play, he proved the best friend that the Reformation had ever had at the English court; countermining the crafty plots of Spain, France, and Scotland; and persistently upholding, and urging on the changeable queen, the interests of the Huguenots in preference to any selfish claims of her own. Mr. Froude's volumes bring out the secretary's character more clearly than any former historian had done. Even Macaulay, prone as he was rather to exaggerate than to detract from the ability of the higher order of statesmen, misconceives and under-rates Cecil. It is one of the brightest points in Elizabeth's character that she allowed such a man to lead and govern her as long as he lived. The choice of such a trusty adviser, and the constancy with which she upheld him against many personal enemies, proved her to possess kindred genius, and—with all her surface faults—like sterling probity. It is true, she often felt the self-imposed yoke to be a burden; often threw it off for a time, and kicked her heels with provoking skittishness. True, too, that she frequently for a while belied her better nature; that the peril of the fitful times in which she had passed her early life had engendered a disregard for truth, and a passion for scheming and counter-scheming, which seems a natural trait enough in the picture of a Philip of Spain, a Catherine de Medici, or a Mary Stuart, but which we feel as a stain on the white shield of the Virgin Queen. Yet from her very weakness shone forth her strength the more conspicuously. Great-heart that she was, she could trifle and coquet with dangerous people; could let loose for a time all her feminine frivolity,—toy with Dudley at a court ceremonial, or beguile the Spanish ambassador with honeyed words just about as truthful as his own; could grieve poor Cecil's inmost soul, gladden the hearts of the Romanists, and plunge steadfast Protestants in despair;—worst of all, could dawdle

and delay till some fine opportunity was gone : and then, when seemingly on the very verge of the precipice, with one vigorous bound backwards, she resumed at once her nobler self, cast off with scorn her foolish trifling and indecision, and hastened to repair the damage too often done by her procrastination.

Under Cecil's direction measures were quietly taken for introducing the new order of things. The administration of justice was gently removed out of the hands of the violent and discontented ; the militia was called under arms, and committed to the officership of young and enthusiastic admirers of the queen. The Spanish ambassador, Count De Feria, soon saw what principles were to be predominant ; and warned his master that Elizabeth was rushing to her own ruin, and imperilling the Church, unless Philip hastened to stop her. He evidently had thought that Mary had stamped out the last sparks of heresy ; and that the whole body of the people would rise against Elizabeth, and in favour of the young Queen of Scots, who already laid claim to the English throne. He was partly undeceived ; for the mob of London showed the exact amount of their affection for the old religion by tearing down the new images and crucifixes, and kicking into the kennel every shaveling who ventured across their path. Yet De Feria held, that if Philip would interfere, the Catholics would rise to arms with overwhelming force, and the day would be theirs at once and for ever. The most effectual preservative, however, was for ' this woman ' to choose the right sort of husband : so said De Feria, and the sterner sex must thank him for the compliment. Who, then, was the right man for her ? There were English and Scotch nobles with kingly blood in their veins ; there were Austrian archdukes, French, Swedish, Danish twigs of royalty : but none—so the grave Spaniard averred—so fit as Philip.

The nation at large, and especially its leading statesmen, were convinced as deeply as the Spanish count of the necessity for the queen's marriage. A suitable match would solve many difficulties, shut out numerous aspirants to the throne, and settle the succession, it was hoped, in a moderate Protestant line. France was intriguing for Elizabeth's favour : Philip felt it was necessary to decide her for Spain ; and, after much less cogitation than was wont with his slow phlegmatic nature, he determined to sacrifice himself in the cause of his country and the Holy See. Instead, however, of gallantly coming over in person to court his sister-in-law, he wrote a long letter to De Feria, in which, after mentioning many reasons why he should

not marry Elizabeth, he at length—with the air of a martyr rather than of a suitor for the hand of a fair young lady—specified the conditions on which alone he could be espoused to her.

‘Provided only and always that these conditions be observed: First and chiefly, you will exact an assurance from her, that she will profess the same religion which I profess; that she will persevere in it, and maintain it, and keep her subjects true to it; and that she will do everything which in my opinion shall be necessary for its augmentation and support.

‘Secondly, she must apply in secret to the pope for absolution for her past sins, and for the dispensation which will be required for the marriage; and she must engage to accept both these in such a manner that when I make her my wife, she will be a true Catholic, which hitherto she has not been.’—*Froude's Elizabeth*, vol. i., p. 36.

After indulging himself in these and other provisos, Philip seems to have been suddenly struck with the possibility that Elizabeth might refuse him, and so make him as ridiculous as he deserved to be. He therefore cautioned De Feria not to mention any of these nice conditions till he had ascertained the amount of her majesty's affection for him. But the careless envoy allowed the letter to be peeped at by the ladies of the palace; and it is probable that it even reached the eye of Elizabeth herself, who would not feel complimented by Philip's agonizing sense of duty. At all events she was prepared for the Spaniard when he opened his master's suit. She was thankful, she told him, for the honour done to her by such a proposal; but the king's friendship was as sufficient for her protection as his love: she had no desire to marry; and she did not believe in the pope's power to allow her to have her sister's husband. Finally, in answer to De Feria's threats of the evil consequences of refusal, her humour was tickled, and she laughingly urged that she feared the king of Spain would prove a bad spouse;—he would come to England and marry her, and then desert her and go home: which was the very thing that Philip had hinted in his unfortunate letter.

On Sunday, January 15th, 1559, Elizabeth was crowned at Westminster Abbey. She had spent the preceding week, as was customary, at the Tower; and as she passed out under its grim old gates, a flood of painful memories and grateful aspirations rushed across her mind, and her full heart, bursting its usual bonds of reserve or irony, leapt forth to her lips, as she stood still, with uplifted eyes, and offered this thanksgiving: ‘O Lord, Almighty and Everlasting God, I give Thee most humble thanks that Thou hast been so merciful unto me as to

spare me to behold this joyful day; and I acknowledge that Thou hast dealt wonderfully and mercifully with me. As Thou didst with Thy servant Daniel the prophet, whom Thou deliveredst out of the den, from the cruelty of the raging lions, even so was I overwhelmed, and only by Thee delivered. To Thee, therefore, only be thanks, honour, and praise for ever. Amen.' Then, taking her seat in her carriage, she passed in state to Westminster, through streets crowded and overhung with her rejoicing subjects. Old men wept; children greeted her with song at cross and conduit; poor women threw nosegays into her lap. In Cheapside the Corporation presented her with an English Bible, which she kissed, and promised to read diligently therein.

On January 25th Parliament opened; and the young monarch stood face to face with her subjects. Sir Nicholas Bacon acted as her mouthpiece in delivering the opening speech, which stated the situation of affairs very clearly. The Commons soon set about the work of providing supplies; and then turned their attention to a matter which they accounted of primary importance,—the marriage of her majesty. They deputed the Speaker and others to wait upon her, and to beg her, in the name of the English people, to be pleased to take to herself a husband. Elizabeth asked for a few days to consider the matter; and then returned answer to the effect that her own inclination, as heretofore, was still to remain unwedded; that it would be enough for her 'that a marble stone should declare, that a queen, having reigned such a time, lived and died a virgin.' But she left the matter so open that she seemed to the Commons to imply that she would marry if it was necessary for the good of the country; and as they had no doubt on that point, they thanked her for her gracious answer; and, like practical men, soon after had a conference with the Lords, to determine what rank *the queen's husband* should hold.

It is amusing to note how this topic of the queen's marriage pervaded the earlier years of her reign. Her dutiful subjects pressed it upon her again and again, and received 'gracious' answers, till they were weary. Philip of Spain, like a wise man, pocketed his refusal, and in a few months consoled himself by marrying a French princess. The Austrian Archduke Charles was one of the matches proposed: but Elizabeth promoted, retarded, and quashed his suit-by-proxy so many times that the poor prince had small encouragement to come over and push it in person. However, it served as a last resource for some years. When driven into a corner by tempestuous com-

binations of her foes, she professed to be inclined favourably to consider Charles's merits: but as soon as fair weather returned, the suit was shelved with contemptuous indifference. In which direction her real likings at this time lay, we shall presently see.

The process of inaugurating the public change of religion went on rapidly. In the Lower House the English Litany was read; and the Supremacy Bill, for making the queen the head of the Church, was passed, after a stormy discussion, in which the notorious Dr. Story boasted of his brutal exploits against Protestant martyrs and confessors. Convocation was sitting simultaneously; and the bishops and clergy concurred in a protest against the new measures, and declared their adherence to the doctrine of the mass: from which circumstance we may draw the conclusion, that we owe the firm establishment of the Reformation in this country rather to the laity,—king, or queen, and people,—than to the clergy as a body. The queen, it is true, with that trimming which she unfortunately considered a necessary part of state-craft, was just then unwilling to commit herself to any decided steps in religious affairs. But as soon as favourable terms were concluded with France in the Treaty of Cambray, the Supremacy Bill came to life again in the Lords, and was carried in the teeth of the bishops. And now Philip's representative, De Feria, found the queen much changed in tone; telling him plainly she meant to do as her father had done; and that she could not have married Philip because she was an heretic. The stately count was annoyed by her laughing demeanour and bantering expressions,—such as styling the bishops (*grandes poltrones*), 'great scamps,'—and was inclined to attribute the disagreeable attitude of her mind to the heretics and 'their friend the devil.' The revised English Prayer Book was presented to Parliament, and soon became again the law of the land; and the session ended with such decided gains to the Protestants, that De Feria felt he was *de trop*, and urged upon Philip that all future dealings with this mercurial lady would fare better in other hands. Accordingly he was recalled; his last office having been to recommend to Elizabeth a match with either of Philip's cousins, the Archdukes Ferdinand and Charles. In his final dispatch to his master, there is a hint of a matter which was afterwards to give ample employment to idle tongues, and much trouble to such upright statesmen as Cecil. 'They tell me,' says he, 'she is enamoured of my Lord Robert Dudley, and will never let him leave her side.'

Elizabeth's partiality for Lord Robert—better known by his

subsequent title of Earl of Leicester—is one of the deeper mysteries of her enigmatical character. Though his wife, the ill-fated Amy Robsart, was still alive, he was already the queen's prime favourite and intimate associate; and though he had nothing to recommend him but his handsome person and polished manners, she allowed him a share of her heart which might better have been bestowed elsewhere. Selfish, empty-headed, destitute alike of honour and talent, Dudley long held the first place in her affections, though she allowed him small influence in her public affairs. Her two selves were at variance in this matter: the one, the weak woman's heart, could not exist without some object, however worthless, on which to pour its tenderness; the other, the high and queenly spirit, even when she was free to marry him, spurned from her an alliance which would lower herself and damage her country. It is an interesting study, as we trace it through the letters of De Quadra, Bishop of Aquila, De Feria's successor at the court of London. His epistles to his master constitute the staple of Mr. Froude's first volume; and are well worth perusal, as containing whatever gossip the indefatigable ambassador could pick up, and as giving his own version of his interviews with Elizabeth. Yet we must not take his gossip for more than its true value, remembering that De Quadra had the reputation of being a perfect master of Jesuitic *finesse*. At all events he made no scruple of realising thoroughly what was then accounted the *beau idéal* of an ambassador, by 'lying abroad' * (as Sir Henry Wotton, some years after, wittily defined the duty of the office) 'for the good of his country,'—or master, rather. And as habits of this kind are not donned and doffed as easily as a court suit, it is quite possible that the lively bishop trusted to his imagination in writing to Philip, as well as in conversing with Elizabeth, and, having no news to tell, manufactured a little; like the newspaper reporters of our own day,—good men and true so long as they have actualities to describe, but a little given to invention when there is a dearth of authentic matter. At the same time we do not doubt that these letters are for the most part correct in their statements, so far as the writer's means of information went. His devotion to the cause of the pope seems to have been perfect; and it was his evident aim to keep his master con-

* Though there is some professional ambiguity in the English version of Sir Henry's *bon mot*, there is none in the Latin original, as he wrote the sentence (in joke) in Christopher Flecamore's 'Albo,' as his quaint biographer terms it. The words ran thus: '*Legatus est vir bonus, peregre missus ad MENTIENDUM Reipublice causâ.*' (See ISAAC WALTON's *Life of Wotton*.)

stantly aware of each slight change in the political situation. Like two accomplished chess-players, Elizabeth and Philip watched each other's moves with eager curiosity, and strove to master the subtle, occult reason for each step of the adversary, before resolving on the next position. At first this was done with friendly feeling on both sides; but gradually, as the interest of the game deepened, and the moves became more and more intricate, the passions of the players rose, and what had commenced as an amicable testing of each other's ability, ended in a struggle for life or death. We must not, however, anticipate the events with which Mr. Froude will have to deal in his future volumes. The two now before us relate only to the earlier and comparatively friendly phases of the battle with Spain and its abettor, Rome.

The Supremacy Bill having passed both Houses, the great majority of the clergy accepted the English liturgy, abjured the pope, and retained their benefices. Out of nearly two thousand ecclesiastics, less than two hundred refused compliance, and lost their livings. The bishops, however, would not take the oath which acknowledged the queen as supreme in all causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil. When summoned to her presence, and informed that they must swear allegiance, or lose their sees, the Archbishop of York, instead of assenting, admonished Elizabeth to 'remember her duty; to follow in the steps of her blessed sister, who had brought back the country to the Holy See; and to dread the curse which would follow, if she dared to be disobedient.' Her answer was nobly characteristic: 'I will answer you in the words of Joshua. As Joshua said of himself and his, I and my realm will serve the Lord. My sister could not bind the realm, nor bind those who should come after her, to submit to a usurped authority. I take those who maintain here the Bishop of Rome and his ambitious pretences, to be enemies to God and to me.' The bishops were allowed time for consideration; but only one—Kitchin, of Llandaff—yielded, and the rest were committed to the Tower, or other safe keeping.

The queen's decided measures with the bishops,—the dissolution of the monasteries, and dispersion of the whole herd of monks and nuns whom Mary had re-instated,—the gusto with which the Londoners tore down the painted images from their niches, and made bonfires of the idolatrous roods and altars,—might well give alarm to that devoted son of the Papacy, Philip of Spain; whose intriguing ambassador kept him well posted up in all occurrences, as the following letter—one out of many—will show:—

DE QUADRA TO PHILIP.

'London, May 30th, (1559.)

'The Constable Montmorency, with a number of French noblemen, has come over to ratify the treaty. On Corpus Christi day, they were all at the royal chapel. The queen placed herself close to the altar, and made Montmorency and his companions sit by her side—much to the scandal of the Catholics to see them in such a place.—Some English prayers and psalms, and I know not what, were read; after which were to have followed some chapters; but as the chaplains began one chapter after another the queen cried out, "Not that! I know that already; read something else." Afterwards I had a conversation with Cecil and the others, about the Austrian marriage. I gathered from what Cecil said—though he did not actually use the words—that the queen suspected that there was some plan in connexion with it, to force her back into the Church. He assured me, however, that he would much have liked her to marry your majesty. He distrusted the pope's dispensing powers.—I answered as temperately as I could. I said that no doubt the changes which they had introduced appeared to your majesty violent and ill-timed. I trusted, however, that, ere long, God would give us either a general council or a good pope, who would correct abuses, and then all would go well. I could not believe that He would allow so noble and Christian a realm as England to break away from Christendom, and run the risk of perdition.

'There is a Swedish ambassador here, who says that the queen ought to marry his master, because he was her suitor in her misfortunes. The King of Sweden, he says, will meddle with no man's religion. As far as he is concerned, every man may believe what he pleases. I am not so much appalled at the expression of such monstrous views as at the fact that a man could be found to hold them. The council tell me they will not have the Archduke Ferdinand. They hear he is a bigot and a persecutor. They think best of Charles, only Cecil says he is not wise, and that he has as big a head as the Earl of Bedford.—The emperor's ambassador has had an interview. The queen told him her fool had said that he was one of the archdukes in disguise, who had come over to see her. She spoke warmly of the emperor, calling him a good and upright man; and Maximilian,* she said, was a friend of the true religion. She ridiculed Ferdinand; she was told, she said, that he was a fine Catholic, and knew how to tell his beads and pray for the souls in purgatory. Of Charles she seemed to know nothing; but she declared she would never have a man who would sit all day by the fireside. When she married, it should be some one who could ride, and hunt, and fight.

'The Council are in an agony to have her married to some one, and Cecil and his immediate friends wish her to choose at home; the rest are frightened at the attitude of the Catholics—they appre-

* 'King of the Romans, the emperor's eldest son.'

hend a revolt, and prefer Charles: that is, if they can be assured that he will conform to the queen's views. If a Catholic prince come here, the first mass which he attends will be the signal for a rising.—The behaviour of the Catholics themselves is beyond praise. It can hardly be but that she will flinch before their constancy and numbers. If she does not join them, she will be forced to leave them in peace, unless she means to be destroyed. She will find it a hard task, for she must restore what she has robbed them of; but whoever marries her will find incomparably more difficulty in going on with heresy than in turning back to the truth.....

'Scotland is in insurrection, and the flame will soon spread here. The Protestants and Catholics hate each other more than ever; and the latter, in their exasperation with the queen, say openly that she is not their lawful sovereign. The King of France, it is said, will send an army to Scotland; and the worst consequences are apprehended. The leader of the insurrection is a heretic nobleman, who, it is thought, will be the person after all that the queen will marry. They are to expel the French between them, and establish heresy all over the island. Such is the programme, which I regard myself as a chimera. But the spirit of the woman is such that I can believe anything of her. She is possessed by the devil, who is dragging her to his own place.'—*Froude's Elizabeth*, vol. i., pp. 95-98.

The last paragraph carries us to Scotland; and it is now necessary for us to take a glance at the posture of affairs in that country. Let us stay a moment to record our thankfulness that the marriage of Elizabeth with an Austrian archduke—which Philip had set his heart on—never took place. Otherwise England might for a time have been in the identical position of Hungary,—groaning under the yoke of a tyrant, alien in race, language, and religion; and, instead of leading the van of Protestant Europe, might have had to fight at home for the privilege of using its own island tongue, and of worshipping God in its own unadorned fashion.

On Elizabeth's accession John Knox had returned to Scotland from his refuge at Geneva; and on May 11th, 1559, had preached an energetic sermon at Perth; which an officious priest prepared to supplement with the performance of mass. A disturbance ensued; the images were dashed to pieces, and the painted windows broken; Grey Friars and the Charterhouse perished in the flames kindled by the mob. The regent, Mary of Guise, was glad to avail herself of such an excuse for suppressing the adherents of the Reformed religion. The 'Congregation,' however,—or league of Protestant nobles,—were determined to fight for their liberty and rights; and soon a multitude of their followers were up in arms, and streaming over hill and dale to the help of the 'preachers.' Mary was

forced to temporise, and to grant fair terms, till she should be re-inforced with troops from France. But the truce was soon broken by her followers, and civil war began on a small scale. The Regent was worsted; the mass was put down; the abbeys and friaries were overthrown; and the Lowlands of Scotland were freed from the Roman yoke. Knox, however, knew too well to suppose that the French monarch would look on quietly while the kingdom of his daughter-in-law, Mary Stuart, was in process of revolution. The Protestant party therefore appealed to Elizabeth for help; and, like the other powers which had courted her alliance, they hoped to bind her to them for ever by a suitable marriage. The Earl of Arran, the next after Mary Stuart in succession to the Scottish throne, was thought to be a proper match for the English queen; and, having narrowly escaped with life from France, where he had been retained as a hostage for his father, he had arrived in London, where it was just possible that the queen might take a liking to him.

Meantime, however, Henry II. of France had died from an injury met with at a tournament held in honour of his daughter's marriage with Philip of Spain; and Francis II. and Mary Stuart, who had already assumed the English royal arms, succeeded to the French throne. Now the Guises and the ultra-Popish party were predominant; and the sky loomed over both Scotland and England. Elizabeth was free to choose which side she would take:—either marry the Archduke Charles, and please Spain and the English Romanists; or wed Arran, help the Reformers, and ultimately win Scotland from the rival of her crown. The Scotch urged her to decision; but she was in no hurry to commit herself on either side; and so the opportunity for strengthening her hold on Scotland was lost, and it was thereafter to be a thorn in her side for many years. For, while she was undecided, the forces of the popular party melted away; and her help, such as it was, came too late to be of much service.

After giving signal trouble to Cecil, she at length made up her royal mind to help the Scotch insurgents against the French forces on which the regent depended. Accordingly she sent them some money, but secretly. She had not yet learnt that the chicanery of diplomacy was a dangerous two-edged tool; and that the insincerity and double-dealing which she supposed to be fair in state-craft was not the weapon for an English queen to handle. So she put a fair face on the matter; and, while fanning the flame of the Protestant party with one hand, with the other she penned a loving epistle to Mary of Guise, disavowing all connexion with the 'rebels.'

At this crisis a bold, straightforward policy would have seated her more firmly on her throne; given her the grateful adherence of the Protestant party in Scotland and in France; and, in the increased love and devotion of her own subjects, thrown round her a shield of far more avail than all the wickerwork bucklers of diplomatic manœuvre. As it was, she only helped the Reformers in a mean and selfish way; doling out small subsidies of money, when she thought they could make a move to her advantage; and entirely disavowing them, when she saw it needful to keep on good terms with the bigoted rulers against whom they were protesting. Thus she managed ultimately to alienate all her Scotch and all her Huguenot friends. At the present juncture she owed her safety chiefly to the favour and forbearance of him who was to prove her most formidable opponent. The Spanish king fortunately was tormented with a consuming jealousy of France. Elizabeth had only to profess herself not averse to an Austrian match, and Philip was still ready to stand by her, in the hope of securing her and her kingdom as lasting allies to Spain and the Papacy. We must not judge her too harshly. She was only acting according to the established notions of her times, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. Even her reluctance to part with money arose from a laudable resolution to restore the shattered finance of the country: and so long as words would answer the purpose almost as well as deeds, she thought it her duty to promise, and delay to perform, and thereby spare the national pocket. We, by the light of later history, see clearly how great was her mistake, and how narrowly she escaped ruin by her ill-timed parsimony. But in those misty days, when a man could scarcely be sure of anything which he did not see himself, there must have been an additional motive to inaction in the uncertainty attached to all news, foreign and domestic. Again, we must remember that in Mr. Froude's narrative we are looking at Elizabeth's delays through a magnifying-glass: for in many instances he himself depicts the state of the queen's mind, and then gives us besides the documents on which his opinion is founded; a mode of proceeding which, though in a certain sense satisfactory, has the effect of making Elizabeth's mood of procrastination seem to have lasted at least twice as long as it really did. Modern Englishmen are accustomed to a more straightforward course of action: but there have been instances even in our own day where sovereigns and statesmen have pursued a mole-like policy without a shadow of the excuse which Elizabeth's situation presents. What a situation this was, in respect of matrimonial offers, we may learn from De Quadra:—

'There are ten or twelve ambassadors of us, all competing for her majesty's hand; and they say the Duke of Holstein is coming next, as a suitor for the King of Denmark. The Duke of Finland, who is here for his brother the King of Sweden, threatens to kill the emperor's man; and the queen fears they will cut each other's throats in her presence.'—*Froude's Elizabeth*, vol. i., p. 147.

The marriage question crops out again and again in these early years of her reign. It is difficult to divine what was her inmost mind on this subject. Dealing only with probabilities, we should hold that she had no inclination to marry Earl of Arran, Austrian Archduke, or Philip's son Carlos. She had no love for any of them; nay, she felt that if cruel circumstances compelled her to wed one of them, her indifference would swell into absolute hatred for her unwelcome spouse. With these natural feelings warring in her bosom against purely political matches, Elizabeth is to be commended for her persistence in staving them off as well as she could. Happily, she did not resemble her great rival, Mary Stuart, in carelessness as to whom she wedded, provided she could indulge her ambition and lawless passion. Yet, on the other hand, we cannot but blame Elizabeth for her choice of a favourite. Her darling, as we have already hinted, was a married man; and though there is no ground for attributing to her any criminality, her trifling with him was fraught with danger to her own reputation, and to her influence at home and abroad. When death (whether it was by fair means or foul, will never be certainly known in this world) freed his beautiful but neglected wife from her long distress, and Dudley was at liberty to marry the queen, though for a time she hovered round the attractive flame, she gradually opened her eyes to the fact that such a marriage would degrade her throughout Europe, and rob her of the vantage-ground which she occupied in the hearts of her own subjects. And let it be remembered, in studying this and other problems of her reign, that though her language to her 'faithful Commons' might be often as imperious and unconstitutional as that of the present King of Prussia, yet the basis of her position was essentially democratic. She had no standing army, and was therefore fain to watch each variation of popular opinion, and to humour it as far as she could without entirely compromising her own line of policy. In the days of her girlhood she had had painful experience of the readiness of the people to break out into insurrection, and rise for this pretender or that dogma, for toleration or intolerance. A certain portion of her subjects being still Papists, she held it better to flatter them with hopes of a Romanist consort for herself than

to be perpetually putting down city tumult or county rising, as her predecessors had done. Right or wrong, her motive in this and other questionable proceedings was really the good of the realm. Protestant herself, she yet would not leave herself so thoroughly in the hands of that party as not to represent the opposite pole of opinion, and console the Papists by occasional whimsical escapades with candles, surplices, or crosses. And so with her marriage: had she been a private lady, Leicester might have had her for the asking; but her own likings and longings were suppressed—with sharp, though unuttered anguish—when she thought of her subjects' wishes and welfare. We owe her much for this act of self-denial; for, amongst all her suitors, Dudley, weak, dissolute, changeable, with no faith, no settled principles of morality, was just the man for her enemies to work upon, to the ruin of England and Protestantism. All praise, then, to Elizabeth for her patriotic discernment, even amid the blinding drift of passion!

The year 1559 was closing in uncertainty as to what steps the queen would take for the vindication of her right to the English crown, to which Mary Stuart, the young Queen of France, laid open claim. The Council sat day after day discussing the question; but Elizabeth had not yet made up her mind. Indeed, if she had, it would have been useless for them to trouble themselves any farther. She had deferred declaring herself so long that the Scots had lost faith in her, and were not inclined to commit themselves while she sheltered herself in the background. Her advisers were not of one mind. While Cecil, true to his Protestant aspirations, argued and urged, and strove to inaugurate a bold foreign policy, Bacon spoke at length against any such step; Norfolk declined the proffered command of the army on the Border; and at length the Council tendered to her Majesty some reactionary advice, which no doubt they thought would be palatable to her in her present mood. But they did not yet know the true character of their queen. It was no weak prince that they had to deal with. She was young, indeed, and had been unused to deal with public matters, being forced by peril of her life to stand aloof even from what appeared most harmless in politics. To them she seemed vacillating; and they were prepared to advise her conscientiously, and, in fact, to govern for her, while she played with Dudley, or made neat repartees to the spokesman in a masque or a pageant. But her delays arose from no girlish indifference to serious pursuits. She chose to deliberate long, and count every risk; and then, when action could no longer be deferred, to dash into danger, and find her safety

in her daring. In the present instance, though yielding to the charms of cautious consideration, the backward advice of the Council woke her latent nobility with a sudden pang. She saw at once whither delay was drifting her, and all the queen in her revolted. So their retrogressive 'Opinion' was endorsed, '*Not allowed* by the Queen's Majesty;' Sir Thomas Gresham was commissioned to borrow at Antwerp sufficient supplies of money; fire-arms and powder were imported in large quantities; Admiral Winter was sent off with a fleet to the north, to intercept the French forces under D'Elbœuf; and Norfolk, after all, consented to take the command of the army.

The poor Bishop of Aquila, though not unwilling for the French to have a good drubbing *as Frenchmen*, began to think it would be bad for them *as Catholics*. There was another affair, too, which gave him much concern. The Flemish Protestants were escaping from hot persecution, and were crowding into England,—now and henceforth to be the grand haven of refuge for the oppressed of other lands. In answer to De Quadra's remonstrances, Elizabeth quietly replied that they were all welcome,—as many as chose to come to her. 'If,' said she, 'the Spanish troops in Flanders could be sent to toast themselves in their own Indies or Castile, religion would flourish there as well as in England; and the sooner they were gone, the better.' 'At this rate,' wrote the Spanish bishop, 'she will revolutionise all the world. She is already practising in France, and her "Gospel" is making too much progress there.' How the wily priest was annoyed by the banter with which Elizabeth met his craft, and how, while keeping his temper outwardly to a degree to which his predecessor could not attain, he chafed at heart and nourished deadly hatred for the royal heretic, may be seen in the following extracts from his letters:—

'Words are no longer of any use with the queen—we must act. Preservative medicines are too late when the patient is down with the plague. The king, our master, cannot say that he has been left in ignorance of the state of things here. If he hesitate now, it will cost him dear; and he will find himself compelled to protect a wicked woman in an unjust and ungodly cause. I do not mean that we may not interfere for her, if she will consent to the marriage: we could then care effectively for the spiritual interests of the realm. But if she go on in her present career, she deserves nothing at our hands. You would be astonished to know the things which take place here; but the less they are spoken of the better: I will not write of them.'

'This woman is possessed with a hundred thousand devils; and yet she pretends to me that she would like to be a nun, and live

in a cell, and tell her beads from morning till night. If we do not determine what to do swiftly, we shall repent of it. A certain person has informed me that if troops cross from the Netherlands to England, the most convenient place for them to land is Lynn, in Norfolk; there is a good harbour there, which can be easily fortified. Let his majesty do what he will, he cannot save this true daughter of a wicked mother. And, on my honour, I believe those of her own religion will rise against her, even sooner than the Catholics. For the love of God do not forget things here! Never was there a fairer opportunity to set them straight.'—*Froude's Elizabeth*, vol. i., pp. 172, 173.

After all these alarms and warlike preparations, the new year set in with uncertainty on shore, and with terrible tempest at sea, which drove Winter with his ships into Lowestoft Roads, and held him there for a fortnight powerless against the Frenchmen. But the same boisterous winds which kept him in safe inaction, did his work effectually on the French fleet under D'Elbœuf, which, after long hybernation, issued forth, with fatal folly, just in time to be dashed in pieces on the flats of Holland, or to founder in mid sea. Two ships alone rode out this dreadful storm, which, under the guidance of the same Hand that scattered the mighty Armada, (of which this French expedition was a rehearsal on a smaller scale,) quashed with a single blow a force that would have annihilated Protestantism in Scotland, and have put Elizabeth in imminent jeopardy for her throne, and even her life.

We cannot stay to particularise the events of the Scotch intervention. Elizabeth still adhered to her plan of fighting a little from behind a bush, and so defeating the great objects at which she aimed. Providence had just won the battle for her at sea: her dashing young admiral, Winter, had entered the Forth, and cut off D'Oysel's communications: Norfolk, now thoroughly warmed to his task, was burning to destroy the small French force in Scotland. Yet the word was not given: Winter's commission was kept secret; what damage he did to the French was disavowed; and he himself, 'false to truth, and true to his mistress,' had to indite a cock-and-bull story, to free Elizabeth from all complicity, and to lay the 'untoward event' at his own private door. It seems strange how the queen could for a moment suppose that such shuffling and falsehood would deceive any one. But she was not the only actor that played under a mask. The young French king and queen, while aiming at her throne through Scotland, affected cordial friendship for her. Philip, too, had threatened to attack whichever power first broke the peace. So Elizabeth, while she could not

quite keep her hands from buffeting her adversaries, saw no way out of the maze but to fib as freely as they did.

One great lesson of the earlier part of this reign is, the utter *impolicy* of such tortuous courses,—to take no higher ground. Had Elizabeth simply excused herself to the Scotch Protestants, stating in kindly language her difficulties, financial and diplomatic, they might have nursed their strength in quiet, and resolved to bide their time. Or, had she openly helped them, and fairly launched into a war with France, she might at this juncture have expelled every alien from Scotland, and strengthened her own throne incalculably. Yet let us be just to her, and remember that she had not that great aid to modern governments, a daily press. There was no broad sheet laid before her every morning, covered with authentic news, and with the *dicta* of men used to canvass every salient topic of the times. Ere an important dispatch can reach the hand of our prime minister, all Europe knows its purport; and he can scan at a glance the *pros* and *cons* of the situation and its policy, as set forth by publicists of many nations. But Elizabeth was virtually her own premier; her means of information were sluggish, uncertain, incomplete. She was but gradually learning self-reliance, assuming a more defiant and a safer attitude, and freeing herself from that bondage of brotherly advice which the Spaniard thought he had a right to force upon her.

For the present D'Oysel escaped; and both parties turned to Spain, to represent their own hardships and their adversaries' misdoings. Philip, with a *naïveté* that does him credit, offered to cut the knot, and please all parties, by sending *Spanish* troops to Scotland, which would both assist the French in putting down the heretic rebellion, and defend the throne of Elizabeth from assault by the French. Fortunately the latter were as jealous as ever of the Spaniard. Elizabeth did not waste many words, but drilled the train-bands, cast more cannon, and got some good ships ready for sea. At length she gave permission to her troops to advance into Scotland. Lord Grey was ready to seize Edinburgh Castle for her, but was forbidden to think of it; and, after a skirmish at Leith with the French, an armistice stayed further proceedings, to the chagrin of the English general. Meanwhile Philip had again inter-meddled, and, by his threatening advice to Elizabeth, had roused her Tudor blood, and she was now willing to fight all the world. The French Government, however, was in a no less delicate position than her own. With a large portion of its subjects ready to rise at the first shot, it did not now dare to declare war against England: but its ambassador was in-

structed to remonstrate with Elizabeth on the injustice of her interference in Scotch affairs. Instead of 'flattering unction,' however, the envoy fell in for a terrible philippic from the queen, who was too excited to shelter herself behind the usual courtly subterfuges.

'You complain,' said she, 'of the fleet and army which we have sent to Scotland. What were we to do? Have we forgotten, think you, your treachery at Ambletue, when our brother was king? You challenge our crown; you deny our right to be queen. You snatch the pretext of a rebellion to collect your armies on our border; and you expect us to sit still like children. You complain that we sent our fleet to intercept your reinforcements. It is true we did so; and the fleet has done its work; and what then?—Those cannon, those arms, those stores, which you sent to Leith, were not meant only or chiefly for Scotland; they were meant for us. You tell us we are maintaining your rebels—we hate rebels; but the Scots are none. These men whom you call rebels are the same who fought against England at Pinkie Cleugh. It is you who are in fault—you who stole the rule of their country from them, overthrew their laws, and sought to govern them with foreign garrisons. You have seized their fortresses, you have corrupted their money, you have filled their offices of trust with greedy Frenchmen, to rob and pillage them; and they endured all this till they saw their sovereign the childless queen of a foreign prince—herself an absentee—and their country, should she die, about to become a province of France.'

'With these facts before us, we are not to be blinded with specious words. We know what was intended for ourselves—some of your own statesmen have given us warning of it. Your queen claims our crown; and you think that we shall be satisfied with words. You say you recalled D'Elbœuf. The winds and the waves recalled him; and our fleet in the Forth frightened him from a second trial. You have given us promises upon promises; yet our style is still filched from us, and your garrisons are still in Leith. We have forborne long enough. We mean nothing against your mistress's lawful rights; but events must now take their course.'

—*Froude's Elizabeth*, vol. i., pp. 222, 223.

The English forces proceeded to storm Leith, but were repulsed; and Elizabeth—who had never entered very heartily into the war, but thought the Scotch should be content with a few pounds to help them, and should shed a little more of their own blood, since it was for their own especial benefit—was inclined to despond and give way. But her Council, now that the war was fairly entered upon, declared it impossible to retreat. Good advice came, too, from Flanders, from worthy Sir Thomas Gresham, who, like a true Englishman and disciple of Cecil, was nervously anxious that his royal mistress should not ruin herself by cowardice.

In France, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton was doing his best to cut away the ground from under the cruel house of Guise; and such was their fear of a Huguenot rising, that no soldiers could be spared for Scotland, to relieve the garrison of Leith, which was now reduced by famine to despair. Cecil himself was dispatched to treat with the regent: but ere he had crossed the Border, Mary of Guise was no more. Ably had she fought against the Reformation, but it had conquered. Some sparks of relenting lightened the gloom of her deathbed: she would not let the heads of the opposition leave her while she lived; and she listened patiently to Willock, Knox's colleague at Edinburgh. 'Quhowsoever it was,' says Knox, 'Christ Jesus got na small victorie over sich an ennemy. For albeit before sche had avowit that in despyte of all Scotland the preachers of Jesus Christ sould ather die or be banisheit the realm, yet was sche constraineit to heir aue of the principell ministeris within the realm, and to approve the chief heid of our religion.' The negotiations with France were now brought to a successful issue; the demands of the 'Congregation' were freely conceded; and the French reluctantly agreed to admit Elizabeth's right to her throne, and to withdraw all their troops, save fifty men, from Scotland.

We pass on to September, 1560, when we find the queen once more in a dilemma about marriage. On the eighth of that month Lady Amy Dudley was found dead at the foot of one of the staircases of Cumnor Hall.* There was no evidence to prove how she had met her death; and her husband, Lord Robert, was free to push his suit at court, and win, if he could, Elizabeth's hand. But though the jury which held inquest had thrown no shadow of blame on the absent spouse, it was felt throughout the country that he stood in a suspicious relation to the matter; and that, even if his wife's death had not been contrived by his own head, it had been planned and carried out by his minions, in the hope of earning everlasting gratitude, and of sharing in his probable elevation at court. The expectation, indeed, was pretty general, that the young queen would follow her evident inclinations, and bestow herself on the fascinating courtier, who was her senior by only about two years. The rumours appear soon to have reached her ears; for in October she assured Cecil that she 'had made up her mind, and did not intend to marry the Lord Robert.'

Not only was the English mind aroused to consider the

* The sorrows of the unhappy countess are not likely to die out from English literature; being celebrated in the classical lines of *Cumnor Hall* by Mickle, and, at much greater length, in the semi-historic pages of Sir Walter Scott's *Kenilworth*.

desirability of her marriage : all Europe was agog, and foreign suitors abounded. The Scotch urged the Earl of Arran on her attention ; the King of Sweden was daily expected in London, to conduct his own suit in person ; a French prince was mentioned ; and there was still available that *pièce de résistance*, the big-headed Archduke Charles. How strong the desire of her subjects was to see her married, is proved by the following extract from a letter of Lord Sussex to Cecil :—

‘ If I knew that England had other rightful inheritors, I would then advise otherwise, and seek to serve the time by a husband’s choice. But—seeing she is *ultimum refugium*, and that no riches, friendship, foreign alliance, or any other present commodity that might come by a husband, can serve our turn without issue of her body—if the queen will love anybody, let her love where and whom she list, so much thirst I to see her love ; and whomsoever she shall love and choose, him will I love, honour, and serve to the uttermost.’—*Froude’s Elizabeth*, vol. i., p. 293.

The matter was viewed in a different light in France ; where Mary Stuart indulged both her wit and her spite at Elizabeth’s expense ; saying, that ‘ the Queen of England was about to marry her horsekeeper,’ (Dudley being Master of the Horse,) ‘ who had killed his wife to make a place for her.’ Throgmorton, the English ambassador at that court, wrote to Cecil in dire alarm lest such a match should ever take place : and, not content with vehement adjuration by letter, he could not rest till he had sent his secretary to gain private audience with the queen, and protest against the dreaded scandal. Elizabeth, to her great credit, took the remonstrance in good part ; though she looked pale and weary, and was doubtless worried with the unending marriage question. It is possible she might now have yielded to political necessity, and acceded to the petition with which the Scotch commissioners had just arrived, by consenting to marry the Earl of Arran. She was still considering the posture of affairs,—the Huguenots crushed ; the Scotch Protestants at the mercy of France ; her own crown in peril,—when news came of another turn of the wheel of events, which altered the whole vista, and freed her from an obnoxious alliance. On December 5th, 1560, the French king, Francis II., died, after a short illness ; and Mary Stuart became a widow at nineteen ; while the rule passed temporarily from the Guises, and Condé and the King of Navarre stepped out of prison into princely power. Elizabeth immediately declined the hand of Arran ; who, disappointed of one royal consort, hastened to pay his worthless court to her rival, the young Queen of Scots. Meanwhile, her other lover, Dudley, was

plying the Spanish ambassador with promises to restore the 'Catholic' religion, if Philip would countenance and promote his marriage with the queen: and she, pestered with advice from all sides, may for a moment have hesitated, whether she could not by such a step strengthen her throne, and secure at last a quiet life. We find no proof, however, that she ever seriously contemplated such a step: for the bantering nonsense, of which she made use as her defence against the wily inquiries of De Quadra, must pass for nothing. It answered its purpose, in perplexing him for the nonce, and giving her time and fresh chances. On the other hand, she evidently revolted from sharing her throne with a subject, however much he had attracted her fancy.

But there was another object, about which De Quadra was still more concerned,—the reception of a Papal nuncio, who was to come and invite Elizabeth to send representatives to the continuation of the Council of Trent. The matter was debated in the queen's Council, while the nuncio waited in Flanders, ready to run over as soon as his reception was decided upon. But the opportunity for re-opening communication with Rome was rejected; poor De Quadra was stung with mortification; for all his fine schemes had come to an abortive end; and the only consolation to him and other good Catholics was, that St. Paul's cathedral was set on fire by lightning, and that pride of the Londoners speedily became a roofless ruin. Another thunderbolt was about to fall; but it was one for which neither queen nor people now cared much. The pope was preparing to fulminate his bull of excommunication: but once more Philip interposed, and averted the blow.

We now turn to Scotland, whither Mary Stuart was returning to take possession of her throne. Young, beautiful, and accomplished, she was well fitted to charm all hearts, and to smooth down the rugged factions of her native country. She had a fine opportunity, and ability fully equal to the occasion; and she might now have ruled at ease a willing people, proud of their queen, and only desiring freedom for their own form of religion. Yet, with all her fascinations, she was thoroughly heartless, sensual, bigoted. Nothing could stop her,—neither Divine law nor civil compact,—neither force nor persuasion,—when she had set her mind on any object of ambition or of selfish gratification. It has been the fashion with many romancers, and with not a few historians, to pit the one queen against the other,—to contrast Mary Stuart's lovely face with Elizabeth's comparatively plain one, the graceful motions and

tasteful dress of the one with the stately affectations and absurd costume of the other,—and to draw conclusions totally in favour of Mary on all points. We allow all her claims,—her beauty, grace, talent, spirit: and, in doing so, we cannot but sigh, and say, What pity she was not brought up in Scotland! Removed in early childhood to the poisonous atmosphere of the French court, whatever was good in her perished, and she returned to Scotland a lovely spirit of evil; her chief serious aim being to crush Protestantism everywhere, and to satisfy her large ambition by ascending the English throne.

Mary landed at Leith on August 19th, 1561; and by her graceful, laughing demeanour won the affections of all who entered her presence. Her first measures were well considered. Instead of choosing as her councillors some old reactionists, she called to her side Maitland and her half-brother, Lord James Stuart, (better known as Murray;) and issued a proclamation which forbade Catholics to attempt changes in the established religion. Anxious to look danger in the face at once, and to know her most dreaded foe, she summoned Knox to her presence, just after the uncompromising Reformer had delivered a stirring diatribe against the mass.

‘She spoke of the rebellion and of the new creed which, in spite of princes and governments, was thrusting itself by force upon the world.—The power of princes had its limits, the Reformer said. Subjects could not frame their religion according to appetites of sovereigns. The Israelites in Egypt were not of the religion of Pharaoh; Daniel and St. Paul were not of the religion of Nebuchadnezzar and Nero.—She might have resented the comparison, but she contented herself with replying that none of those “had resisted with the sword.” But Knox answered merely that “God had not given them the power;” and when she pressed him to say whether he thought subjects might resist their sovereign, he used the comparison which, in the next century, became the Puritan formula. If a father went mad, and offered to kill his children, his children might tie his hands and take his weapon from him: in like manner, if princes would murder the children of God, it was no disobedience to restrain them from their evil purpose.—Thus spoke Calvinism, the creed of republics, in its first hard form. If princes became enemies of God, God’s servants owed them no allegiance. The question who was to be the judge, was left, as usual in such cases, for every one to decide for himself.

‘The queen sat for some time silent. Fearless as Knox himself, she was measuring with keen precocity the spirit with which she had to deal. She did not mean to quarrel with him, but she could not wholly restrain herself. “My subjects then,” she said at length, ‘are to obey you, and not me. I am subject to them, not they to

me."—"Nay," he replied, "let prince and subject both obey God. Kings should be foster fathers of the Kirk, and queens its nursing mothers."—"You are not the kirk that I will nurse," she said. "I will defend the Kirk of Rome, for that, I think, is the Kirk of God."—"Your will, Madam," Knox answered, "is no reason, neither does your thought make the Roman harlot the spouse of Jesus Christ."

'So these two parted, each with some insight into the other's nature. "If there be not in her," said Knox afterwards, "a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart against God and His truth, my judgment faileth me." "He made her weep," said Randolph, in describing the interview to Cecil; "as well you know there be of that sex that will do that for anger as well as grief. You exhort us to stoutness. The voice of that one man is able to put more life in us in one hour than five hundred trumpets blustering in our ears.'"—*Froude's Elizabeth*, vol. i., pp. 367-8.

At once the astute woman understood her situation, and formed her plans accordingly. Backed by her subjects of all opinions, she would urge her right to the reversion of the English crown; get the Spanish Don Carlos for a consort, or at worst Lord Darnley, whose claims by descent were nearly equal to her own; and then, having the support of Philip and of the English Papists, make her way, by fair means or foul, to the throne now occupied by her rival. The struggle between the two bordering queens began at once. Mary was determined to force from Elizabeth an acknowledgment of herself as next heir to the English throne, without consenting to recognise Elizabeth as queen both *de jure* and *de facto*. Elizabeth very properly declined to accede to her wishes, having a shrewd suspicion that as soon as the succession was fixed in her favour, Mary's friends and emissaries in England, impatient for the restoration of Catholicism, would remove the heretic monarch out of the way. Such were their relative positions, giving rise to many and fruitless embassies and negotiations.

No sooner was Mary well seated on her Scottish throne, than she began to carry out her well planned schemes. But in her elaborate calculations she had not made allowance for the firm attachment of most of her subjects to the Reformed doctrines and mode of worship, and their hot hatred and contempt for all the trappings of Popery. Herself a devoted daughter of Rome, her religion was that convenient one which demands no renovation of the heart, no strict observance of moral laws, no true charity towards one's neighbour; but is ready, at a fixed tariff, to ease the conscience from all unpleasant scruples, and to gild the dark path of crime with hope of ultimate pardon, purification, and bliss. And though she was prepared to do everything possible for her creed, yet,

her attachment to it being chiefly of a worldly and political nature, she could not comprehend how any persons could be so foolish as to risk goods and life in rebellion about such trifles as the celebration of the mass, priestly vestments, &c. Her first experience of her mistake as to the willingness of the Scots to be trifled with in sacred matters was in September, 1561, when she bethought herself to have the Chapel Royal opened for public Romish service. The Edinburgh mob speedily settled that question, by breaking the officiating priest's head; and the queen immediately drew in the cloven hoof, and gave way for a time to her subjects' wishes. She now redoubled her advances to Elizabeth; and the English queen was very desirous of having an interview with her, and settling all moot points. Elizabeth, isolated as she was from the comforts of family life,—a lone woman amidst the splendour and flattery of a court,—seems now specially to have yearned for a bosom friend, and for a time to have hoped that Mary Stuart would supply the want. But it was not to be; although Elizabeth for a while rejected the warning of her Council, and prepared to meet Mary in the northern counties, then the great stronghold of ignorance and superstition. But advices came in daily of more and more imminent danger to Protestantism in divers parts of Europe,—especially, rumours of Philip being about to assist the Guises to exterminate the Huguenots. Elizabeth bowed to her advisers, and deferred a step which would have thrown her headlong to destruction.

In France the tide had turned once more against the Protestants. The King of Navarre had apostatized; and the Guises were emboldened to begin afresh their inhuman practices against the Huguenots. The massacre of Vassy roused Condé to action, who took the field with a noble army of tried veterans; and, in return for the brutalities of the Romanists at Sens and Blois, the Calvinists ransacked the tomb of St. Martin of Tours, and calcined those precious relics, his bones,—an act which in Popish eyes deserved signal retribution. Throgmorton appealed to Elizabeth to help the right; and tried to draw her to decision by suggesting that this was the very nick of time to recover Calais, and even to win back Normandy. She found, too, by advices from Gresham, that the national credit was damaged by her inaction; and that the Fuggers and other banking men were not inclined to lend their money to England, because it seemed about to become a prey to France, Spain, and the Pope. The queen at once entered into an agreement to help Condé with money and men, and to occupy Havre till Calais was restored to her.

We are not going to discuss here the question of intervention in the affairs of other countries. The British empire of our own day is large enough, and has plenty of work in the management of its own territories, home and colonial. But it was different with the England of three centuries back. Small in space, sparsely covered with inhabitants, it had yet to make its way in the world, and to recover the prestige of which its last bigoted ruler had denuded it. Was it to wait in quiet, while the whole west of Europe was banding itself for a grand onslaught on the heretic little island? Was it not its policy, rather, to join the worthier half of France in striking a blow for liberty of conscience against the accursed house of Guise? So thought Elizabeth, when she closed the compact with Condé; and we feel that she was not far wrong in her decision. But, ere long, when the warmth with which she embarked on a new enterprise had cooled a little, she turned aside from the broad policy of helping the Protestants, to a narrow calculation of how best she could secure for herself the restitution of Calais. Thus she lost the opportunity of doing good service to religion, by re-inforcing Condé in the field, and brought on herself deserved mortification, and on her country that fearful pest, the *plague*. About this time, too, she was laid at death's door, sick of the small-pox: and at the crisis of the disease a discussion arose in the Council as to her successor. But, after divulging her love for Dudley, whom she, when seemingly dying, wished to be made Protector of the Realm, she rallied, and recovered; and the settlement of the succession was put off to a more convenient season.

It is not necessary to detail the events of the Huguenot campaign. The result was, that Condé won toleration for 'the religion' by the Peace of Amboise; and that Elizabeth, having isolated her aid to Havre and Dieppe, now, to her intense chagrin, found no willingness on the part of any one to put her in possession of Calais, the prize she coveted. We can only pronounce her rightly served. But her blood boiled at 'the shameful treason,' as it was styled by her gallant garrison at Havre, who were very desirous of an opportunity of making 'the French cock cry cuck.' She refused to evacuate that place, and war was declared. The details of the siege of Havre remind us that the English soldiers of that day were men of whom we have no reason to be ashamed,—the true heroic ancestry of our own contemporaries who held out against such odds at Kars, dashed into such fearful peril at Balaklava, fought so gallantly in the thick fog at Inkermann, and scattered the Sepoys on many a plain of India. It is a picture which it would

require the pen of a Defoe to do justice to,—the little garrison sturdily resisting an overwhelming French army, ready to die rather than their queen should be disgraced by their yielding: and then the terrible attack from a more dreadful foe,—the plague, and its ally, famine. Fresh supplies of men were shipped over from England; but the pestilence devoured them as fast as they arrived. At last, contrary winds kept the British ships from the harbour; and Warwick, the English commander-in-chief, was compelled to capitulate. This blow roused all Elizabeth's better nature. It requires now no great discernment to perceive that the *non*-acquisition of Calais was really something to be thankful for. But to her, who had set her heart on recovering for the realm what her sister had lost, the disappointment was bitter indeed. Yet she received her soldiers as if they had won a great victory; she would, if allowed, have risked her life by going down to Portsmouth, and personally attending to them, sick and famished as they were; and with passionate tenderness she claimed for them from all their fellow subjects help and sympathy.

Meanwhile De Quadra was busier than ever in his congenial element of plots and intrigues; some of which came partially to light, and caused his house—the grand resort of all the disaffected, with its convenient 'water gate'—to be strictly watched. But he still continued to plot on, faithfully serving his two masters, the Spanish king and the pope, till—while trying to secure Mary Stuart's marriage with an Austrian or Spanish prince, and just after sending her a message to assure her of Philip's support in either case—his busy brain ceased to vibrate, and he died at the moment when he felt sure that success was about to crown his plans. His lively letters form one of the chief attractions of Mr. Froude's first volume; and his readers will take leave of the unscrupulous bishop with much regret, though but little esteem.

The Parliament which met in January, 1563, was filled with anxiety for the settlement of the succession; and after earnest debates it ventured to present a petition to her majesty on this subject. But it was a point on which Elizabeth could not bear to be pressed: any arrangement seemed to her as well to ignore the possibility of her marriage, as to imply a desire for a new reign to commence. So she answered the poor Commons sharply; turned her back upon them abruptly; and told the Lords bitterly, that 'the lines they saw in her face were not wrinkles, but small-pox marks.' The session was a short one; for in April it was prorogued, without anything being done to settle the succession on the Protestant line of claimants. Eliza-

beth could speak plainly and to the point, when she chose ; but her state style was amusingly involved. Witness her closing speech to this Parliament, the meaning of which is an enigma that we confide to the patient consideration of our sharpest-witted readers.*

Our space will not permit us to recount at length the troubles in Ireland, which added their weight to the queen's burden of public cares. Else might we attempt the portrait of that sad scapegrace, Shan O'Neil,—a wild, reckless chieftain; compared with whom even a heathen Fijian of our day would show to advantage. We cannot stay to sketch his story,—how, by rapine and murder, he came to be the greatest man in Ireland,—how Elizabeth would gladly have been rid of him by any means,—and how, after being the curse of his wretched country for many years, and dictating insolent terms to Elizabeth, he died a violent death. We must content ourselves with giving a few sentences descriptive of his appearance at court in January, 1562 ; followed by Mr. Froude's epitaph upon him, when he comes to the mortal catastrophe in the summer of 1567.

'He agreed to make a general confession of his sins in Irish and English ; and on the 6th of the month Elizabeth received him.

'The Council, the peers, the foreign ambassadors, bishops, aldermen, dignitaries of all kinds, were present in state, as if at the exhibition of some wild animal of the desert. O'Neil stalked in, his saffron mantle sweeping round and round him, his hair curling on his back and clipped short below the eyes, which gleamed from under it with a grey lustre, frowning, fierce, and cruel. Behind him followed his galloglas, bare-headed and fair-haired, with shirts of mail which reached their knees, a wolfskin slung across their shoulders, and short broad battle-axes in their hands.

'At the foot of the throne the chief paused, bent forward, threw himself on his face upon the ground, and then rising upon his knees spoke aloud in Irish.....To the hearers the sound of the words was as the howling of a dog.'—*Froude's Elizabeth*, vol. ii., pp. 32, 33.

'So died Shan O'Neil, one of those champions of Irish nationality, who under varying features have repeated themselves in the history of that country with periodic regularity. At once a drunken ruffian and a keen and fiery patriot, the representative in his birth of the line of the ancient kings, the ideal in his character of all which Irishmen most admired, regardless in his actions of the laws of God and man, yet the devoted subject in his creed of the Holy Catholic Church ; with an eye which could see far beyond the limits of his

* See *Froude's Elizabeth*, vol. i., pp. 502, 503.

own island, and a tongue which could touch the most passionate chords of the Irish heart; the like of him has been seen many times in that island, and the like of him may be seen many times again, till "the Ethiopian has changed his skin and the leopard his spots." —*Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 420.

We return to Elizabeth's foreign affairs. By her ill-timed parsimony and short-sighted selfishness she had brought on her little army destruction, and on the English name disgrace. Her schemes had been abortive, and it was now the advice of her statesmen that she should make the best peace she could with France; as will be seen from the following letter written by Sir John Mason to Cecil; which is, besides, a curiosity in its tessellated style, presenting such a comical mixture of English and Latin as we are seldom favoured with in these degenerate days.

'My health, I thank God, I have recovered, nothing remaining but an ill cough, which will needs accompany senectutem meam to the journey's end; whereof my care is much lessened by the great care of the many sicknesses that I see in our commonwealth, which is to me more dear than is either health or life to be assaulted with; which would God were but infirmities as you do term them, ac non potius *κακῆθεις*, seu quod genus morbi iis sit magis immorigerum et ad sanandum rebellius: and that worse is, cum universæ corporis partes nobis doleant a vertice capitis usque ad plantam pedis, dolorem tamen (for any care that is seen to be had thereof) sentire non videmur, quod mentis ægrotantis est indicium. A great argument whereof is that in tot Reipublicæ difficultatibus editur, bibitur, luditur, altum dormitur, privata curantur, publica negliguntur, ceu riderent omnia et pax rebus esset altissima. The fear of God, whereby all things were wont to be kept in indifferent order, is in effect gone, and He seemeth to weigh us and to conduct our doings thereafter. The fear of the prince goeth apace after, whereof we see daily proof both by sea and land. It is high time therefore for her highness to take some good way with her enemy, and to grow with him to some reasonable end, yielding to necessity, cui ne Dii quidem resistunt, et non ponere rumores ante salutem; and to answer our friends in reason, so as, rebus foris constitutis, she may wholly attend to see things in better order at home; the looseness whereof is so great, as, being not remedied in time, the tempest is not a little to be feared, cum tot coactæ nubes nobis minantur, which God of his mercy, by the prayer of decem justis, a nobis longissime avertat!

'The queen is expected to go north on progress, whereunto no good man will counsel her. There be in this city and about it numbers of men in much necessity, some for lack of work and some for lack of will to work. If these with others that have possessed the highways round about be not by some good means kept in awe, I fear there

will be ill dwelling near unto London by such as have anything to take to.'—*Froude's Elizabeth*, vol. ii., p. 60.

The men of those times were a little too much in the habit of writing piously while committing or conniving at wrongdoing. Thus, in 1564, when John Hawkins—the first Englishman who engaged in the diabolical slave-trade—had crowded his ships with kidnapped Negroes, so as to breed fever among his crews, and ran risk also of retaliation wherever he touched the shore of injured Africa, his escape from disease and death is celebrated in this strain by the narrator of the voyage in Hakluyt's collection: 'God, however, who worketh all things for the best, would not have it so; and by Him they escaped danger. His name be praised.' Again, when becalmed near the West Indies, the same devout writer, 'one of the party' of men-stealers, tells us that 'Almighty God, *who never suffers His elect to perish*,' sent a breeze just in the nick of time, when their water was running short, and they were expecting to have to throw part of their cargo overboard. There is, of course, much to be said for these hardy sons of the ocean; who thought,—when plaguing the Spaniard, lightening his ships of bullion, or trading with his colonists, contrary to Philip's express orders,—that they were doing God service. There was certainly a debt of retribution to be paid off for the hundreds of English merchants and sailors who were rotting away in the dungeons of the Inquisition, which had the management of the Spanish harbours, and was constantly entrapping the careless, dauntless, heretic sea-dogs.*

In April, 1564, after much higgling and bargaining, Elizabeth agreed to a settlement with France; the Peace of Troyes was concluded; and the two nations opened their eyes for a while to what was good in each other, and enjoyed the blissful calm. Elizabeth's chief trouble now was about Mary Stuart and the succession. She had so fully resigned herself to celibacy, that, as the next best thing to marrying her lover herself, she offered him to Mary, at the same time adding to his eligibility by creating him Earl of Leicester; wishing at once to present her with her own greatest treasure, and to secure to him the reversion of the English throne. But this was not the treasure which the Scotch queen desired: she, too, had her little preferential fancies; and hers already rested on the Earl of Bothwell, whom Elizabeth, having detained in England as a

* Charles Kingsley has sketched these hardy adventurers with admirable felicity in his *Westward Ho!* which breathes the very spirit of Elizabeth's reign, and should be considered rather as an historical master-piece than as a romantic fiction.

mauvais sujet, was in no hurry to send back over the Border to her infatuated sister-queen. At length, however, anxious to please Mary, and win her over to the Dudley match, she let Bothwell go home to his mistress; with whose character his own had much in common. A hearty hater of England and Protestantism, reckless of danger, yet a crafty plotter, and a thorough sensualist, he became Mary's guiding genius, and his return boded no good to the commonweal of Scotland. It was not, however, at present Mary's intention to marry Bothwell. She could have had the Austrian Archduke Charles for a husband: but he was too liberal for her,—his Popery was not hot enough. She would have liked to get the Spanish prince, Don Carlos: but Philip was disinclined to mate his unruly, half-mad, sickly son with her. So her choice settled finally on Lord Darnley, the young representative of the house of Lennox, with royal blood in his veins, and the favourite candidate of the English Catholics for the throne from which they were wishful to unseat Elizabeth.

§ The records of these years are full of manifold schemes for the marriage of these two royal ladies. The phases of the political kaleidoscope were continually presenting new combinations of the old figures. Even now, in 1565, Elizabeth was thinking that, if the Queen of Scots would not marry as she wished, she herself would really be obliged to wed the 'everlasting' archduke, or the boy-king of France, Charles IX. Meanwhile Darnley—'yonder long lad,' as Elizabeth had aptly styled him—made his appearance in Scotland, and was received into the intimacy of Mary, and of Rizzio, (or Ritzio, as Mr. Froude spells it,) her favourite secretary and the pope's active emissary. A knot of violent Romanists gathered about him; and the queen once more attempted to throw open the chapel at Holyrood to all comers, in order to please the Papal part of her subjects. Philip sent in his approval of the match; and, spite of Elizabeth,—who, as soon as she knew what was going on, had recalled her truant subjects, Darnley and his father Lennox,—Mary Stuart became the wife of Darnley on July 29th, 1565. Previous to taking this step,—which was in fact a declaration of war against both Elizabeth and the Protestant religion,—Mary had actually sat under a Reformed Kirk sermon, to blind the 'Congregation' to her intended policy. But as soon as she had thus thrown down the gauntlet, she tore off the mask of pretence, answered the English queen's moderate remonstrances with biting sarcasms, imprisoned her special messenger, Tamworth, and took the field with five thousand men, to quell the Lords of the Congregation, and especially to de-

stroy her brother, Murray, who knew too much of her licentious way of life, and would not countenance her crusade against the Reformers.

Elizabeth, when an intimation reached her of the probability of the Darnley match taking place, had encouraged the Protestant Lords to protest against the step; and they had committed themselves accordingly. But she was not inclined to take an open part in the civil war which she had fostered; and once more the Reform party were doomed to learn a lesson,—the lesson so painfully repeated in France and Germany,—not to put their trust in princes. The Lords fell back on Edinburgh, but, meeting with no support from the citizens, were obliged to hurry on, and cross the Border into England, there to experience how Elizabeth could repudiate those whom she had promised to help. It is a humiliating epoch of the queen's life. One can scarcely believe that this cowed, soft-speaking creature is the stately, magisterial woman who a few weeks before had required Mary Stuart to renounce her creed, and conform to the established Protestant form of religion. But so it was. Elizabeth was in consternation at the bold, quick movements of her rival; and, breaking her promise of help to Murray and the Lords, was again contemplating her last despairing resource, the Austrian archduke. She doubtless thought she was acting in all this with supreme wisdom: but in truth she was plunging herself into the deepest peril, and, by her perfidy to the Protestant Lords, she was throwing them back into the arms of her bitterest foe.

Fortunately for Elizabeth, one of Mary Stuart's weaknesses came now conspicuously into view. Rizzio, 'the minion of the pope,' her private secretary, was her chief adviser; and, with an infatuation akin to that of his mistress, he counselled strong measures, reckless of consequences, and having a like disbelief with Mary in the reality of religious convictions. While scheming and plotting for the extirpation of Protestantism, he had a shrewd eye also to his own advancement and enrichment; requiring to be made a peer of Scotland, and to have a share of the estates of the banished lords, especially those of Mary's half-brother, Murray. It was, no doubt, by the advice and encouragement of the same loose liver and evil counsellor that Mary, at the beginning of 1566, added her signature to the league which had been hatched between the new pope, Pius V., Catherine de Medici, and the Guises, for the annihilation of heresy in France and elsewhere. The new year brought with it, also, certain knowledge that Mary and her youthful husband were already on bad terms. Darnley—

rough, ambitious, boy that he was—thought it was now time for him to share the actual cares and powers of royalty with Mary; and that the 'crown matrimonial' should be legally secured to him. But Mary and Rizzio had resolved to withhold this object of his longing; and Darnley owed the crafty Italian a grudge for this and many another wrong. He had, too, or fancied he had, worse ground still for hatred to this intimate of his wife; and, at his instance, Ruthven, Argyle, Maitland, and others, banded themselves together to punish the unscrupulous foreigner, and so put an end to the scandal. Darnley signed the bond which they drew up for this purpose; which also promised to give him the crown he coveted, and to restore the injured Murray.

The Scotch Estates met; and Mary Stuart, having just packed off Randolph, Elizabeth's faithful ambassador, back to his mistress, saved the Estates the trouble of choosing the Lords of the Articles by making the choice herself, of such as would be willing tools for her reactionary schemes. She was in the zenith of her power, full of triumphant contempt for Elizabeth, hatred for her brother, and scorn for her husband; when the blow suddenly fell on her, which deprived her of her friend and adviser, David Rizzio. The conspirators had fixed on Sunday, the 10th of March, for the execution of summary justice on the secretary; but Darnley, hot and impetuous, could not bear to wait so many hours for his revenge. He demurred, too, to the proposition that Rizzio should be treated with what we call 'Lynch law,'—tried before an extempore tribunal, and hung at the market-place. No, he must be seized in the queen's own presence, in her private apartments, and there meet his fate. Mr. Froude tells the *dénouement* of the tragedy with spirit; but we can quote only a few sentences:—

'All was confusion; the table was upset, Lady Argyle catching a candle as it fell. Ruthven thrust the queen into Darnley's arms, and bade him hold her; while Falconside bent Ritzio's little finger back till he shrieked with pain, and loosed the convulsive grasp with which he clung to his mistress. "Do not hurt him," Mary said faintly. "If he has done wrong, he shall answer to justice." "This shall justify him," said the savage Falconside, drawing a cord out of his pocket. He flung a noose round Ritzio's body, and, while George Douglas snatched the king's dagger from its sheath, the poor wretch was dragged into the midst of the scowling crowd, and borne away into the darkness. He caught Mary's bed as he passed; Falconside struck him sharply on the wrist; he let go with a shriek, and, as he was hurried through the anteroom, the cries of his agony came back upon Mary's ear: "Madame, madame, save me! save me!—justice—I am a dead man! spare my life!"

'Unhappy one! his life would not be spared. They had intended to keep him prisoner through the night, and hang him after some form of trial; but vengeance would not wait for its victim. He was borne alive as far as the stairhead, when George Douglas, with the words, "This is from the king," drove Darnley's dagger into his side—a moment more, and the whole fierce crew were on him like hounds upon a mangled wolf; he was stabbed through and through with a hate which death was not enough to satisfy, and was then dragged head foremost down the staircase, and lay at its foot with sixty wounds in him.'—*Froude's Elizabeth*, vol. ii., pp. 252–254.

And now it was to be seen how consummate an actress Mary really was. It was not in vain that she had been brought up at the feet of the Guises, imbibing all the Machiavellian lessons of their false and cruel policy. After she had treated her husband with abuse and scorn on this fatal Saturday night, Darnley found her on the Sunday morning, to all appearance, a changed woman, of calm demeanour, and full of tenderness and affection for him; and at last Mary so completely brought the foolish youth over to her side that he betrayed all the objects of the conspiracy, which had been chiefly for his especial benefit, and consented to flee with her to Dunbar. The escape was well planned and easily accomplished; at her summons the Catholic nobles speedily came to her help, and within a week she returned to Edinburgh triumphant; while Ruthven and Morton, and the rest, were obliged to take shelter on the Border.

We turn once more to Elizabeth, who found herself still entangled in the meshes of a crooked policy. Her fixed principles were good; her aims just and noble: but she thought herself perfectly at liberty to tack and veer about to suit every wind that rose, without giving up the great objects of her perilous course. She knew that it was still the earnest wish of her people that the succession to the crown should be fixed. Sick of uncertainty, they were willing to accept either Protestant or Romanist for their monarch, rather than be disturbed by continual canvassing and plotting. The Queen of Scots was the favourite candidate with all the Catholic party, and with many of the Protestants; though the majority of the latter preferred the claims of Lady Catherine Grey and her children. To add to Elizabeth's perplexity, on June 19th, 1566, Mary Stuart was delivered of a son, whose birth gave weight to her claims, he being regarded as the heir presumptive to the united crowns of England and Scotland. The English queen was forgetting all her cares in the gaiety of a grand party at Greenwich, when the news was whispered into her ear; and, with drooping head, she uttered the bitterness of disappointment in

the words, 'The Queen of Scots is the mother of a fair son ; and I am but a barren stock !'

For four years no Parliament had met in England. Elizabeth, once or twice every year, had sent out notice of a session, but had always drawn back again, knowing that her liege subjects, when they met, would, in the most polite yet persistent and pig-headed manner, insist upon a settlement of the succession. Now at length her pocket and her prudence alike urged her to summon them together : for the treasury was empty, and the people, having no proper vent for their discontent, were fast rising to the danger-point. Accordingly the Houses met, and her forebodings were realised ; for not only did the Commons discuss the troublesome question, but they were not inclined to vote supplies except with a distinct understanding and settlement of the matter. The queen's staunch friends tried to soothe them by declarations that she really intended to marry : but her promises to that effect had grown stale, and would no longer satisfy them. A committee of both Houses drew up an address, requesting her Highness to marry 'where it should please her, with whom it should please her, and as soon as it should please her : ' but, further, in order adequately to prevent the possibility of a civil war, they humbly besought her to provide for the succession in case of her dying without children. Elizabeth, however, with her usual dislike to the semblance of dictation, gave the good men, Peers and Commons, some smart boxes on the ear for this well-meant petition.

But the Houses, obsequious as they were in style, had already much of that sturdiness which troubled her successor, and upset his son. Cecil tried to soothe the lower House ; but the Commons for a time would not hearken to the voice of the charmer, though as usual he charmed with music and wisdom. After some loud debating, and a dispute with the queen on her arresting one of their members, (a foretaste of Stuart tyranny and troubles,) they voted the needful money, and, on leave-taking, true to their cue, gave Elizabeth, by Mr. Speaker Onslow, a broad hint that they still expected her to marry. She, having the right to reply, gave them a final rap on the knuckles, and dissolved the Parliament.

Whether, out of pique and vexation, she would, after all, have married the Austrian archduke, who was still a bachelor, is only matter for guesswork. Intense as the pressure was upon Elizabeth from every side, help came from a quarter whence she could least have expected it ; and the misdoing of the Queen of Scots scattered to the winds the projects of the Romanists at home and abroad. Mary Stuart's reconciliation with her

husband had lasted only so long as it suited her purposes. In a few weeks, when she had extracted from the unhappy youth every particular as to the murder of her favourite, Rizzio, she once more scornfully turned him adrift; and the poor wretch, with awful forebodings of the coming retribution, wandered about Scotland, with no one to take his part, since he had betrayed and injured all sides alike. Ere long a league was formed amongst Scotch lords of all parties,—who were now united in favour of Mary's claims,—to rid her of the husband with whom she was so disgusted; and a bond was signed by some of them at Craigmillar, where the queen then was staying, to this effect:—

‘That for sae meikle as it was thought expedient and profitable for the commonweal, by the nobility and lords underwritten, that sic an young fool and proud tyran (as the king) should not bear rule of them—for divers causes therefore they all had concluded that he should be put forth by one way or other—and whosoever should take the deed in hand or do it, they should defend and fortify it, for it should be by every one of them reckoned and holden done by themselves.’—*Froude's Elizabeth*, vol. ii., pp. 347, 348.

The only condition which they exacted of Mary was, that she should pardon Morton and his companions: and to this she agreed, with certain exceptions. Darnley heard of the return of his mortal foes, Morton and young Ruthven, and fled away by night from Stirling to his father's house: but on the road a strange disease—probably the result of poison—attacked him, and he was borne into Glasgow weak and languid, and lay for some time at the point of death; while the queen was spending a Christmas of gaiety with Bothwell elsewhere.

The story of Darnley's murder is a deplorable one; and it stands out from among the many dark deeds of those violent days with an especial blackness. His faults were those of an unfledged, half-formed youth; whose childish days of play had been broken into by schemers, before whose dazzled eyes a golden, jewelled crown had shimmered, and who had been seized with a fatal lust for governing others ere he had learnt to govern himself. He fell helpless into the arms of a woman of marble countenance and marble heart. What he might have become in other hands,—how his roughness might have been moulded into manliness, and his boyish failings given place to stable virtues,—how he might have been a staff of strength to her who should have taken pains with him in his weak and wilful youth,—are mere matters for conjecture. What is certain is, that Mary, if she did not actually assist in forming and carrying out the diabolical scheme for dispatching her

husband, at all events knew what was going on, and did nothing to avert the catastrophe. On January 20th, 1567, she wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, (then at Paris,) complaining of Darnley's behaviour; while the latter lay sick at Glasgow, where, a few days after, she visited him; beguiled him with fair words and some show of tenderness; and, in the face of dark forebodings, gained his consent to go with her to Craigmillar,—‘a remote and lonely country house.’ Ere they started, however, their destination was changed, by agreement with her fellow conspirators, and without Darnley's knowledge; and the unhappy man was taken by slow stages to St. Mary's-in-the-Fields,—better known as Kirk-a-Field,—‘a roofless and ruined church, standing just inside the old town walls of Edinburgh;’ where lodgings had been prepared for himself and the queen, and where took place the last act of the tragedy, which has never been told more clearly or with better effect than by Mr. Froude.

‘It was a high day at the court: Sebastian, one of the musicians, was married in the afternoon to Margaret Cawood, Mary Stuart's favourite waiting-woman. When the service was over, the queen took an early supper with Lady Argyle, and afterwards, accompanied by Cassilis, Huntly, and the Earl of Argyle himself, she went as usual to spend the evening with her husband, and professed to intend to stay the night with him. The hours passed on. She was more than commonly tender; and Darnley, absorbed in her caresses, paid no attention to sounds in the room below him, which had he heard them might have disturbed his enjoyment. At ten o'clock that night two servants of Bothwell, Powrie and Patrick Wilson, came by order to the earl's apartments in Holyrood. Hepburn, who was waiting there, pointed to a heap of leather bags and trunks upon the floor, which he bade them carry to the gate of the gardens at the back of Kirk-a-Field. They threw the load on a pair of pack-horses, and led the way in the dark as they were told; Hepburn himself went with them, and at the gate they found Bothwell, with Hay, Ormeston, and another person, muffled in their cloaks. The horses were left standing in the lane. The six men silently took the bags on their shoulders, and carried them to the postern door which led through the town wall. Bothwell then went in to join the queen, and told the rest to make haste with their work and finish it before the queen should go. Powrie and Wilson were dismissed; Hepburn and the three others dragged the bags through the cellar into Mary Stuart's room. They had intended to put the powder into a cask, but the door was too narrow; so they carried it as it was, and poured it out in a heap upon the floor. They blundered in the darkness. Bothwell, who was listening in the room above, heard them stumbling at their work, and stole down to warn them to be silent; but by that time

all was in its place. The dark mass in which the fire spirit lay imprisoned, rose dimly from the ground; the match was in its place, and the earl glided back to the queen's side.

'It was now past midnight. Hay and Hepburn were to remain with the powder alone. "You know what you have to do," Ormeston whispered; "when all is quiet above, you fire the end of the lint and come away." With these words Ormeston passed stealthily into the garden. Paris, who had been assisting in the arrangement, went up stairs to the king's room, and his appearance was the signal concerted beforehand for the party to break up. Bothwell whispered a few words in Argyle's ear; Argyle touched Paris on the back significantly: there was a pause—the length of a Paternoster—when the queen suddenly recollected that there was a masque and a dance at the Palace on the occasion of the marriage, and that she had promised to be present. She rose, and, with many regrets that she could not stay as she intended, kissed her husband, put a ring on his finger, wished him good night, and went. The lords followed her. As she left the room, she said as if by accident, "It was just this time last year that Rizzio was slain."

'In a few moments the gay train was gone. The queen walked back to the glittering halls in Holyrood; Darnley was left alone with his page, Taylor, who slept in his room, and his two servants, Nelson and Edward Seymour. Below, in the darkness, Bothwell's two followers shivered beside the powder heap, and listened with hushed breath till all was still.

'The king, though it was late, was in no mood for sleep, and Mary's last words sounded awfully in his ears. "She was very kind," he said to Nelson, "but why did she speak of Davie's slaughter?" Just then Paris came back to fetch a fur wrapper which the queen had left, and which she thought too pretty to be spoiled. "What will she do?" Darnley said again when he was gone; "it is very lonely." The shadow of death was creeping over him; he was no longer the random boy who two years before had come to Scotland filled with idle dreams of vain ambition. Sorrow, suffering, disease, and fear had done their work. He opened the Prayer-book, and read over the fifty-fifth Psalm, which by a strange coincidence was in the English service for the day that was dawning.

'These are the last words which are known to have passed the lips of Mary Stuart's husband: "Hear my prayer, O Lord, and hide not Thyself from my petition. My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and an horrible dread hath overwhelmed me. It is not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonour, for then I could have borne it. It was even thou, my companion, my guide, and my own familiar friend." Forlorn victim of a cruel time! Twenty-one years old—no more. At the end of an hour he went to bed, with his page at his side. An hour later they two were lying dead in the garden under the stars.

'The exact facts of the murder were never known; only, at two

o'clock that Monday morning, a "crack" was heard which made the drowsy citizens turn in their sleep, and brought down all that side of Balfour's house of Kirk-a-Field in a confused heap of dust and ruin. Nelson, the sole survivor, went to bed and slept when he left his master, and "knew nothing till he found the house falling about him;" Edward Seymour was blown in pieces; but Darnley and his page were found forty yards away, beyond the town wall, under a tree, with "no sign of fire on them," and with their clothes scattered at their side. Some said that they were smothered in their sleep; some that they were taken down into a stable and "wirried;" some that "hearing the keys grate in the doors below them, they started from their beds and were flying down the stairs when they were caught and strangled." Hay and Hepburn told one consistent story to the foot of the scaffold:—When the voices were silent overhead, they lit the match and fled, locking the doors behind them. In the garden they found Bothwell watching with his friends, and they waited there till the house blew up, when they made off and saw no more. It was thought, however, that in dread of torture they left the whole dark truth untold; and over the events of that night a horrible mist still hangs unpenetrated and unpenetrable for ever.—*Froude's Elizabeth*, vol. ii., pp. 367–370.

Mr. Froude defers the discussion of the proofs of his inculpation of Mary in her husband's murder to its appropriate place in a future volume; but gives a brief and satisfactory summary of the materials which he has used, and the grounds on which his account is based. There can be little doubt as to the correctness of his conclusions, and the guilt of the Queen of Scots: in fact, there would probably have been no doubt on the matter, had she been less beautiful, or had her subsequent career been less unfortunate. Her personal charms and her pitiable sufferings have tinged with the rose-colour of romance a life which otherwise would have been regarded with the utmost horror.

Here, for the present, we leave the two queens:—Elizabeth relieved from a cloud of difficulties, not by her superior wisdom, but by the frailties and crimes of her rival; and Mary involved in an inextricable entanglement by the very step which, in her folly, she supposed would cut the knot, and set her free to give full scope to her guilty love and ambition. In dealing with the early years of Elizabeth, it has not been our object to present to our readers the portrait of a faultless queen, but rather, avoiding the partisanship of her friends and foes alike, to depict her as she was,—an uncertain, wayward woman; yet possessed of excellent abilities, animated by good intentions, and endeared to her subjects by the noble spirit which every now and then burst through the environment of her follies,

and, even under tyrannical forms, displayed a glorious sympathy with freedom and true religion. Let her greatness be tested by unprejudiced comparison with her contemporaries; let the insinuations of her enemies be admitted only so far as they can fairly be proved; and it will be found that it has been no schoolboy mistake which has led many to look back on her reign as one in which an Englishman may take some pride. In dwelling on it, the thoughts of the student will perhaps sometimes diverge to our own times and to a neighbouring empire: and he may indulge the wish that the quiet which France now enjoys, though it be the produce of a tyranny unjustifiable in its mode of attainment and in its systematic continuance of oppression, may yet prove to that fine country as grand a nursing-time for divines and patriots as Elizabeth's reign was in our own land. Led by other associations, his aspirations may extend to Italy also; and he may be inclined to foretell the near approach of a day when its king, having already imitated Elizabeth in the suppression of the misnamed 'religious' houses, shall go still further in his discipleship, and throw off the whole grievous burden of the pope's authority.

In conclusion, let us express our satisfaction with the way in which Mr. Froude has accomplished this part of his task. His narrative is clear and well arranged; his style manly and unaffected, rising on occasion to dramatic vigour, yet always free from antithetic exaggeration. His impartiality is for the most part thorough, towards Protestants and Papists alike; his most noticeable bias being against those whom he thinks (not always rightly) he can convict of intolerance,—a mortal sin in his eyes. He mentions Jewell, too, with a bitterness which certainly is not justified by the bishop's having wavered a little in the early part of Mary's trying reign.

This History is essentially a *state* history, though free from the dryness and dreariness which such a designation might seem to imply. We look in vain for any account of the literature of the period. It is true, there was not much of it in the years with which these volumes deal. The great writers whose names we are accustomed to associate with the Elizabethan era had not yet made any figure in the world: Shakspeare was still an infant, Spenser and Philip Sidney were young lads. It is evidently Mr. Froude's design to confine himself strictly to such matters as concerned the government of the nation, to the exclusion of picturesque details of manners and customs, and the domestic life of the people. These must be sought elsewhere, in pictorial or family histories; they would have too

much encumbered our author's plan, which is on a sufficiently large scale as it is.* Indeed, the reader of this work is liable to have his equanimity disturbed by such considerations as this: if these two octavo volumes embrace only eight years of Elizabeth's reign, and if she reigned forty-five years, how many volumes are yet to be expected? It is of course a simple matter of calculation; and we trust that Mr. Froude will be spared to complete his laborious task. It remains to be seen how he will treat the rise of Puritanism. This will serve as a crucial test of his fitness to continue the history of England beyond Elizabeth into the times of the Stuarts,—a period which it is useless for a writer to attempt to describe, unless he is not only master of a wide range of knowledge, but also endowed with a large amount of religious sympathy.

* We think, however, that he might at least have given us a few words on Elizabeth's personal appearance,—a point of interest to every student of her life. Perhaps he thought it controversial ground; and therefore has left us to content ourselves with the engraving prefixed to his first volume, copied from a miniature belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, and almost justifying the enthusiastic lines of Gray's *Bard*:

'Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;
Her lion port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.'

We advise any of our readers who feel interested in this matter to pay a visit to Hampton Court, for the purpose of examining the portraits of Elizabeth which are preserved in that favourite resort of hers. Of these there are no less than seven; one of which (by Holbein) represents her when an infant, and very like the companion picture of her sister Mary; another, (by the same painter,) when she was twelve years of age, a demure little maiden. A third depicts her in an absurd fancy dress, with some verses of her own composition on a scroll. A fourth presents her in the decline of life, with a fan of feathers in her taper fingers; and a fifth, in extreme old age, being, it is supposed, the latest portrait taken of her. In the two last-mentioned, her long triangular chin is as a matter of course embedded in a large ruff. She also appears in a compartment of the large picture by Holbein which represents Henry VIII. and his family in an open colonnade. But perhaps the most remarkable of the whole is a small but beautifully finished painting by De Heere, which treats her sacred majesty allegorically, and represents her, at the ripe age of thirty-six, putting Juno to flight, Minerva to a nonplus, and Venus to the blush, by the radiance of her beauty. Yet the discomfited goddesses have the best of it in point of drapery; for the queen's stiff dress, mounting grimly high up her neck, bears a marked resemblance to the tower of Babel as limned in old prints. The Latin verses inscribed on this picture deserve preservation, if only as showing what a strong passion her majesty had for flattery as well as finery:—

'Juno potens sceptris, et mentis acumine Pallas,
Et roseo Veneris fulget in ore decus.
Adfuit Elisabeth, Juno percussa refugit,
Obstupuit Pallas, erubuitque Venus!'

Yet we must make due allowance for the high-flown style of address which was a characteristic of that and the succeeding age, (see some excellent remarks on this point in Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii., pp. 396-7,) and of which we have a curious instance in the Dedication prefixed to the authorised version of the Bible, where, after styling Queen Elizabeth only 'a bright *Occidental Star*,' the learned divines wing a loftier flight, and compare James the First's farthing-candlelight to 'the *Sun* in his strength!'

- ART. VII.—1. *The Works of William Shakspeare*. Edited by WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK, M.A., and WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT. Vol. III. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.
2. KNIGHT'S *Pictorial Shakspeare*. With 1000 Illustrations. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.
3. *Shakspeare's Works. Illustrated Household Edition*. London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers.

IN taking the most cursory survey of Shakspearean criticism during the period which has elapsed since the works of Shakspeare were recognised as of high literary importance,—that is, from the first quarter of the seventeenth century until now,—we cannot fail to be struck by two circumstances, diverse in themselves and to a first glance appearing contradictory, but which, when well understood, combine into a unity of applause. The first circumstance is, that no two critics seem capable of agreeing as to what specially and distinctively constituted the greatness of Shakspeare's genius; the second, that critics of the first rank in all civilised nations have acquiesced in the opinion that his genius was transcendent. True it is that the recognition of Shakspeare has been more general, spontaneous, and enthusiastic among the Teutonic division of civilised mankind, the Germans and Anglo-Saxons, than among the races whose character has retained profound traces of Greek and Latin civilisation. The French and Italians have bestowed a tardy and qualified homage on Shakspeare, if we compare it with that rendered him by the great writers of England and of central Europe. The French, worshipping in their porcelain temple of pseudo-classic art, swung their censers so vehemently, and raised so thick a cloud of incense to their petty idols, that they contrived for something like a century, to veil from Europe the greatness of Shakspeare. The Italians, justly regarding the *Divine Comedy* as one of the most remarkable products of the human mind, and tracing in it an imaginative amplitude and energy almost unparalleled, hesitated to admit that a greater poetical genius than Dante had appeared in the misty isle of Britain. But it may be affirmed, nevertheless, that the highest minds of France and Italy have in their highest moments been aware that the supremacy of Shakspeare is beyond dispute. They have scrupled to make explicit acknowledgment of that supremacy only in order to preserve the honour of France

and Italy; and just in proportion as they have risen above the contracting influences of pseudo-mediævalism, pseudo-classicism, and pseudo-patriotism, into that atmosphere of serene, impartial, cosmopolitan judgment, which ought always to envelope the Republic of Letters, have they thrilled and trembled beneath the spell of Shakspeare's inspirations.

It is, however, in that great division of the human family with which Shakspeare was associated by the ties of blood that we naturally look for the most sympathetic, intelligent, ardent, and discriminating appreciation of his genius. From his English contemporaries he received as much recognition as he wanted. His dramas were acted before the reigning sovereigns, Elizabeth and James; and, as we know from contemporary authority, both Elizabeth and James were charmed. His literary fellow craftsmen, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and the rest, acknowledged his poetical capacity, and loved him as a man. From an expression of Jonson's, we learn that there were some, even during his own life, who honoured him with what Ben styled 'idolatry;' and, since we know that consciousness of his fame never disturbed the placid vigour and objective healthfulness of Shakspeare's genius, there is something pleasant in the thought that a few daring spirits ventured in his own day to declare that he had distanced all his predecessors, and would be pronounced by future generations the foremost poet of the race. The folio edition of his works, published in 1623, seven years after his death, by his friends Heminge and Condell, was exhausted in 1632. It was probably with this edition that Milton was acquainted; and though his own genius, supreme in its department, was essentially different from that of Shakspeare, the author of *Paradise Lost* has embalmed in immortal verse his veneration for his great countryman. Between 1632 and 1644 the second edition of Shakspeare's plays was exhausted, and in this last year the third appeared. In 1644, and for several years succeeding, England was torn by civil war; then came Puritan ascendancy, with its religious earnestness never to be too much admired, and its official and governmental inculcation of sanctity never to be sufficiently deprecated; this was followed by the moral foulness and spiritual desolation of the time of Charles II.; and it was not until Puritanism and the reaction from Puritanism had alike spent their force, and the blood of Englishmen was regaining its equable flow and moderate temperature, that a new edition of Shakspeare appeared. This took place in 1685. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, Dryden delivered his critical opinion upon Shakspeare;

and in Dryden's two remarks,—first, that Shakspeare had 'of all modern and perhaps ancient poets the largest and most comprehensive soul,' second, that, whenever a great occasion presented itself to his genius, he rose above all other men as the cypress towers above the willows,—there is a meaning, a correctness, a precision, to which subsequent criticism has really added little. That the educated intelligence of England continued during last century to appreciate highly the Shakspearean dramas is proved by the fact that the task of editing those works was deemed fit employment for the first literary men of the age, Pope and Johnson. The French critics of the Voltairean school had, however, a powerful influence in this country; Hume's opinion of Shakspeare is absurd; and it was not until their influence was flung off with contemptuous indignation by Coleridge, Wordsworth, and those other original minds which arose to regenerate British literature about the end of last century, that criticism of Shakspeare by his own countrymen swelled into a full diapason of proud, exultant, and rapturous acclamation. The danger seemed now to be that English authors, when writing of Shakspeare, should lose their self-possession and perspicacity, abandon the calm tone of a manly criticism, and let judgment and discrimination be lost in mere admiring transports. Mr. Carlyle proclaimed that Shakspeare was more to England than her Indian empire; and, looking over the scattered branches of the Anglo-Saxon family 'in America, in New Holland, east and west to the very Antipodes,' declared that King Shakspeare shines in crowned sovereignty over us all, the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying signs. 'We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the nations of Englishmen, a thousand years hence.' Landor, an accomplished critic and a true poet, though too fond of saying strong things, averred that 'all the faults that ever were committed in poetry would be but as air to earth, if we could weigh them against one single thought or image, such as almost every scene exhibits in every drama of this unrivalled genius.' And again, as if resolving to say something about Shakspeare which in intensity of panegyric should distance and defy competition, he maintained roundly that his poems 'are worth all that have been composed from the creation to the present hour.' It is plainly not to be desired that the recognition of Shakspeare by his countrymen should go beyond this, at least in respect of enthusiasm.

When we look across to Germany, we find that its modern literature, second in power, variety, and splendour to no literature which has arisen in Europe for several centuries, is recog-

nised by all the best German critics as having owed its germinal impulse to the dramas of Shakspeare. The earliest works of Schiller, works which exhibit, to our thinking, unmistakable traces of the most powerful imagination that has appeared in Europe since the seventeenth century, are full of Shakspearean influence. Lessing, whose weight of erudition never damped his enthusiasm or dulled the edge of his acuteness, refers habitually to the works of Shakspeare as furnishing the critic with the profoundest rules of his science, and declares the relation of the masterpieces of the French theatre to his dramas, to be that of small miniature paintings to colossal groups in fresco. But to traverse the field of German criticism on Shakspeare would be an absurd attempt on this occasion; and we shall confine ourselves to what is indeed the bright consummate flower of the whole, namely, the estimate of Shakspeare formed and expressed by Goethe.

We are not among the idolaters of this remarkable man. We are by no means sure that, in pure force of imagination, he was the equal of Schiller, when Schiller's power was in its prime; in creative genius he was certainly inferior to Scott; in description he has done nothing superior to Byron's maturest work, as, for example, the Siege of Ismail in the later cantos of *Don Juan*; and we are quite sure that his clear and modest self-knowledge would have smiled with kindly disdain on those fond worshippers who couple his name with Shakspeare's. But there has been no intellect more calm and balanced, no intellect more comprehensively informed on all that relates to literature, in recent times, than that of Goethe; and we regard his authority, therefore, in questions of literary art, as the highest which can be cited in modern Europe. He pronounces Shakspeare 'the most extraordinary and the most wonderful of all authors.' Speaking by the mouth of his hero in *Wilhelm Meister*,—we know from his autobiographical work that his hero expresses in this instance the sentiments entertained by himself,—he declares that no man and no occurrence in life had produced such an impression upon him as the dramas of Shakspeare. 'They seem,' he exclaims, 'the work of a heavenly genius, who approaches men in order to make them in the gentlest way possible acquainted with themselves. They are no poems! You feel that you stand before the terrible books of fate, thrown wide open, the storm-wind of most passionate life rustling through them, and tossing their leaves mightily hither and thither.' These were not words of declamation; Goethe knew what he was saying; he could have illustrated his meaning; he could have put his finger

on proofs, to himself satisfactory, that it was correct. 'All forecastings (*Vorgefühle*),' he goes on, in a quieter tone, 'which I have ever had touching mankind and its destinies, forecastings which, unmarked by myself, accompanied me from youth up, do I find in these Shakspearean pieces fulfilled and unfolded. It seems as if he read all riddles to us without our being able to say, Here or there is the word of solution. His men appear to be natural men, yet they are not such. These most secret and most concentrated creations of nature act before us in his works as if they were clocks, whose hour-plate and cases are of crystal, which show, according to their purpose, the course of the hours, but through which you can see, at the same time, the wheel and spring-work by which they are impelled.'

In the year of the tercentenary celebration of Shakspeare's birthday, our readers will not deem it inappropriate in us to have commenced an essay on his genius and character with these illustrations of the esteem in which he has been held. They will justly expect from us, however, some attempt at an articulate statement of the grounds on which the unanimous laudation of Shakspeare by the most powerful modern minds, laudation which we accept as in the main correct, can be rationally based.

Such an attempt is the more necessary from the fact, that while the applause has been virtually unanimous, differences on particular points respecting Shakspeare have been almost as numerous as criticisms. Some assure us that Shakspeare's dramas are constructed with unrivalled felicity of adaptation to the stage; others affirm that his dramas cannot, in strict truth, be acted at all, and that, to know his characters, to understand his philosophy, to perceive his deepest beauty, we must search for them in the silence of the closet. So sensible a critic as Macaulay asserts that 'no skilful reader of the plays of Shakspeare can endure to see what are called the fine things taken out, under the name of "Beauties" or of "Elegant Extracts," or to hear any single passage, "To be or not to be," for example, quoted as a sample of the great poet.' Every one feels that there is truth in this; and yet it was Dodd's collection of Shakspearean extracts which fired the youth of Germany with admiration in the last century, and prepared the way for that publication of the entire dramas in German, which changed the current of German literature. Goethe refers to those extracts in terms of ardent admiration. And indeed we may satisfy ourselves by the slightest effort of reflection and reminiscence, that a selection of passages could be made from Shakspeare's

works,—descriptive limnings of woodland beauty, battle-scenes, individual speeches, interviews between important characters, soliloquies embodying philosophical or moral observations on life, and so on,—which might enter into competition with any similarly sized selection of complete pieces from the works of our best lyrical and didactic poets. How shall we reconcile these diversities of opinion?

Again, some of the particular judgments pronounced respecting Shakspeare's characters and his relation to other writers are strange and startling. Take a couple of instances. Tieck, a name standing high in the order of Shakspeare's critics, announces that 'Lady Macbeth is a tender soul, filled with love, and ought as such to be represented.' This, our first instance, will probably astonish readers; but we confess that it is to us hardly more amazing than our second instance, to wit, Mr. Carlyle's opinion that, as a humourist, Sterne is superior to Shakspeare. Let us do justice to Sterne. There is doubtless an exquisite flavour in the humorous writing of him who drew Uncle Toby. If we take a little of it at a time, so as not to feel the tedium of the monotonous, wire-drawn narrative, and if we keep to windward of the sickly and dishonest whimpering which serves for pathos, we shall find it pleasant reading: but to name the author of *Tristram Shandy* as a humourist along with him who imagined Falstaff and Slender, Pistol and Ague-cheek, Launce and Touchstone, Dogberry and Malvolio, who wrote *Twelfth Night*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and half a dozen other plays instinct with the most capricious, the sprightliest, the richest, and, on the whole, the best humour ever breathed into creations of genius, is to us one of the most marvellous lapses of judgment ever committed by an able critic.

From all we have seen, it appears probable that the amplitude and variety of Shakspeare's genius cannot be embraced in any one critical formula; and it is certain that, if we succeed in stating in a single sentence wherein his distinctive superiority consists, we can do so, intelligibly and usefully, only after having set forth in order a few of those characteristics of his works in virtue of which we deem them great. This is the humble inductive method; but it is the only one which will satisfy British readers; and it is in truth the only one that will serve the occasion.

Shakspeare's art, we remark to begin with, is generically of the highest order. He works in the noblest province of art, both in respect of subject and of vehicle. We adopt that classification of the activities of the human mind, as ancient in its

essentials as Aristotle but only recently explained with lucidity to the British public, in accordance with which the capacity to reproduce and remodel the works of nature, to present them again (re-present them) in an art-world which is man's own creation, is discriminated from, and put in contrast with, the capacity to search into the facts, laws, and principles of nature, which is employed in the operations of science. The nature of the art-energy being thus ascertained, an obvious principle of arrangement applicable to the several arts is derived from the medium, vehicle, form of expression, used in each. In music, the art-energy works with sound; in painting, with colour; in sculpture, with form; in poetry, with articulate speech. It will not be disputed that humanity, in its highest qualities and interests, is the loftiest subject of art; and though it may be called in question, it is demonstrable, and will here be taken for granted, that the medium or vehicle of articulate speech is beyond comparison the mightiest instrument with which art can work. Shakspeare's subject was humanity; and the medium of his representation was language.

This glance into the region of first principles may be not without its bearing on our present inquiry. We find that Shakspeare, whatever his powers, had the loftiest and widest platform on which to display them. If we suppose that Phidias, Michel Angelo, or Titian were his equals in genius, we should still expect him to achieve greater results than theirs, from the advantage he possesses in the supremely excellent medium through which his genius sought expression. There are a few specialties, no doubt, in which the brush of the painter and the chisel of the sculptor attain a finer perfection of result than the pen of the poet: but one circumstance of superiority on the side of the latter turns the scale immeasurably in his favour. Painter and sculptor work with matter; they are limited by the limitations of matter; their colours are definite and changeless, their forms are precise and alter not. The word-artist is the true magician, for he commands the subtle ministry of the spirits of the mind, imagination, fancy, sympathy, association; and these set before the mind's eye hues and forms of a more ærial and witching loveliness than ever gleamed from canvass or smiled in Parian stone. It will ever be the case, also, that, for a thousand who can feel the potency of words, not more than one will truly respond to the thought of the painter or sculptor. How many tears have been shed over painted Cordelias and sculptured Desdemonas? You could put them into a very small phial. And what artist will

not offend our imagination who imprisons in one shape, of colour or of stone, the quaint, delicate, tricky Ariel, whose form changes with each turn of the breeze, each caprice of the sunshine, each alternation of kindly, wayward, or mischievous service?

We would call attention, in the next place,—for the matter is important, though on the surface,—to the mere extent of Shakspeare's works. In speaking of other dramatists, it is much if we can point to one, two, or three masterpieces. If a Schiller, a Goethe, has produced a *Robbers* or a *Wallenstein*, an *Egmont* or a *Faust*, which it is not quite absurd to compare with the second-rate efforts of Shakspeare,—if a Marlowe, an Otway, a Jonson, a Fletcher, a Beaumont, have produced each a play which in its noblest scenes has a few strokes of Shakspearean passion, a few tones of Shakspearean melody,—this is the highest praise we can give those wonderful men. But if we cast aside all Shakspeare's inferior work, there remain at least twenty great dramas with which no other dramatic compositions in the world can be seriously compared. We refer now chiefly to modern men, but our words apply also to the ancients. The Shakspearean dramas, taken collectively, are at least three or four times as extensive as the whole *Iliad* and *Odyssey* put together.

This implies much. The nature of Shakspeare's poetic activity was determined throughout by the scale on which he worked. It was a necessity for him to deal in great masses of light and shade; it was impossible for him to be minutely and invariably perfect. He was of that mightiest class of artists who, to use the eloquent language of Mr. Ruskin, 'reap and thresh in the sheaf, never pluck ears to rub in the hand,' who 'fish with net, not line,' and care not though a thousand sparkling fins glance through the meshes of their net and escape them, if only the great fishes are enclosed in its 'errorless curve.' The faults of Homer and Shakspeare are as numerous as wrinkles on the sides of great mountains, and that just because the Titanic power of their genius threw up loftier mountain-ranges than the genius of any other poets. It is a profound truth that the greatest human achievements are not only imperfect, but have imperfection associated indissolubly with their greatness; and that perfection in any work of art is an infallible sign that it is not a great work. If Rubens had finished like Meissonnier, he would not have been a greater artist, but a less. Jonson refers to the boast of the players, that Shakspeare had never blotted a line; adding that he, Jonson, wished he had blotted a thousand. Pope has made it a commonplace of criticism that 'the last and greatest art' is

'the art to blot.' But we take leave to differ from Jonson as to the desirability of Shakspeare's having blotted exceptionable lines. Maxims which work well in the hands of second-rate men, of men whose ideal is a faultless elegance, have but a limited application to supreme poetical inventors. Your Virgil pours out a few score lines in the morning, and spends the day in polishing them; but we do not hear that Homer applied the file to his verses. It is difficult to speak of those marvellous and inscrutable operations of the human mind which have been performed only a very few times in the history of the species; but there is ample evidence in the productions both of Homer and of Shakspeare, that the impulse of poetic passion, the glow of poetic inspiration, was so strong upon them, as to be hardly under the control of will. Words, phrases, images, leaped burning forth, which they felt afterwards that they could hardly touch. The poet who is keenly conscious, while he composes, of the operation of his poetic faculty, who reflects on each word he uses, is never of the highest order. The infallible proof that our own Tennyson does not rank with the greatest men is, that a large proportion of his work has the perfection of fine China ware or exquisitely cut jewellery. The greatest men work towards great effects; and to all, except their great effects, they are comparatively indifferent. Thus, though Homer and Shakspeare abound in blemishes, blemishes which it is the mere sickliness of critical ingenuity to convert into beauties, they excel all authors in attaining their main purpose: Homer, in arresting the breathless attention of his reader, while his narrative, with its hurrying battle-tumult and panoramic splendours, rolls on to the consummation; Shakspeare, in rousing the passions of love, joy, mirth, terror, awe-struck mournfulness, and in bringing out the grandest lines of human character. If they are tender or delicate, their tenderness springs up spontaneously, like the fountain in the cleft of the rock; their delicacy is that of the floweret wooing the sunbeam to the crag.

To look more closely into the peculiarity of Shakspeare's genius, while continuing in the same or a connected line of thought, we observe that his works present a greater variety of subject and character than those of any other author. No man has produced so great an amount of the highest imaginative work; yet no man is less monotonous. His variety is one of those characteristics in which he is absolutely unparalleled. Homer is varied, but the group of characters portrayed in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* is meagre compared with that

which is presented in the mere English historical plays of Shakspeare. Every one acquainted with the Homeric poems, moreover, is familiar with Homer's recurrent similitudes. It is much if, after long and vigilant reading of Shakspeare, you detect one or two moods of thought or forms of imagery for which he can be said to have had a preference. He agrees with Homer in a poetic fondness for lions. He repeats the thought and image that, when the sea is calm, all boats alike show mastership in floating, whereas only the strong-ribbed bark can live amid the 'liquid mountains' of the storm-tossed deep; and that 'even so doth valour's show and valour's worth divide in storms of fortune.' A very few such preferences and repetitions may by careful inquisition be discovered in Shakspeare; and he has no hesitation in repeating incidents of plot, as, for example, the stratagem by which Mariana in *Measure for Measure* and Helena in *All's Well that Ends Well* are respectively assigned to their rightful husbands. But in the substance and real power of his dramas, his variety is unfailling. He has touched on well-nigh all that was greatest in the history of his country from the period in which the English nationality took definite shape down to his own lifetime; and touched upon it in such a way that Marlborough was not ashamed to confess his ignorance of English history beyond what he had learned from Shakspeare, and that Schlegel and Carlyle unite in pronouncing the delineation epical. 'The great salient points,' says Carlyle, 'are admirably seized; all rounds itself off into a kind of rhythmic coherence.' Those ten plays, from *King John* to *King Henry VIII.*, place Shakspeare at the head of historical dramatists, without any one to take a place near him. In his Greek plays he gives us his idea—and it is an original, manly and, in some respects, surprising idea—of the Homeric heroes. His evident contempt for Achilles, and his just appreciation of Ulysses, are highly significant. Not to speak of *Coriolanus*, a work abounding with all kinds of power, his *Julius Cesar* and *Antony and Cleopatra* exhibit, in admirable historical perspective, and with the profoundest philosophical discrimination of character and motive in the actors, the great revolution by which the Roman Republic passed into an empire, and the stream of civilisation was turned into a new channel. Of an entirely different character, and each different in itself, are the great passion-tragedies, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Othello*; different again, and again consummate in power and grandeur, are the legendary tragedies, *Lear* and *Macbeth*: while *Hamlet* stands by itself, a tragedy of personal character and domestic

history which would alone have proved Shakspeare to be one of the most gifted of men. We have still to mention the numerous works which go under the name of comedies, and which present, with a freshness varying like that of days in summer, all that is bright, mirthful, and laughter-stirring in human existence. Who shall represent the opulence of ever-changing beauty, the vivacity, the sportive strength, the knowledge of life on all its sides, exhibited in those works; from the gay lyrical outpouring of *As You Like It*, with its glances of silvery light among the forest boughs, and piquant, picturesque dallying with the sad mystery of existence, to the jocund horse-play, 'laughter holding both his sides,' of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; from the delicious humour of *Twelfth Night*, with Malvolio in his yellow stockings, and Sir Toby Belch, clear for it that cakes and ale must not give way to the march of virtue, to the piercing insight into the human heart and errorless delineation of its most secret working in *Measure for Measure*; from Falstaff and his regiment, from Dogberry and his watch, to Oberon and Titania and all the faery-land of *Midsummer Night's Dream*? We pause in astonishment at the comprehensiveness of a genius which reaches the highest summit of achievement both in tragedy and comedy, and which, in the historical and mixed drama, shows itself equal to the greatest tasks of epic poetry.

We have now viewed the Shakspearean plays in their first broad aspect; and it may be well, before we proceed to inquire into their more subtle and distinctive qualities, to say a few words on the vesture in which Shakspeare's thoughts and conceptions are set before us, on the language,—using the word in its widest sense, to include every kind of imagery as well as mere vocables,—which was to him what colours are to the painter. We have said that language is a wonderful instrument; we now inquire how it is handled by Shakspeare.

Professor Masson, in his ingenious essay on Shakspeare and Goethe, while perhaps too timid in asserting the supremacy of the English poet in thought and invention, is very safe in 'challenging the world to gainsay that he was the greatest *expresser* that ever lived.' Most true is it that 'no man that ever lived said such splendid things on all subjects universally; no man that ever lived had the faculty of pouring out on all occasions such a flood of the richest and deepest language. From a jewelled ring on an alderman's finger to the most mountainous thought or deed of man or demon, nothing suggested itself that his speech could not envelope and enfold with ease. That expressive fluency which astonished Ben

Jonson when he listened to Shakspeare in person, astonishes the world yet. Abundance, ease, redundancy, a plenitude of word, sound, and imagery, which, were the intellect at work only a little less magnificent, would sometimes end in sheer braggardism and bombast, are the characteristics of Shakspeare's style. Nothing is suppressed, nothing omitted, nothing cancelled. On and on the poet flows; words, thoughts, and fancies crowding on him as fast as he can write, all related to the matter on hand, and all poured forth together, to rise and fall on the waves of an established cadence.' A superlative faculty of expression is the natural accompaniment of poetic genius; and perhaps the easiest way to get at a vivid and approximately correct appreciation of Shakspeare's poetical capacity is to observe how his words flow forth spontaneously in melody and beauty. His radiancy of expression was connected with the most secret and subtle action of his imagination; it was the penetrative, vivifying force of his poetic intuition, which made his words break into dawn-like, flower-like, flame-like beauty. The genius of the plastic artist can, it has been remarked, so model a piece of gold that its form will outvalue its matter. A thought which, in ordinary expression, would be merely appropriate, becomes, in the light of Shakspeare's language, striking and memorable. Let us give one simple illustration of what we mean. John Bunyan, himself a man of great imagination and no small linguistic power, expresses the tenderness of his affection for his blind daughter in these words: 'I cannot endure the wind should blow upon thee.' This is beautiful. It does not occur to the mind that the phrase could be improved. But Shakspeare touches it with his finger, and it is brightened and burnished into this:—

So loving to my mother
That he might not betwixt the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.

That haunts the memory like a tone of music. The spell by which great poets fascinate mankind is closely connected with such power of changing, as if by magical touch, the chrysalis of prose into the 'winged flash' of poetic light and life. Every reader who knows anything of Shakspeare will recall illustrations of the incomparable felicity, vividness, and force of his language; and it would be absurd to cull a few leaves from his forest. We may ask, however, whether brush or chisel could approach the beauty of this quiet and simple expression of nature's attestation to the virtue of an accused woman, as inscribed upon her own features:—

I have marked
 A thousand blushing apparitions start
 Into her face ; a thousand innocent shames
 In angel whiteness bear away those blushes ;
 And in her eye there hath appeared a fire,
 To burn the error that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth.

The words are spoken by the friar in *Much Ado about Nothing*, when he states his belief that Hero is innocent of the wickedness which Don John's villany has laid to her charge. It is interesting to know that Shakspeare was consciously aware of the power of skilful words to adorn the subject-matter of poetry. We find these lines in one of his sonnets :—

Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
 That to his subject lends not some small glory.

We may remark that, in producing his linguistic effects, Shakspeare possessed a decided advantage from not having come under the tyranny of that French elegance which, for more than a century, paralysed the invention of British stylists, and for rebelling against which, and returning to Elizabethan liberty, certain writers of our own time have been accused of writing half-German jargon. Shakspeare never scrupled to express a fine shade of meaning by linking adjective to adjective, or adjective and substantive, so as to form the required epithet. Thus we have 'moving-delicate,' 'summer-swelling,' 'summer-seeding,' 'sweet-suggesting,' 'odd-conceited,' 'holy-cruel,' and an endless variety of the like. It is to be regretted that the example of Shakspeare has not been followed in this point; for the English language is deficient in no respect so much as in flexibility and power of expressing exquisite shades of thought or emotion. We shall not tarry longer over this part of our theme, which would furnish ample and instructive matter for an entire essay. To Shakspeare's language we can apply what Hooker says of musical harmony, that it expresses and represents to the mind, 'more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject.' It modulates itself to every mood of feeling; it suits every species of description; it serves every purpose of the speculative thinker and of the practical man. In the mouth of Coriolanus, it is the brief, clear, nervous diction of a soldier; from the lip of Prospero it flows in a calm, broad stream of eloquent philosophy; the lover revels in its florid abundance, as he basks in the smile of his

mistress; and in moments of despair or anguish, its quick, fierce, panting accents are the very language of a soul in agony and spasm. Did our space permit, we should proceed to show that, in imaginative fitness, in giving every incident its suitable environment, in hanging the icicle which emblems chastity on the temple of Dian, and summoning the ghost upon the rampart in the pale moonlight, Shakspeare is as exemplary as in the use of words.

We found Macaulay objecting strongly to collections of extracts from Shakspeare, on the ground that every passage in his works owes its force to the dramatic propriety with which it occurs precisely where Shakspeare has placed it. In other words, Macaulay asserted that the dramatic capacity of Shakspeare was so powerful that we do him injustice when we treat him as a poet. From Sheridan, we have precisely the opposite opinion. He seems to have regarded Shakspeare's capacity as a theatrical and dramatic writer with contempt; but he emphatically declared that Shakspeare 'always wrote poetry.' The fact is, that Macaulay and Sheridan were right in what they affirmed, and wrong in what they denied. If by the dramatic faculty, as contrasted with the poetic, we mean that which portrays the workings of the human intellect and heart under given circumstances, and exhibits those workings in appropriate language, we may pronounce with Macaulay that, in all Shakspeare's best works, the correspondence between the language used by the *dramatis persone* and the part they play is so close, that the force of what they say is diminished unless we hear them speak it. On the other hand, it is unquestionably true that Shakspeare always writes poetry. No dramatic faculty less powerful than his could have preserved verisimilitude and fitness of dialogue amid the dazzling blaze of poetic beauty which illumines his plays. If we say that the poetic element, as contrasted with the dramatic element, is the pervasion of thought and sentiment with beauty, we must admit that the nobler Shakspearean characters talk the purest and noblest poetry. Shakspeare strikes the tone of their feeling with exactitude so nice that, though they thus express that feeling, our sense of verisimilitude is never offended. The truth of the feeling secures dramatic propriety; the beauty of its expression secures perpetual poetry: Shakspeare is a consummate dramatist and a consummate poet; and Macaulay and Sheridan are both right and both wrong. Shakspeare's purple and cloth of gold sit so naturally on his characters, that we never fail to recognise beneath it the limbs and movements of their humanity. No writer has ever combined poetic

with dramatic power in equal perfection and to an equal extent. We are compelled to be sparing of quotations, but we cannot refrain from setting one passage before the reader, of which we are prepared definitely to assert that the union it presents of dramatic and poetic power is to be found only in Shakspeare. The like is found in Shakspeare many times in all his greater works. The passage to which we allude occurs in the interview between Claudio and Isabella in *Measure for Measure*. Claudio lies under sentence of death for a breach of that law by which incontinence had been made a capital offence. His sister, Isabella, has pleaded for his life with Angelo, who governs the State in the absence of the duke, and who had been selected for the office on account of his austere and inflexible virtue. This man has tempted Isabella to surrender her virtue as the price of her brother's life. She has rejected the offer with indignation and contempt. On her next visit to Claudio in his dungeon, the following dialogue takes place between them:—

Isab. This night's the time

That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do it.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? sure it is no sin:
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst

Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
 Imagine howling;—'tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! Alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live!

What sin you do to save a brother's life,
 Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
 That it becomes a virtue.

We might search literature in vain for such a poetic description of the natural horror with which men regard death as this of Claudio; but the concentrated imaginative energy of Claudio's language is not so wonderful as that tracing of the secret working of his mind, by which Shakspeare renders dramatically visible the welling up in his soul of the passion by which he is moved. At first he only half apprehends the momentous fact which his sister has laid before him. His mind, stunned and swooning under the certainty of death, raises but a wan glance to the ray of hope. Then his faculties flash vividly awake, and commence work with terrible and impassioned intensity. Still he fears to quaff the draught which seems within reach of his lip, lest, if after all it is dashed aside, it should agonize and madden him. He struggles with the wish to live; he makes some show of resistance, as that wish rapidly masters feeling, intellect, volition. 'Thou shalt not do it.' 'Thanks, dear Isabel.' These brief words he utters while his mind is in transition. But the struggle is vain; he casts off reticence and disguise; with frenzied eye and the piteous earnestness of desperation, he cries on his sister to save him. He begins with reasoning. He crushes into a few words the most powerful and plausible intellectual arguments that can be brought to bear upon the case,—the smallness of the sin for which he must die; the wisdom of Angelo; the unlikelihood that he would sell his soul's eternal life, if the sin were deadly: but soon, feeling instinctively that his chance lies in an appeal not to the intellect but to the heart of Isabel, he abandons argument, launches into that magnificently terrible description of death, and concludes with the cry of blended agony and tenderness, 'Sweet sister, let me live!' This is dramatic truth and poetic beauty, each in transcendent degree. The whole domain of literary art, if we exclude the dramas of Shakspeare, will not yield us half-a-dozen such passages.

There is another and comparatively quite unimportant sense

of the words, dramatic propriety, which was probably in Sheridan's mind when he spoke in depreciatory terms of the genius of Shakspeare. We allude to the fitness of dramatic works for presentation on the stage. We may be permitted to doubt whether the very first place among masters of theatrical effect can be claimed for Shakspeare; but the point is not worth much discussion. There are plays of Shakspeare which, rendered by actors of consummate ability, would probably produce a deeper impression on a competent audience than any other plays in existence. But the conclusion of Goethe, arrived at after long experiment made under circumstances of the highest advantage, namely, that Shakspeare's pieces cannot be successfully represented in the precise form in which he left them, appears to us to settle the general question. That Shakspeare possessed an exquisite feeling for stage effect Goethe admits and maintains, citing, in proof of the fact, first, the incident of Prince Henry trying on the crown by the bedside of his dying father; and, secondly, the appearance of the ghost in *Hamlet* in the chamber of the queen, not, as formerly, in armour, but in a night-dress. Goethe is clearly of opinion, however, that Shakspeare trusted for effect more to his thoughts and images than to his spectacle. We are for our own part firmly convinced that the more extensive and profound the influence of Shakspeare becomes upon cultivated minds in all nations, the less will his works be produced upon the stage.

But we have not yet finished our inductive survey of Shakspeare's main characteristics; we have yet, strange as it may appear, to signalise the highest properties of his genius. These we may arrange under two heads.

In the first place, Shakspeare's creative sympathy, exhibited in the *invention* and *individualisation* of his characters, is removed beyond all rivalry. Mr. Carlyle, in claiming for Goethe the first place among modern poets, and in venturing, carried away by hero-worshipping admiration for the man who exerted a profound and determining influence on his own spiritual history, to compare him with Shakspeare, lays just emphasis upon the tolerant comprehensiveness of Goethe's sympathy, and his power of keeping his characters unaffected by his own personality. If we place the characters of Goethe beside those names which Byron, in his minor poems, prefixed to the unmistakeable utterances of his intensely lyrical genius, we shall indeed be impressed with the keenness of their individualisation. But though Goethe individualised better than Byron, except in Byron's latest efforts, he did not individualise consummately well. He was intellectually calm, and found room

for most things in heaven and earth in his philosophy; but as a dramatic poet, as an inventor and delineator of character, he knew his weakness; and it requires no special exercise of critical acumen to discern that many of his works are injured by his defective capacity of individualisation. In writing *Götz von Berlichingen*, his lyrical enthusiasm for Adelheid, the heroine of the piece, carried him beyond all bounds of dramatic self-possession; and *Egmont* is utterly ruined as an historical play by the lyrical enthusiasm and passionate delight with which its author dwells on the love of Clärchen for the hero. Scott, the greatest literary inventor of our times, who, in fact, within his own comparatively narrow range, individualised as well as Shakspeare, never errs in this way. Pleydell and Dandy Dinmont, Jeanie Deans and Diana Vernon, are as vital as any literary characters can be, and stand out in as clear objective distinctness from the personality of Walter Scott as Falstaff and Jaques from the personality of Shakspeare. Goethe is superior to Scott in the elevated and thoughtful tone of his mind, and in his grasp of certain mighty emotions which sway the human heart in seasons of intellectual travail and spiritual pain. But if Goethe's elaborate culture refined his imaginative feeling, it tamed his imaginative force, and the gain was more than balanced by the loss. Hence, while in Goethe's later works we have perhaps the finest didactic poetry ever written, with exhaustless stores of worldly shrewdness and philosophical sagacity, it is only in *Werther* and the first part of *Faust* that we see his imagination, as such, acting with pure and supreme intensity. The ardour of Shakspeare's imagination in his youth was, to say the least, not inferior to that of young Goethe; but the splendour of its burning was never dimmed,—rather did it proceed from spring brilliancy to summer heat, and strength, and amplitude; and in the distinctive task of imagination, that of fusing materials into a poetic whole, and giving life to characters, and expressing the full rapture and anguish of passion, such later performances as *Othello* are superior to all his earlier work. Nor is it easy for us to conceive how the most ardent admirer of Goethe, the man most strongly disposed to insist upon the keenness and revealing truth of his glances into the problems of life and destiny, should maintain that his range either of thought or feeling is equal to Shakspeare's. We are in a position, therefore, to make this assertion in reference to Shakspeare's power, that he could individualise his characters as well as the author of *Waverley*, and that he could body forth and poetically vitalise characters,—Hamlet, for example,—whose feeling and philo-

sophy go deeper and rise higher than the deepest and highest of Goethe. In other words, he combined the greatness of our two greatest modern poets.

If the reader is at any loss for our meaning in what we have said of the individualisation of Shakspeare's characters, let him read the drama of *Othello*. Can he tell us whether it is with Iago or with Othello that Shakspeare sympathizes most,—whether the master-hand uses the finer touch in delineating the cruellest and most treacherous of all villains, or in tracing the tenderness of Desdemona? Shakspeare lives in the heart alike of Desdemona, of Othello, of Iago; and the words of each reveal to us the inmost secrets of their being. You can say the same of Macbeth and of Prospero, of Lady Macbeth and of Cordelia, of Lear and of Hamlet, of Cleopatra and of Isabella. This man enters into all hearts and opens to us their inner mysteries more completely than if we had lived and conversed with the beings to whom he introduces us. We saw formerly how vast is the diversity of Shakspeare's creations, how multitudinous are his characters; we now find how these are discriminated from each other: we glanced round the spacious hall, and observed the variety of the fresco groups which cover its walls; we now ascertain the character of the execution, the force and precision of the drawing, the harmony, richness, and subtle truth of the colour. If it is difficult for us to comprehend such might of imaginative genius, we may at least assert with intelligence that it is transcendently great.

And now we come to the last and in some respects the highest illustration to be given of the power of Shakspeare. We refer to that profound wisdom which pervades his works, and which is manifested chiefly in two ways: first, in his sayings, of concentrated laconic force and shrewdness, in his statement of particular truths, which apply with marvellous accuracy and insight to all the interests and activities of men; secondly, in his knowledge, which seems intuitive and all-comprehending, of the fundamental laws of human society, the great regulative principles in the providential scheme and government of the world.

Of the first of these it is needless to speak. Every one is familiar with examples of those Shakspearean maxims which have enriched English literature since the works of Shakspeare were published, which have been heard in the most nervous and lucid expositions of the pulpit, and the most eloquent appeals of the senate and the bar, and which have done much to impress upon Englishmen that quality of practical wisdom

which is a boasted characteristic of the nation. It is the least praise which can be justly bestowed upon these maxims to say that they are as apt and pointed as the best things in Bacon's Essays; while in variety of tone, from caustic satire to the mildest and most genial wisdom, from the broad sardonic humour of 'Foolery, Sir, doth walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere,' to the pensive sublimity of

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep,

they far transcend anything we shall find in Bacon. It cannot be reasonably doubted that these deep sayings prove Shakspeare to have been habitually thoughtful. By reflective musing on the facts of his observation, he had filled his treasury with sterling and sifted wisdom; and if his genius had been led into such a course of manifestation, he could have composed admirable treatises of a didactic and philosophical character. The delicacy and penetrating force of his observation go to the root of all phenomena; and he states with the lordliest indifference, without comment or flourish, the profoundest truths. We shall cite one example of what we mean. It has been observed by all who have written on human affairs, that when a man is in adversity he is forsaken by his friends; but it is a far more deep and terrible truth that nature herself seems to conspire against the unhappy, and that, under the gathering clouds of trouble, the brain reels, the intellectual vision becomes dim, the energy of the strong arm is paralysed. Just when, in accordance with the analogy of her acting in lower and less important provinces, with her habit of supplying new osseous matter to cement the broken bone and folding up the gash in the tree-trunk with enveloping bark, we might have expected her to rally the forces of the soul to the task of helming the vessel in the storm of adversity, she leaves the nerve to shake with agitation, and the brain to burn with fever. Is it that man, in the stress of fate, is admonished by nature to seek a calming, steadying influence, not of earth but heaven? The seaman on the rocking mast becomes giddy if he looks downwards to the deck or the deep; his eye ceases to swim and his hand to tremble when he turns his face to the blue vault and the orb of day. Be this as it may, we find Shakspeare, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, bringing out in clearest precision the truth to which we refer. Antony, whom we had previously known as the man of compact intellectual fibre, adroit, vigilant,

prompt, clear-seeing, is no sooner defeated than he loses his perspicacity and energy, dreams that Octavius will meet him in personal combat, and talks like a braggart and a fool. To make it impossible to mistake his meaning, Shakspeare puts these words into the mouth of Enobarbus:—

I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.

That is the saddest of all suffering; the deepest note in the wailing cry of humanity; to save man from this unkindness of nature, he must turn to a Power above nature, more loving than nature.

But the wisdom of Shakspeare is displayed in yet another way, namely, in his intuitive apprehension of the great laws of human society, and his recognition of the providential principles on which the world is governed. The preceding remarks bear upon his enunciation of particular truths; we now allude to the general structure of his dramas. Other poets steer their little vessels according to certain little rules, of poetical justice and the like, from island to island,—painted ships on a painted ocean. Shakspeare launches his bark upon the mighty sea, and lets its course be determined by the tides and the great currents as they roll hither and thither; all his effort is to keep it in the stream of tendency, so that the curves and sweeps of its voyage may show the set of life's tides and currents.

Goethe says of the plan of *Hamlet* that 'it is not invented, it is fact;' and his remarks on the historical philosophy, or philosophical history, embodied in that drama, besides being profound and pertinent in themselves, are lucidly illustrative of what we mean when we say that Shakspeare wrote in sympathy with the fundamental laws of life. Goethe's analysis of *Hamlet's* character, one of the finest pieces of Shakspearean criticism in existence, is widely known; but it is not with that we have here to do. 'It pleases us well,' says Goethe, in reference to the plan of *Hamlet*, 'it flatters us exceedingly, when we behold a hero who acts with intrinsic power, who loves and hates as he pleases, who undertakes and achieves, casts all hindrances from his path, and attains the goal towards which he has striven. Historians and poets would gladly persuade us that so proud a lot may fall to man. By Shakspeare we are otherwise instructed: the hero has no plan, but the piece is full of plan. We have not a villain punished

in accordance with some idea of revenge, rigidly and arbitrarily carried out. No; a deed of horror and wickedness occurs; the torrent of its consequences rushes on, dragging the innocent along with it; the guilty one seems to evade the abyss appointed for him, and plunges into it at the very moment when he thinks the way of escape is plain. For this is the property of a deed of darkness that it brings calamity upon the innocent, as it is the property of a good action that it sheds many benefits even upon the undeserving, without its being certain that the originator of either will be punished or rewarded. How wonderfully is this brought out in *Hamlet*! The ghost rises from the penal fire and demands revenge; but it is vain. All circumstances conspire and urge towards revenge; in vain! Neither earthly nor unearthly beings can accomplish what is reserved for fate. The hour of retribution comes: the wicked falls with the good; one race is mowed away, and another springs up.* Yes. So it is in nature. One labours and another enters into his labours. When human plans are arranged, when fruition is expected, the decree goes forth, 'Put ye in the sickle.' Shakspeare does not enunciate this truth in so many words; but he lets his drama evolve itself as the cycle of events would have been developed in nature; and it bears with it, therefore, the lessons which would have been embodied in such a series of actual occurrences.

It is singular that Goethe, having taken this profound view of the Shakspearean dramas, should have declared elsewhere that in the heart of each of those works is one idea, which has an influence in every part, and can be shown to be all-pervasive. Would it not have been a descent from the highest region of natural-ideal art, if Shakspeare had composed on this principle? No great group of historical occurrences teaches but one idea, and it is with great groups of historical occurrences that Shakspeare loves to deal.

Goethe gives us three examples of those fundamental ideas, from which, as he believes, may be traced the whole development of the Shakspearean plays. In *Coriolanus* the idea is vexation that the masses of the population will not acknowledge the superiority of their betters. In *Julius Cæsar* everything depends on the truth that the better classes will not permit the first place to be occupied by the most royal man, from their selfish emulation and the foolish persuasion that they can carry on affairs in combination. In *Antony and Cleopatra* we are taught, with a thousand tongues, that pleasure and action

* The translations from Goethe in this article are made direct from the *Stuttgart and Tübingen* Edition in Thirty Volumes.

are irreconcilable. These ideas are doubtless to be found in the plays mentioned; but can they be said to be the several and specific ideas of those plays? Suppose we were to maintain that the idea of *Coriolanus* is the perverse pride and cruel contempt with which the man of patrician breeding and principles is apt to spurn the people, could we not bring much from the play to support our position?

Cor. I pray, your price o'the consulship?
1st Citizen. The price is, Sir, to ask it kindly.

This was the price *Coriolanus* would never pay; and is it not the most plausible defence of the populace in all ages, that aristocracies meet them with a repelling sneer, and will not assay to gain the natural leadership over them by speaking to them humanly and kindly?

But it is in relation to *Julius Cæsar* that the one idea theory most conspicuously fails. We shall not affirm that this play does not afford illustration of the idea to which Goethe confines it. Nay, that idea is put in so many words by *Artemidorus* :—

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
 Out of the teeth of emulation.

But *Artemidorus* appears only twice in the piece, and his harsh estimate of the motives of the conspirators is too natural to one of the most ardent of Cæsar's admirers to admit of our regarding it as Shakspeare's. That it was not the main design of the dramatist to embody and enforce Goethe's one idea is proved by two circumstances: first, that he is at no pains to exhibit the superiority of Cæsar to his countrymen as so decided that subjection to him would have been an advantage to the State; second, that in the delineation of Brutus, who was the soul of the conspiracy, he is careful to make it appear that it was not from emulation he acted, but from pure and lofty motives. In point of fact, the truths and lessons of this wonderful drama,—for if not in the very first rank of Shakspeare's works, it is unquestionably a masterpiece, —will be found numerous in proportion to the care and earnestness devoted to its study. We shall subject it to a brief examination.

Shakspeare drew his materials in *Julius Cæsar* from Plutarch, and the events of the play are throughout historical. The fidelity and fulness of historical detail which appear in every act, are astonishing. Shakspeare bows down to the majesty of fact, and accepts from the lips of truth the law of his imagination. This drama illustrates, however, with equal distinctness the

position that, in loyal adherence to fact, imagination gains her utmost freedom and power. Out of three Plutarchian biographies, selecting what is essential, condensing what is diffuse, heightening here and there an historical occurrence, arranging everywhere the light and shade so as to produce the highest effect, and irradiating the whole by an insight which penetrates to the heart of every character, and puts a tongue into every incident, Shakspeare combines the scattered materials of Plutarch into an immortal picture. It is magnificent to mark his hand, as it follows the pale cloud-outlines of the biographer, touching them with glittering flame, which lightens from the east even unto the west, and sends its piercing effulgence on to future times. Take one example in passing. Plutarch mentions that Cæsar expressed to Antony a suspicious dislike of Cassius, saying that he preferred men who were fat and sleek, and feared the pale and lean. Of this, Shakspeare makes what follows:—

Cæsar. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

In the last two lines, the utmost intensity of reasoning power is combined with the utmost intensity of mental vision. Cassius starts into life before us as the flash of Shakspeare's eye falls on that lean and hungry face; and the next moment we have the deepest secret of Cæsar's heart laid bare, the deepest secret of despotic power in all ages, namely, that thought is the thing it dreads. The eternal foe of the despot has been the man who thinks. This was known to Cæsar; this is known to a certain imitator of Cæsar who is engaged in these days upon the problem which foiled Julius. From the spectacles of the circus dazzling the eyes of the old Roman mob, to the edicts of M. De Persigny stifling the political genius of France, the arts of despotism are explained, to the very roots of their philosophy, in one Shakspearean line. In all Shakspeare's most marvellous strokes, it is impossible to discriminate between thought and vision, between reason and imagination. His imagination is wing; his reason is eye: his mind is an eagle which, on that wing, rises to the empyrean, and, with that eye, sweeps the horizon of the world.

In the character-painting of *Julius Cæsar*, Shakspeare keeps close to Plutarch, merely breathing fire into his clay. Cæsar himself is but a sketch, a magnificent sketch, indeed, with

lineaments which we should look for in vain in work from any other hand, but not dwelt upon with that lingering care which Shakspeare devotes to his most elaborate portraits. The ostentation which shows itself in Cæsar's talk is at first an offence to our conception of his greatness. But Plutarch gives this as one of the marked characteristics of Cæsar; many anecdotes attest it; and Shakspeare, when he hews his statues, brings out not only the veins but the flaws in his marble. For a sketch, Cæsar is wonderful. The more we examine, the more we shall admire the amplitude and the delicacy, the completeness and the precision, with which, in the few passages devoted to Julius, the features of his personality are set before us. His self-reliance, his courage, his generous friendliness, his intense but masked ambition, his bodily feebleness, his falling sickness,—Shakspeare finds occasion to show them all; and, if Plutarch may be credited, they all met in the tiny, fair-complexioned, intrepid creature, who put his foot on the neck of the Roman Republic. But the central figure of the play is not Cæsar. To victorious strength Shakspeare never bends the knee; never for a moment does he take this for the highest: his Achilles is a sullen, capricious, contemptible bully; and his Cæsar is merely 'the foremost man of all the world,' who has little in him of the finer gold of humanity, and deserves, therefore, no more than what is, for Shakspeare, a hasty and partial delineation.

The central figure in the dramatic group is Brutus. His portrait is finished to the minutest shade, and with a patient carefulness of elaboration which speaks convincingly of intention on the part of Shakspeare.

The basis of the character of Brutus is a supreme regard for justice. The other conspirators might be envious or emulous; Brutus strikes for justice and for Rome. A serene elevation of moral rectitude is the habit of his soul. On this point the testimony of friends and of foes is alike clear and emphatic. The other conspirators, all of them men of coarser grain and lower motives, feel that without Brutus they will be powerless. Shakspeare knew the strength that lies in justice. Man is so constituted, that the reality or the show of right is a condition of success in all practical enterprises. Brutus, whose inflexible rectitude and pure devotion to his country's good command universal respect, must head the conspiracy. He consents to do so; but it is in the spirit of one who offers up his peace of mind, his domestic felicity, his friendship, on the altar of patriotism and duty. An unspeakable melancholy settles down upon him, a melancholy in which one

element, shadowed forth rather than expressly mentioned by Shakspeare, is a misgiving as to the moral bearings of the act he contemplates. He cannot feel as Brutus when he is plotting assassination. His emotions find expression thus :—

O conspiracy !

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy,
Hide it in smiles and affability :
For if thou put thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

These are the words of a man whose conscience is not at rest : on the whole, he thinks, duty bids him go on ; but the shadow of the doubt wraps his soul in gloom. If the deed must be done, his next anxiety is that it shall be done in a pure and priestly spirit, and without effusion of one drop of blood more than is necessary for the sacrifice :—

Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it.

Another truth now begins to dawn upon us, a truth which the unerring practical genius of Shakspeare saw to be consistent with that previously evolved. It is an advantage, in all human enterprises, to be protected by the shield of justice ; but, in carrying out perilous and questionable undertakings, lofty and sensitive virtue is an element not of strength but of weakness. ' Be bloody, bold, and resolute : ' these are the terms on which success is purchased in enterprises commencing with assassination. Cassius, the keen, grasping, unscrupulous conspirator, urges that Antony and Cæsar ought to fall together : it is sound advice, if success is the one thing to be aimed at ; but Brutus will not consent.

Having thus introduced Brutus, and made us familiar with his motives and habitudes as a public man, Shakspeare pauses to unveil his private life, to show him as the husband of Portia. The scene in which this is done is perfect both poetically and dramatically ; and the intention with which it is inserted,—to exhibit the sterling, homebred worth, the faithfulness, the tenderness, the simplicity, of Brutus,—is unmistake-

able. Portia remonstrates with him, gently but earnestly, for hiding from her the secret which weighs upon his mind, and says that she is not his wife, but dwells in the suburbs of his affection. He replies:—

You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Is not all the home-side of a beautiful and noble life revealed in these words?

After the assassination of Cæsar, Antony affects to be reconciled to the conspirators, and begs merely to be permitted to speak in honour of Cæsar at his funeral. Cassius again objects. But virtue trusts men; Brutus relies on the honour and word of Antony; the orator mounts the rostrum, and Brutus and Cassius leave Rome to avoid being torn to pieces. The character of Antony is drawn in keen and direct contrast to that of Brutus. He is the brilliant, effective, successful man of the world, his eye steadily fixed on the main chance, his conscience questioning not, his intellect performing with alacrity and adroitness the task of the hour. This moment he is protesting friendship to Brutus and Cassius; the next he is stimulating the populace to fury against the murderers of Cæsar. The conspirators he hates; the mob he despises: both he makes his tools.

But Shakspeare soon returns to Brutus. We now behold him in altercation with Cassius. He will have the war carried on upon the same immaculate principles on which he has acted from the first. No bribe shall be taken. No peasant shall be oppressed:—

Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?

But his heart relents the moment Cassius gives a sign of contrition; the threats and boastings pass by him like wind, but he is conquered by the first tear that rises in the eye of his friend:—

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Meanwhile his sorrow has been deepening. Portia is dead. He is sick of many griefs. Cassius expresses amazement that he can deal so tenderly with others when his own heart is on the rack:—‘How scaped I killing when I cross’d you so?’ The deeper the distress of Brutus, the more delicate becomes his consideration for others. The scene in which the boy, Lucius, appears, is touched with Shakspeare’s finest pencil. Brutus had asked Lucius to find him a book, and Lucius had searched in vain. Brutus discovers it in the pocket of his gown. Lucius remarks that he was sure it had not been given to him. The master apologizes to the servant. ‘Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.’ The great heart is breaking; the intellect shakes and totters. The boy now falls asleep. Brutus will not wake him, and gently removes his instrument, lest, in nodding, he may break it. The closing scenes in the life of Colonel Newcome, as depicted by Thackeray,—perhaps the most touching passage in the whole range of modern fiction,—might have been suggested by these doings of Brutus. The boy being asleep, and the silence of night having settled down upon the tent, the ghost of Cæsar appears. It is the ‘evil spirit’ of Brutus. It will meet him again at Philippi. When all is lost, he exclaims,—

O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

Who does not see in this the intention of Shakspeare to exhibit the permanence and power of that idea which haunted Brutus from the first, the idea that the service even of justice by irregular means, by crime, by assassination, is questionable? To the profound ethical sense of Shakspeare assassination was a thing visibly against the order of the world. And Brutus felt it to be so. Brutus was noble enough to suffer by the feeling. Cassius, Casca, and the rest might think nothing of murder; but Brutus could not be satisfied. The spirit of Julius looked on him with the eye of Nemesis. Justice will not be ministered to except in accordance with her own laws; and sin creates the keenest pangs in that heart which is devoted to virtue. Shakspeare saw that it was better for Brutus to suffer than to be at rest. As for success, it followed in the train of Antony and Octavius,—clever men who had no thought but how they might play the game and win it. Shakspeare is supremely indifferent to the apportionment of success, and crowns Brutus, after all that has come and gone, as the moral hero of the drama. He is loving and trustful to the end:—

My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.

His last thought is that Cæsar is avenged :—

Cæsar, now be still.

Antony sums up the character of Brutus ; and, after what we have seen, we can hardly doubt that Shakspeare speaks through the lips of Antony :—

This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man !*

We have cast but a hasty look into this astonishing work, but it must be evident to all readers that it is constructed on no such principle as that of expounding and enforcing a single idea. It is the simple truth to say that it presents a combination of the finest excellencies attainable by the biographer, the historian, the philosopher, the poet, and the moralist. The ethical significance of the piece, and the penetrating and comprehensive intelligence it exhibits of the fundamental laws that regulate the destinies of men and nations, would alone suffice to prove Shakspeare one of the greatest practical moralists in literature. The character of Brutus, exhibiting so impressively the fact that Shakspeare's ideal of humanity towered in moral grandeur above the mere ideal of success, proving that Shakspeare saw into the truth of truths, that the good man, though conquered by circumstance, though trampled into the dust by the car in which stronger natures go triumphing, has the halo of purest heroism around his brow, is in itself a study. No other author rises so high as Shakspeare rises in delineating Brutus. And it may be remarked, generally, that it is not so much in veracity of portraiture as in extent of range, that Shakspeare is supreme. Scott could draw a Dandy Dinmont as well as the Scottish border farmer admitted of being drawn ; Thackeray could draw a Colonel Newcome as well as the good-hearted military gentleman of English society in the nineteenth century could be drawn : but the range of these men was comparatively narrow and comparatively low. Shakspeare alone follows thought, passion, character, into the highest altitudes, understands their most mysterious working, gives them always the right expression, and shows how they enter

into the practical solution of the great problems of life and destiny.

Such a mind as that we have been contemplating is beyond question the most sublime and impressive illustration afforded upon this world of the creative power of God. To call into existence a being with the endowments of a Shakspeare is, to our thinking, a more wonderful manifestation of creative energy and wisdom than the rearing of a planet.

But not even in contemplating the greatness of a Shakspeare is it worthy of man, or consistent with reverence to God, to overlook those human shortcomings which, in all conceivable cases, justify the scriptural precept, 'Turn thou from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?' We have said that the very scale on which Shakspeare worked necessitated the occurrence of imperfect passages: and it has to be added that, in accordance with his habit of going always with the great tides of popular feeling, he errs frankly in his English historical plays, wherever the sentiment of his contemporaries was astray. His treatment of Joan of Arc, for example, affords as striking an illustration of the incapacity even of the greatest minds to rise out of their own generation, as the co-operation of Calvin in the execution of Servetus. Nay, if we must be just, we are bound to give the advantage to Calvin. The Reformer was so far beyond his countrymen as to express a desire that Servetus should not die by fire, but in some less inhuman way; Shakspeare lets fall no hint by which we might guess that he saw in Joan of Arc anything better than a vulgar and malevolent witch, whose just doom it was to be burnt to ashes.

It is, however, in respect to the morality of his works that Shakspeare is most open to censure. Let it be distinctly said that, on this point, he cannot be defended. One dark and lamentable vice has left its stain both on his life and on his works. The passion which, in great natures, has often been intensely strong, the passion which hurried King David into atrocious guilt, and worked the moral ruin of Solomon, was transcendently powerful in Shakspeare. There was incontinence in his life; there is incontinence in his writings. We of course are mindful of the fact that conventional usage was different in his time from what it is at this day. We do not find any moral obliquity in the language he assigns to Perdita, though no country girl could now speak with decency as Perdita speaks. What cannot be disguised, and what ought not to be defended, is the fact that among the materials used by Shakspeare to give fascination to his plays occur

appeals to lawless passion. He is in this respect no such sinner as Byron; he never makes the base ingredient, the poison-sweetness, one chief element in the attraction of his plays. This moral iniquity and æsthetic blunder was committed by the author of the earlier cantos of *Don Juan*. But Shakspeare neither restrains his own love of indecent jests, nor scruples to pander to this ignoble taste in an Elizabethan audience. It is a more subtle question how far he sinned in irreverent introduction of the Divine name. In his age, the reverent though familiar use of that name was more common than now: and a multitude of passages might be adduced to prove that he profoundly honoured religion, and possessed an accurate knowledge of those doctrines of salvation, by God's grace, through the atoning death of Jesus Christ, which echoed from side to side of Europe during the century of the Reformation. We cannot help thinking that the words he represents Don Pedro as applying to Benedick are a window opened by the dramatist into the character and feelings of the living Shakspeare: 'The man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make.' In the Sonnets, speaking expressly in his own person, he laments pathetically that fortune has made him dependent upon 'public means which public manners breeds,' that his name has thereby been branded, and that his nature is almost 'subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand.' In his latest and greatest dramas, the taint of sensuality is gradually worked out, until it almost wholly disappears; and he depends, as artists of the highest order invariably depend, on power to depict and to arouse the nobler passions of humanity, and to embody truth and wisdom in his literary creations.

The way in which the immorality of Shakspeare's plays ought to be treated is not doubtful. With swift and decisive hand, it must be put away, as mere slime upon the flowers. Happily it can be easily separated from the beauty it contaminates and the truth it dishonours, and thrust aside with that indignant loathing, which, in his calmer and better moments, Shakspeare would have admitted it to deserve.

No man is perfect; no knowledge is all-comprehensive: Shakspeare knew the natural man; the spiritual man was not known to him. The Shakspeare of the spiritual life has still to appear. Bunyan is our nearest approach to such an one, but Bunyan was not a Shakspeare. The genius of Bunyan and of Milton combined, might have given us a Shakspeare of the spiritual life.

Having said so much of the lessons to be learned, and the

enjoyment to be derived, from the Shakspearean dramas, we may be expected to state our opinion touching that institution, for which they were originally prepared. In point of fact, however, it is unnecessary for us to enter into a discussion on the subject of theatrical amusements. So completely does the stage of our times differ from the stage of Shakspeare's that it would require a dramatist as great as he to adapt the Shakspearean pieces to the modern boards. Goethe shows conclusively that those plays were originally recited rather than acted; and since there is no probability of our finding a theatrical company capable of satisfactorily reciting them in our day, it is as well to abide by the conclusion previously arrived at, that they can be best comprehended and most intelligently enjoyed in private. Without pronouncing a sweeping condemnation on theatrical entertainments, or affirming that stage representation is in principle objectionable, we do not hesitate to say that the theatre is at present so degraded by pantomime, burlesque, buffoonery, idiotic frivolity, and exaggerated passion, that not reformation but revolution, not gradual improvement but entire change, is the thing to be hoped for.

We intended to have said something of the life of Shakspeare, but can add only a few words. Born on the 23rd of April, 1564, in the town of Stratford-on-Avon, he passed his first years in a home of competence, if not affluence. But while he was still a boy, his father was overtaken by pecuniary disaster, and he became accustomed to the thought that his success or failure in life must depend on himself alone. His education in these years would be that of the better class of boys in an English provincial town in the sixteenth century; but there is no particular information on the subject.

At the age of eighteen he married a woman eight years his senior,—an infelicitous union, into which he was hurried by the sinful indulgence of his passions. For six years longer he continued in his native town. The tradition of his having played the part of schoolmaster fits well into the facts of his subsequent history. Probably at this time, certainly at some time, he read much; his mere command of language affords demonstrative proof that this was the case; his familiarity with the whole range of vocables embraced within the English tongue at the end of the sixteenth century could not have been born with him, could not have been gained in conversation, must have been attained by the aid of books. When twenty-four years old, he proceeded to London, and at twenty-five we find him holding an important position in the Blackfriars theatre. He continued to read, to observe, to

meditate; and if we take him between thirty and forty, we must pronounce him not only an extensively informed, but, in all essential respects, an educated man. It was the habit of his mind, it was part of his greatness, to value all things in their substance, not in their show; to be passionately addicted to truth and to knowledge, to be profoundly indifferent to the apparatus of learning; and little as was his Latin and less his Greek, he made his way by the gateways of translation to the great facts and to the sovereign men of ancient civilisation. This can be done if only the mind is powerful enough. Keats and Turner, so different both from Shakspeare and from each other, are believed to have performed the feat; and Goethe goes the length of preferring, for general power and influence, such plain, bold, substantially correct translations as Luther's German Bible to those which display the refinements of scholarship. 'Those critical translations,' he adds, almost with a sneer, 'which vie with the original, serve in reality no better purpose than the mutual entertainment of the learned.' Shakspeare, healthy and robust in all his instincts, intrepid in all his intellectual operations, had laid hold, with giant grasp, on two vitally important principles relating to this matter of education: first, that the thing to be known is man; that, apart from humanity, nothing on earth deserves the intense and impassioned study of great minds; and that humanity, to be known worthily and well, must be known, not in costume, not in feature, but in soul: secondly, that the mind is liable to the danger, in the very act of acquiring knowledge, of impairing her subtlest and most precious powers, glow of sentiment, vigour of invention, and force of creative imagination.

All Shakspeare's dramas are exhibitions of his knowledge of man. If that knowledge is the test of education, Shakspeare stands unapproached as the best educated of the human race. And he always knows and depicts men not in externals, but in the essentials of their being. He paints not dresses, not even bodies; he is careless of features and faces; he paints souls. Readers will find this thought worth following out; it could be illustrated, and not unprofitably illustrated, in an essay far longer than that we have been writing. Shakspeare felt that he could get at the souls of the ancients by a translated Plutarch, and with that he was content.

The second principle referred to, namely, that toil in amassing materials may relax the mental fibre and destroy the power to build those materials into the structures of poetry, was indu-

bitably familiar to Shakspeare. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, we have this:—

Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books:

and again:—

Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

It is probable that, if Shakspeare had gone to Oxford or Cambridge, he would not only have been distinguished for his scholarship, but would have borne all the weight of learning 'lightly as a flower,' and produced his dramas much as we now have them. All things considered, it is well, however, that Shakspeare never went to a university. The danger of his being diverted by the technicalities of scholarship from the study of man, and man alone, would have been serious. On the whole, we may decide that his education was the very best he could have obtained. His life in London, also,—quickened by converse with men of talent, among whom he shone, the gayest, gentlest, brightest spirit in their brilliant constellation,—steadied by the honourable and manly ambition of making a livelihood,—and kept quiet and modest by humble estimate of his aims and achievements, was propitious to the operations of his genius. He was placed in circumstances in which, without disturbing influences, he could read off his poetic consciousness. He could render complete obedience to one of his own grand maxims; he could be true to himself. That is high blessedness for any man, highest of all for a great poet. When still a young man, not yet forty, he retired with a competency to Stratford. He would there have leisure for more continuous study; and we may be sure that the enthusiastic words in which Prospero declares his library to be dear and precious to him as his dukedom, express the sentiment of Shakspeare's heart during those years in relation to his books. His greatest works, greatest in power, in symmetry, in moral purity, in majestic strength and mighty repose, belong to this time. He had his faults; the stainless glory of Milton's poetical renown will not be his; but such an intellect is not sent into the world for nought, and it is our duty both to give heed to what Shakspeare has taught us, and to offer up grateful thanks to God for such a lordly gift to England.

ART. VIII.—*Vie de Jésus*. Par ERNEST RENAN, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Michel Levy Frères.*

WE reverse the order in which we proposed to discuss the two topics which arise next, in the logical analysis and development which our criticism of M. Renan's work exhibits as the plan or process of thought which his theory of the life of Jesus involves, and which consequently has framed the method of our reply. We shall, therefore, first criticize M. Renan's theory as to the formation of the canonical Gospels; and afterwards discuss with him the origin of the miraculous legends of these Gospels. Denouncing whatever is miraculous, as impossible in fact and untrue in record, M. Renan, in attempting to reproduce for us the veritable history and character of Jesus Christ, out of narratives which are inwoven throughout the whole of their contents with the miraculous; which recite miracles in simple, honest language; state the object and value of their evidence, and connect them with a Being whose speech and bearing lay claim to supernatural authority,—must be prepared to say precisely what he considers to be the historical value of these documents, that are the only sources from which he draws the *Life of Jesus*; how they have originated and assumed their present form, and how they have gathered to themselves the miraculous elements, as accretions of falsehood, which may be dissolved and cleared away without impairing their pristine integrity and veracity. There is a congruity, which yields the clearest evidence of truth, between the character, words, and works of Him whom the Gospels in their present form reveal to us. If their evidence be repudiated, as to the bulk of their contents, by what cunning process is it rehabilitated to give a credible account of any portion of the life of Jesus? and how shall the select fragments which, in M. Renan's judgment, bear the accent of truth, be rhythmically arranged to present a 'life' whose inner and outer harmonies shall be the witness of its reality? For the solution of this problem, the first step must be to decide upon the genuineness of the four Gospels, and to explain their formation and universal acceptance in the early church. Here, then, let us follow M. Renan. M. Renan does not, like Dr. Strauss, concede, that if the Gospels be written by the authors to whom they are ascribed, then the mythical na-

* We shall trespass more than usual on the indulgence of our readers in the length of some of our notes; but we desire to spare those, who may be interested in our general argument, the minute discussion of important points which could not be overlooked.

ture of the facts they record must be abandoned, and the old alternative, with its piercing dilemma, accepted:—either the facts are true, or the writers, being eye-witnesses, are liars. It was to save himself from this dilemma, by the mythical theory, that Dr. Strauss postponed the composition, or rather the deposition, of the present Gospels from the legendary stories current in the early church till the close of the second century; so that time might be allowed for the growth of the myths, and for the death of the first and second generations of Christian disciples, who, from personal testimony, or distinct recollection, must have known these miraculous novelties to be imaginary and false. M. Renan, however, has a bolder and, in a sense, more honest mind. He cannot, for the sake of a theory, falsify history, and outrage common sense, to the extent of Dr. Strauss, who, with the numberless testimonies of Justin Martyr, Irenæus, and Tertullian,* as to the existent authority of the four Gospels among the churches of three continents towards the close of the second century, might with nearly as much reason have announced their origin and publication to the world to have taken place last century. M. Renan consequently believes the Gospels to be the product of the first century,† and, to a considerable extent, to have been written by the persons who have been generally accredited with them. But do not let it be imagined that M. Renan believes, one whit more than Dr. Strauss, these histories to be veracious and credible, because written so near the time of the events narrated, or because written largely by persons who were mixed up, and in a manner identified, as spectators or actors with those events. No. All these miracles are still myths to his understanding; and the witnesses of the true life of Jesus are themselves the creators and writers of the myths. Yet their moral character is not impeached. The legends grew in the mind of those very enthusiasts who had accompanied Jesus throughout His ministry, and who were intimately acquainted with the manner of His life and doctrine, till at last they clouded and eclipsed all that their memory retained; so that, a few years after His death, with one consent, they all came to believe these recent and impossible fictions of their own imagination to have been the actual events which they themselves had observed, and in which they had taken part; without a protest from the more

* See Lardner's *Credibility*, &c., vol. i., p. 283, *et seq.*; or Norton's *Genuineness of Gospels*, vol. vi., pp. 83–105.

† 'Finally, I admit the four canonical Gospels to be authentic. They all belong to the first century, and for the most part (*à peu près*) to the authors to whom they are ascribed; but their historical value is very different.'—*Introduction*, p. 38.

exact and tenacious memory of any individual of that numerous *cenacle*, which might have awakened the slumbering recollection of his fellows: and, further, they innocently and naïvely set about the narration of these legends, for the benefit of their countrymen and others, who were cognizant of the actual life of Jesus,—and might in a thousand ways know the absurdity of this imposition,—in order to convert them to the faith of One whom they had crucified as a pestilent malefactor. All this was done by the first disciples, in perfect good faith,—in the innocence and ardour of a new religious enthusiasm:—and they sealed their sincerity with their blood!

Such is the theory of M. Renan to account for the formation of the canonical Gospels, and the origin of Christianity. Doubtless, he may well exclaim, this explanation confounds our European notions of sincerity, which, he says, may not be applied to Oriental minds. Further, let us add, it confounds our European notions of the human mind itself—of perception, memory, imagination, testimony, and faith; and as M. Renan addresses a European public, he must endow that public with other notions, miraculously reversing all their experience, ere he render his theory conceivable or plausible. However, M. Renan's concessions are important. The arena of controversy is narrowed. The contending probabilities, in their close approach and antagonism to each other, are clearly estimated, and the manifestation of the truth is apparent. According then to M. Renan, the mythological cycle of Christian history is closed, the Christian legends are formed, completed, and accepted as historical truth, our present Gospels are authentic, and were written—before the end of the first century.

But now we shall examine more narrowly M. Renan's view of the method in which our Gospels were composed, as our judgment of the authenticity of these documents must decide in great measure our opinion of the credibility of the histories they narrate. We have already quoted the passage* in which M. Renan allows the four canonical Gospels to be authentic: but authentic does not mean here, as might be supposed, either that the narratives of facts are authentic because truly recorded, or that the documents are authentic because written by their imputed authors, but that these Gospels which we possess were in existence at the close of the first century, and may have borne their present titles, 'according to Matthew,' 'according to Mark,' &c., 'not as implying that they were

* See note, page 230.

written by Matthew, Mark, &c., but as giving the traditions which proceeded from each of these apostles, (*sic*), and even stamped by their authority.* How then does M. Renan consider the four Gospels to have originated, and to have gained their paramount and exclusive authority? In giving his opinion, we must premise that a convenient little phrase, *à peu près*, fluttering over the pages which contain his exposition of this important subject, renders the distinct apprehension of his meaning very difficult. These '*à peu près*' ruffle the clearness of M. Renan's Introduction like a breeze upon the waters, and toss every object viewed through his translucent style in trembling, eddying, tantalising uncertainty, just when we gaze with utmost intent, that we may see the very depth of his thought.

Nevertheless, the main outlines of M. Renan's theory may be discovered with attentive reading. Like Dr. Strauss,† he allows that St. Luke, the companion of St. Paul, may have written the Acts of the Apostles; and therefore, also the Gospel ascribed to him: ‡ 'as the author of the third Gospel is certainly the author of the Acts of the Apostles.' (P. 16, Introduction.) At any rate, the Gospel 'was composed by one

* Introduction, p. 16.

† *Leben Jesu*, § 13, p. 60, E. T.

‡ Let this admission be noted in its bearing on the meaning of the phrase according to in the titles of the Gospels. We are reminded by Mr. Rawlinson, (*Bampton Lecture*, p. 203,) that the word *κατά* denotes authorship, in the Septuagint, where the Book of Nehemiah is referred to under the name of 'The Commentaries according to Nehemiah' (*κατὰ τὸν Νεχεμίαν*); and we further perceive, with Olshausen, ('der Sinn der formel ist, Evangelium von Jesu nach der Darstellungsweise des Mt oder Mr, welche Erklärung die Annahme anderer Verfasser der Evangelien zuliesse..... Da man *εὐαγγέλιον* 'Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ sagte, könnte man unmöglich schreiben *εὐαγγέλιον Μαρκίου*.'—*Olah*, vol. i., p. 11, note **,) that this expression was the most accurate to denote the authorship of a book which was styled, *The Gospel*; because, though the book was the production of the author, *The Gospel* was not his creation. He merely presented the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the form in which it had been communicated to him, in the life and by the Spirit of his Lord; so that, even according to the usual force of the adverb employed to denote the responsibility and work of an editor in collating and editing the text of an ancient writer, (*ἐκδόσεις, αὐτὰ κατὰ πόλεις, αὐτὰ ἑδρα. Ὀμνος κατ' Ἀριστάρχον*. See Gladstone's *Homer*, vol. i., pp. 61, 62,) its use is most appropriate in expressing the representation, as it were the edition, of *The Gospel* by a particular writer. But we only require M. Renan's concession, respecting the Gospel of St. Luke, to demonstrate that the phrase 'according to' imputed authorship. For observe, if this Gospel be, as M. Renan affirms, a regular composition, founded upon anterior documents and written by one person, then if St. Luke be that person, as M. Renan considers probable, the title must denote the authorship of the writing, and not the source of its tradition: and if St. Luke be not the writer, the title either has no meaning whatever,—for St. Luke, not himself an apostle, cannot have been set forward as the authority of a narrative which was written in the apostolic age,—or it was a false inscription, which, though false, intended to ascribe the work to St. Luke. If *κατά* denoted the source of the tradition, this Gospel would have been denominated '*κατὰ Παύλον*.'

hand, and has a perfect unity,' and from the 21st chapter—which was evidently written shortly after the siege of Jerusalem—its date must be fixed about that time, *i. e.*, A.D. 70. Yet we shall see how, with a magical touch, M. Renan sublimates the solid structure of this history,—which he allows to be an authentic document of the apostolic age, and which the author professes to have written with such painstaking conscientiousness,—into thin and vapourous unreality. M. Renan's method, in this instance, will initiate our readers into the process by which M. Renan thinks himself warranted in allowing the Gospels a very early origin, and yet consigning their contents to the 'limbo' of mythology. If our readers distinctly bear in mind who St. Luke was, that M. Renan himself considers the writer of the Gospel, and the circumstances of his life as a fellow-missionary with St. Paul, we might almost be spared the task of refuting, otherwise than by quoting the following extracts. Contrasting St. Luke's Gospel with the other two synoptical Gospels, he says,—

'Its historical value is perceptibly weaker. It is a document at *second hand*.....Its author softens passages which had become embarrassing, with respect to a more exalted view of the Divinity of Jesus; he exaggerates the marvellous; he commits errors of chronology; he is entirely ignorant of Hebrew—cites no word of Jesus in that language.....We feel the author to be a compiler—a man who has not seen immediately the witnesses, but who elaborates documentary evidence, and permits himself to strain different texts violently to bring them into harmony.....We can say something of his particular tastes and tendencies: he is a very scrupulous devotee.....he is strongly democratic and Ebionitish,—that is to say, strongly opposed to property, and persuaded that the revenge of the poor will speedily come. He admits some legends upon the infancy of Jesus, related with those long amplifications, hymns, conventional artifices, which form the essential features of the apocryphal Gospels. A great reserve is naturally enjoined in presence of a document of this kind. Yet the reading of this Gospel has the greatest charm; it adds to the incomparable beauty of the common tradition an artificial grace and arrangement which singularly augments the effect of the portrait.'—*Introduction*, pp. 39–42.

This passage is the first which leads us to notice the extreme carelessness, amounting to falsification, with which M. Renan interprets the Scripture texts, which are indicated in notes as the ground of his assertions in the text. We shall have occasion, in other instances, to repeat and sustain this grave and unpleasant accusation. It is true M. Renan has informed us, towards the close of the Introduction, that 'the texts need

an æsthetic interpretation; that they must be gently humoured and plied, [*doucement sollicité*,] till they come to harmonize with each other, and furnish a unity in which they all happily blend.' (P. 56.) But we question the right of any historian to employ such ruthless historical or æsthetic tact, as to bend the texts submitted for interpretation into a meaning the opposite of their grammatical sense, or to extort from them confessions which they do not simply witness, by the rack of his imagination, in order to force them into a harmonious unity which the interpreter has preconceived.

St. Luke *exaggerates the marvellous*! What is the evidence of this statement? A note directs the reader to iv. 14, and xxii. 42, 43. In the former verse, St. Luke says, Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee, whilst St. Matthew, in the parallel passage, merely says, 'When Jesus had heard that John was cast into prison, He departed into Galilee.' But is St. Luke fonder of the marvellous, in this verse, because he refers to the Divine Spirit, than St. Matthew is in the first verse of the fourth chapter, when he says, Jesus was led up *of the Spirit* into the wilderness? Or because St. Luke, in xxii. 42, 43, informs us, that an angel succoured our Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane, does he charge his narrative with a more miraculous incident than St. Matthew, who informs us of the visit and succour of angels at the close of the temptation in the wilderness? If an allusion to angelic visitation proves a credulous delight in the marvellous, it must prove the same of St. Matthew as of St. Luke; and the latter cannot, in comparison with the former, be said to exaggerate. St. Luke *commits errors in chronology*! Of what kind? we demand. '*Par exemple*,' M. Renan replies in a note, 'in what relates to Quirinius, Lysanias, Theudas.' Alas! that M. Renan should, in matters of detail, have implicitly followed Dr. Strauss, and subjected his goodly repute for accurate scholarship to so deep a humiliation. Augustus Zumpt, in his second volume of *Commentationes Epigraphicæ*, (Berlin, 1854,) demonstrates, in complete vindication of Luke's chronological accuracy, that Cyrenius was first governor of Syria from the close of A.U. 750, B.C. 4, to 753, B.C. 1; so that, in Dr. Davidson's words,* 'though Cyrenius was governor of Syria, A.D. 6, and made a census then, we now know that he had been already governor of the same province in B.C. 4, as St. Luke implies, or rather B.C. 3.'† In like manner, recent research has shown that St. Luke's

* Horne's *Introduction*, Tenth Edition, vol. ii., p. 1060.

† See a most interesting discussion on the chronology of Luke iii. 1, and especially on the discovery of Zumpt, in *The Inspiration of Holy Scripture*, by William Lee, D.D., Second Edition, pp. 400-405, and note Q, pp. 575-581; also Rawlinson's *Bampton Lecture*, pp. 259, 260, notes, pp. 510-512.

reference to Lysanias is not only correct, but evinces a minute and perfect knowledge of the very intricate details of Jewish and Romish history in his day. Ebrard (in his *Wissenschaftliche Kritik*, § 41, pp. 180-184) has proved, and recent critics have fully accepted his conclusion, that Strauss's objection to St. Luke's notice of Lysanias is a blunder, and that Josephus corroborates Luke *au pied de la lettre*.* Equally blundering is Dr. Strauss's and M. Renan's reference to Theudas, as if, when Josephus himself says, there were innumerable disturbances† in Judea about that time, the Theudas referred to in Acts v. 36, who appeared before the rising of Judas the Gaulonite, and therefore thirty years previously, must be the same with a Theudas whom Josephus mentions, as exciting rebellion about ten years after Gamaliel made his speech. (See Rawlinson, *Bampton Lectures*, pp. 261, 512.) Who then commits errors of chronology—the contemporary evangelist or our modern romanticist? In each particular cited by M. Renan, the inaccuracy is proved to be, not St. Luke's, but his own.

St. Luke further is totally ignorant of Hebrew, according to M. Renan; in witness whereof, at the bottom of the page, we are invited to compare Luke i. 31 with Matthew i. 21. These passages simply show that St. Matthew interprets the name *Jesus*, 'For He shall save His people from their sins,' which St. Luke fails to do. Hence, the keen logic of M. Renan infers, St.

* A succinct statement of the evidence adduced by Ebrard is given by Dr. Lee in the work cited in former note. The two statements of Josephus on which the objection of Strauss and now of Renan is founded, are as follows. Ptolemæus, son of Memnæus, ruled over Chalcis, (*Ant.*, xiv., vii., 4; t. i., p. 696,) and was succeeded by his son Lysanias. (*Bel. Jud.*, i., xiii. 1; t. ii., p. 83.) This Lysanias was put to death (B.C. 34) by Antonius at the instigation of Cleopatra. Seventy-five years later, (viz., A.D. 41,) Agrippa I. was restored by Claudius to the kingdom of his ancestors, and received in addition an 'Abila' of Lysanias, 'Ἀβίλαν τῆς Λυσανίου. Now, this Lysanias is assumed by Strauss to have been the same person as the Lysanias of Chalcis, who had been put to death by Antonius; and on this assumption, which, however, is utterly subverted by another statement of Josephus, his objection rests. This additional statement of Josephus is to the effect that Claudius removed Agrippa II. (A. D. 52) from Chalcis, [the kingdom, be it remembered, of Strauss's Lysanias,] to a greater kingdom, giving him, in addition, the kingdom of Lysanias. Words which, according to Strauss, 'must mean, Agrippa was deprived of Chalcis, receiving in exchange a larger kingdom and also Chalcis.' Hence, therefore, Josephus does make mention of a later Lysanias, and, by doing so, fully corroborates the fact of Luke's intimate acquaintance with the tangled details of Jewish history in his day. Even Meyer (*in loc.*) accepts the conclusion of Ebrard. Thus is the notice of Luke not shown to be an error, but is, in most cunning wise, confirmed by Josephus. The most complete statement of the various explanations given of the taxing, referred to in Luke iii. 1, previous to Zumpt's discovery, is given in Winer's *Realwörterbuch*, vol. ii., pp. 398-401; we cannot, however, but sympathize with Winer's concluding words: 'We more gladly admit that a darkness rests over that ἀπογραφὴ, than continually oppose contradictory hypotheses regarding it.' Now, however, the darkness is cleared away.

† *Antiq. Jud.*, xx., 5, § i.

Luke could not translate the word, and plainly, therefore, *ignore totalement l'Hébreu*. Whosoever therefore quotes a foreign word, or even employs a familiar foreign name, such as Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon, without accompanying it with an etymological explanation, is thereby convicted of total ignorance of the language to which the word belongs. With further and amusing inconsistency, M. Renan repeatedly assures us that St. Luke had the texts of his predecessors before him, which he arranged artistically. Assuredly then he need not have omitted the exegesis of the word 'Jesus' from ignorance of its meaning, since St. Matthew *had* explained it for him. On the other hand, is M. Renan totally ignorant of the Hebraisms which abound in Luke's Gospel? The following phrases, *e.g.*, *shall be called* the son of the Highest, (i. 32; *cf.* ii. 23,) *for shall be*; *the children* of the bridegroom, (v. 31,) *for the friends and companions*; (*cf.* x. 6; xvi. 8;) *to eat bread*, (xiv. 1,) *for to take a repast*, &c., are purely Hebraistic turns of expression, which no Greek writer would have used, whose mind was not moulded by Hebrew culture. Yet he knew nothing of Hebrew!

St. Luke is also a very scrupulous devotee. Where do we find reference to his phylacteric, or by what sign has the evangelist evinced his scrupulosity? Examine, says M. Renan, the fifty-sixth verse of the twenty-third chapter of his Gospel, and my statement is verified. The evangelist there informs us that the women returned from the sepulchre, and *rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment*. Is not the historian *un dévot très exact*, who could narrate a fact or give a reason like that? M. Renan surely did not expect that any readers of his romance would take the trouble to examine his references. He might have trusted to the dogmatism and precision of his affirmations, supported by his authority as a critical historian, and by the indolent credulity of the public. But a strange fatuity leads him to expose the groundless and yet most positive assertions of his text by references which make them ridiculous. He has himself undermined his page, and laid the train which explodes the superstructure. No jot of evidence is afforded of Luke's excessive devoutness beyond his intimation of the repose of the women, who had embalmed the body of Jesus, on the Sabbath day according to the law. We undertake then to show Voltaire or Paine to be *dévôts très exacts*, on evidence a hundredfold weightier.

A stronger reinforcement of authorities is brought to sustain the next charge against St. Luke, who is stated to be strongly democratic and Ebionitist, that is to say, strongly opposed to property, and deeply convinced of the future revenge of the poor. Here M. Renan's references abound. The parable of the

rich man and of Lazarus is named ; with which we are to compare Matthew vi. 20, *et seq.* ; xii. 13, *et seq.* ; xvi. entire ; xxii. 35 ; Acts ii. 44, 45 ; v. We cordially recommend to our readers the study of these texts. But we ask them further to compare Matthew xiii. 22, and xix. 23 ; and then say whether St. Luke's language be one whit stronger than St. Matthew's, so as to indicate that he has exaggerated the doctrine which they both represent Jesus to have taught. Is the parable of a rich man, who suffers judgment because, amid his sumptuous and extravagant living, he allowed even the dogs to rebuke his selfishness, by licking the sores of the poor who lay at his gate and besought without avail the mere crumbs of his table, a proof either that Jesus or that St. Luke were hostile to property, and advocated communism ? And, further, if Jesus were proved to be guilty of such a tendency, or even definite doctrine, by uttering this parable, how, pray, is St. Luke to be convicted on the same charge, because he alone has reported what Jesus said ? Does not he also, alone of the evangelists, relate the blessing of Jesus upon the house of Zaccheus, who gave half his goods to the poor, but retained the other half ? In like manner it may excite surprise that he should be suspected of communistic opinions, because, forsooth, he relates the simple fact that the first disciples in Jerusalem had all things common. The only meaning of the accusation must be, that St. Luke has invented the fact he narrates,—has falsified the true history of the first disciples, in order to give vogue to his own ideas by supporting them with the authority of their example. We cannot conceive that, without such deliberate invention, the communistic opinions of the writer gave birth in his mind to this fact unconsciously and innocently, in the manner in which myths are said to be usually formed. In this case, at any rate, the mythical theory is palpably absurd and inapplicable. If, however, St. Luke has belied the conduct of the early Christians in these particulars, M. Renan's references go farther than to show him to be an ardent democrat and communist. They show him to be an arrant liar ; stating bluntly what did not take place, and from the meanest of motives,—the desire to authenticate and popularise his own sentiments, by imprinting them with the authority of the example of others. And to crown M. Renan's contradictions, he cites this very conduct of the first Christian community, in evidence that Jesus Himself taught communistic notions ; (p. 307 ;) which of course implies that he believes the disciples at Jerusalem to have acted as St. Luke informs us they did. But, in this case, St. Luke is simply a true historian, narrating what

actually occurred. And how can his veracity in recording a simple fact evince his own ultra-democratic views? Either, then, on M. Renan's showing, the fact took place, which M. Renan may fairly attempt to explain by the communistic teaching of Jesus, and Jesus is the Ebionite or Communist, whilst St. Luke is acquitted of any charge,—save that of truthfulness;—or the fact did not take place, when he may be impeached with graver crimes than Communism:—but then Jesus may be saved the reproach and ignominy of propounding foolish doctrines of social economy, imputed to Him in order to account for a fact, which St. Luke it appears fabricated in order to accredit and further his own peculiar notions.

By such frivolity and recklessness in handling historical data, any desired conclusion may be reached; and hence M. Renan's judgment upon the evangelist Luke. 'But, after all, his Gospel is of comparatively little worth. It is only a more reflective and artistic arrangement of materials, which are found for the most part in the two first Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, along with the introduction of more recent and more highly-coloured legendary matter.'

Accordingly the two Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, as the more ancient and more truthful, are the most important; and to M. Renan's explanation of their origin we briefly advert. Let, however, the chronological facts, which M. Renan admits, be distinctly remembered, as they are all-important. 1st. The Gospel of St. Luke was written, in its present form, shortly after the destruction of Jerusalem, A.D. 70—we may say, therefore, about the year A.D. 75. 2nd. The Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, in their present, or nearly their present, form, existed before that. 'If,' he says, 'the Gospel of Luke be dated, the Gospels of Matthew and Mark are dated also; for it is certain that the third Gospel is posterior to the first two, and exhibits the character of a redaction or digest much more advanced.' In accordance with this unhesitating sentence, M. Renan further announces, in summing up the discussion upon the composition of the Gospels, that 'we may say, in conclusion, that the synoptic redaction has passed through three stages. 1st. The original documentary stage, (the *λόγια* of Matthew, the *λεχθέντα ἢ πραχθέντα* of Mark,) first digests which no longer exist. 2nd. The stage of simple intermixture, when the original documents are amalgamated without any effort of composition, without any personal design of the author's being visible, (the existing Gospels of Matthew and of Mark.) 3rd. The stage of combination, or of a purposeful and reflective redaction, in which the effort of harmonizing the different versions is felt.' We hold, then, by this admitted fact,

that the existing Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark belong to an earlier date than that of St. Luke, or than A.D. 75.* Now let us consider the origination of these first synoptical Gospels. We are met here, as is usual in M. Renan's *hesitant à peu près* method of discourse, with two theories revolving round each other, each shining intermittently, or blending confusedly with the other's light. There is, however, sufficient in common between them to make them both amenable to the same criticism.

1. M. Renan supposes the originals of the existing Gospels to be two previous documents. In his own words:— 'The system of the life of Jesus according to the synoptical Gospels rests upon two original documents,—the discourses of Jesus collected by the apostle Matthew, and the collection of anecdotes and of personal information which Mark wrote from the recollections of Peter. We may say that we have still these two documents, mixed with information from other sources, in the two first Gospels, which thus not unreasonably bear the name "according to Matthew," and "according to Mark."' The existence of these two original documents he grounds upon the famous passage of Papias, which we quote in the note below,† and which, we need not say, is justly claimed

* We are aware that in other parts of the Introduction M. Renan seems to contradict these clearest sentences; but the contradiction is his, not ours: and further, we cannot allow that any miraculous or legendary (!) story in the earlier Gospels is to necessitate a later date for its insertion in these Gospels, because M. Renan has compared Luke's Gospel with the two existing Gospels containing these miracles, and he says Luke exaggerates the *marvellous*. If his Gospel, then, with exaggerated marvels, is dated A.D. 75, no miracles in Matthew or Mark require for their origination a later date.

† Ματθαῖος μὲν οὖν Ἑβραϊδὶ διαλέκτῃ τὰ λόγια συνεγράψατο, ἐρμήνευσεν δ' αὐτὰ ὡς ἦν δυνατὸς ἕκαστος... Μάρκος μὲν ἐρμηνευτὴς Πέτρου γενόμενος, ὅσα ἐμνημόνευσεν, ἀκριβῶς ἔγραψεν, οὐ μόνον τάξει τὰ ἐκ τοῦ Χριστοῦ ἡ λεχθέντα ἢ πραχθέντα. 'Matthew wrote the λόγια in the Hebrew language, and each interpreted them as he was able. Mark, the interpreter of Peter, wrote correctly, but not in order, whatever he remembered both of the things said and done by Christ.' Now M. Renan argues that the use of the word λόγια here cannot be the title of our present Gospel, because the word properly denotes discourses, and our Gospel includes a narrative of events along with the series of discourses. In his argument, as in much of his criticism of these two synoptic Gospels, M. Renan has followed, still *à peu près* as usual, M. Reville in his recent work, *Études critiques sur l'Évangile selon St. Matthieu*. See especially the second chapter of that work on the λόγια of Papias, pp. 44-67; further compare note B on the Gospel of Mark, pp. 327-333. M. Reville's opinion is briefly expressed in his brochure just published, entitled, *La Vie de Jésus de M. Renan, devant les Orthodoxes et devant la Critique*. 'I think,' he writes, p. 40, 'that the three first Gospels have transcribed an anterior Gospel, which appears, without important modification, in our Mark; and that the first, our Matthew, has added to it the more ancient collection of Logia or instructions of Jesus, collected by the apostle Matthew, besides a certain number of narratives, with a legendary colouring.'

We beg, in reply, to remark, 1st, that the name of a book may very reasonably be taken from its distinctive feature. Now the Gospel of St. Matthew is distinguished

by the Church as an explicit testimony to the present Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark.

Let us ignore, however, the unanimous opinions of Christian scholars, and allow M. Renan's assumption that there were two antecedent Gospels written by St. Matthew and St. Mark, which formed the basis of the two canonical Gospels, that were, however, completed and known in their present form before the destruction of Jerusalem. By what process were these earlier Gospels,—one purely a narrative of events, the other a report of discourses,—combined or fused together? Thus: whoever possessed one of these earlier Gospels sought to make it as complete as possible; and, consequently, as he had opportunity, incorporated into the text of his document what he read or heard elsewhere of Jesus. If he had the Proto-Mark, he would insert into his copy the

by the fulness and method of the discourses of our Lord which are given in it. 2nd. Papias himself entitled his work on the life of our Lord, *Commentary upon the 'Logia' of the Lord*; which work was occupied with the facts and miracles of Jesus, as well as with His discourses. 3rd. The Fathers very generally styled the Gospels which they used, the *λόγια*, or oracles, of the Lord. (*Irenæus Adv. Hæreticos; præmium Clem. Alex. Strom. 7; Origen on Matt. v. 19.*) 4th. The word *λόγια* was specially used to denote the oracles of the heathen deities, and would be applied most appropriately to a book like the Gospel held in high reverence, and which, in its record both of events and of discourses, was supposed to show forth Him who was Himself *The Truth*, whose life was the light of men.

We should, however, feel no difficulty in conceding that the Logia to which Papias refers was a collection of the discourses of Jesus reported by Matthew in Hebrew—was, in fact, the Hebrew Gospel, which on Papias' and other testimony we know that Matthew did write, and which he may have incorporated in the Greek Gospel which he wrote afterwards, and which we have received. The Hebrew Gospel of Matthew, with which Papias was familiar, may not have contained the entire of the contents of our Gospel. (See on this subject Professor Norton on *Genuineness of Gospels*, vol. i., p. 196, &c.; vol. ii., chap. 11, pp. 299–346.) But if we make this concession with regard to the Logia of Matthew mentioned by Papias, we cannot see a vestige of a reason why the description given by Papias of Mark's Gospel should be supposed to relate to an earlier than the existing Gospel. Does not our Gospel according to Mark give an account both of the things said and done by Jesus, and is not its arrangement such as to warrant the description *ὁ μέρους τάξις*, 'without order?' Nothing but the mania for frivolous disputation and speculative novelties which has wholly corrupted German and German-ish criticism could have given rise to the supposition that an unknown Proto-evangelium by Mark is here described. The consideration that these authentic Gospels of apostles, or apostolic men, should have been wholly lost, superseded by the works of unknown writers, in the esteem of the church, which yet grounded all its faith upon these supposititious writings, because they had apostolic sanction, is a large question, the answer to which is plain and obvious enough, although microscopic eyes, analysing the niceties of high-criticism, cannot discern it. Ere we close this note, we must point out a gross mis-translation of Papias by M. Renan, which gives rise to vexatious suspicion. He translates *ἐκαστὸν ἑκάστης*, translated; which each translated as they could, instead of interpreted. A passage occurring a few lines above in the extract from Papias, and his styling Mark the *ἐκμνηστής* of Peter, show conclusively that the meaning of the word, as used by Papias, is interpreted. But no; M. Renan needed for his theory the assumption that there were different translations of Matthew's Logia circulating through the churches, which became the nuclei of the agglomerate Gospels, that afterwards became canonical.

whole, or such parts as he pleased, of the discourses which he found in a neighbour's copy of Matthew's *Logia*; but which his narrative Gospel wholly omitted. Similarly, the owner of the Proto-Matthew would necessarily enjoy the reciprocal advantage of interlining his document with the narratives of which his Gospel said nothing. Both of these early Christians would also freely introduce into their private manuscript those traditional recollections of the doings and sayings of Jesus, which, in that early age, and in the very country where Jesus had lived, must have been very abundant. And in this promiscuous, spontaneous manner, the agglomerate result was formed, which we discern in our existing Gospels.*

2. M. Renan's second theory resembles the first, with the very important exception, that it leaves out of view any authentic documents upon which interlineal accretions grew, so as greatly to enlarge and modify them, but which still gave a sort of identity and similarity to the innumerable texts or Gospels which were modelled on them. It attributes the origination of the existing Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark entirely to the indiscriminate hap-hazard deposition and accumulation of oral traditions in the private memoranda of the early Christians. They grew as the coral reef grows, by the addition and development of mite after mite, only without that wonderful and mighty though numbed vitality, pervading, determining, shaping the numerous additions into one organism, which pervades the coral structure. They grew, as Lucretius tells us the world grew, by the whirl of atoms settling down, (the *how* or *wherefore* all unexplained,) into a world whose harmonies, minute, vast, infinite, transcend our powers of discovery, or of expression. We do not exaggerate. These are M. Renan's words: 'It is indubitable, in every case, that very early the discourses of Jesus were committed to writing in the Aramean language; that very early also His remarkable actions were written down. These were not, however, texts, definitely and dogmatically fixed. Besides the Gospels which have come down to us, there were a multitude of others, pretending to represent the tradi-

* That our description truthfully renders M. Renan's theory, will be evident from the translation of his own language:—'Our two first Gospels were already but arrangements in which the *lacune* of the text were sought to be filled up by another. Every person wished, in fact, to have a complete document,' (*un exemplaire complet*.) 'He who only had the discourses in his document, wished also to have the narratives, and *vice versa*. It is in this manner that the "Gospel according to St. Matthew" came to have comprehended nearly all the anecdotes of Mark, and that the Gospel of St. Mark contains to-day a crowd of passages which came from *The Logia* of Matthew. Each, besides, drew largely from the evangelical tradition continuing around him.'—Pp. 19, 20.

tion of eye-witnesses.* Little importance was attached to these writings. These records of the life of Jesus (*textes évangéliques*) had little authority for one hundred and fifty years. No scruple was felt in inserting additions, in combining them in different ways, in completing some of them by the others. The poor man who has only one book, wishes that it should contain all that has gone to his heart. They lent one another these little books; each transcribed on the margin of his copy the words, the parable, which he found elsewhere, and which had touched him. *The most beautiful thing of the world has thus proceeded from an obscure and purely popular elaboration.*†

These are the two theories, in part, as will be seen, contradictory, which M. Renan gravely propounds, to explain

* M. Renan gives references to substantiate this statement: Luke i. 1, 2; Origen, *Hom. on Luke i. 1*; St. Jerome, *Comment on Matthew, Prol.* Now, so far as relates to the numerous writings of which St. Luke makes mention, M. Renan's statement is correct, and is established by these references. But this statement is intended to be, and will be, applied to a much wider extent. At the present day, the Apocryphal Gospels are described as originating in the same age, and as having a kindred authority with the Canonical Gospels,—which are said to be only selections made accidentally, or to suit doctrinal prepossessions, from a multitude of others. (*Mackay on the Tübingen School, passim*; *The Westminster Review, passim.*) The burlesque of all historical truth in this notion, which is being forced into popularity, is almost laughable. Against the idle assertions of sceptical writers, which they yet utter as the very oracles of truth, and to put our readers on their guard, we cite here a passage from Professor Norton, the literal truth of which we have verified and can attest. 'The Apocryphal Gospels were very little regarded or known by any Christians, Catholic or heretical. We find in Justin Martyr and Tertullian *nothing* concerning them. In Irenæus, two titles, one purporting to be that of a book which, most probably, was not extant; and the other, likewise, perhaps, originating in mistake, but supposed to belong to a Valentinian Gospel, which there is no evidence that the Valentinians ever appealed to. Clement gives some extracts from a Gospel which he found quoted by the Encratites, or ascetics. Serapion mentions the Gospel of Peter, as in the hands of some persons belonging to a parish in his diocese, called Rhossus. Origen once refers to the same books. And the author of the Homilies on Luke adds three other titles of books of which he gives no account. (He mentions the titles of four; but The Gospel according to the twelve Apostles is, as Jerome informs us, only another name for The Gospel of the Hebrews.) These are *all* the notices of Apocryphal Gospels to be found in all the writers of Christian antiquity, before the end of the third century. Had they been works of any notoriety, works possessing any intrinsic or accidental importance, we should have had page after page of controversy, discussion, and explanation concerning them.'—Vol. ii., pp. 326, 327. Professor Norton further traces this infidel delusion to its source. Fabricius, in his *Codex Apocryphus Novi Testamenti*, gives an account of Apocryphal Gospels, under fifty titles; which, as the same book passed under two or more different titles, he supposes may represent forty books. But Fabricius takes a wide range. He includes writings which have no claim to the title of Gospel, either in the ancient or modern sense of the word; and he has brought down his catalogue to the year 1600, mentioning a History of Christ in Persian, published that year by Jerome Xavier, for the benefit of his converts. Hence the multitude of these Apocryphal Gospels.

† *Introduction*, pp. 21, 22.

the origin, the acceptance, and catholic, or canonical, authority of these two first Gospels.

Great difficulty, we confess, has been felt in accounting for the peculiar and manifold correspondences, and the equally peculiar variations, in the language and structure of the synoptic Gospels, as also in harmonizing their chronological data. But we do not affirm too much in saying that these difficulties are now yielding to the solvent of patient inquiry, and exhibiting the most striking and unexpected evidences of the naturalness and authenticity of the Gospels. Hitherto, Gieseler's theory,* so simple and natural, has verified itself most

* This theory has been lucidly expounded to English readers in Westcott's *Introduction to the Study of the Gospels*, (pp. 268-364,) and in Norton's *Genuineness of the Gospels*, (in sections 3, 4, and 5 of Note D, vol. i. pp. 264-300,) and has been supported by original corroborative evidence in the valuable little work of the Duke of Manchester, entitled, *A Chapter on the Harmonizing of the Gospels*. A very brief but most accurate statement of the theory is given in Herzog's *Real-Encyclopædie*, which we quote: 'The particular incidents of Gospel history had been repeatedly narrated by the apostles, and thus a certain *type of narration* had formed itself. The particular *points*, especially in sayings of Christ, were always reproduced; unusual expressions were the more firmly retained, since, when they were uttered, they had the more strongly attracted the attention of the disciples. Sermons and sayings were naturally retained with more care and reported with more uniformity than incidents; although, even in the latter, in the same degree that the incident was surprising and peculiar, a fixed type of narration had involuntarily formed itself. Thus it was that the authors had often heard the points, both of incidents and sayings, narrated; and this always in the same words. The more point there was, the more the *language itself* became fixed in the memory: naturally, however, not in the same degree with all, and without destroying the individuality of the Evangelists.'

This theory is supported by all the patristic evidence that has been handed down to us respecting the formation of the Gospels; and is alone adequate, though most simple and natural, to explain the peculiar correlations, harmonies, and discrepancies of the synoptical Gospels. One or two facts which have not been adduced in further confirmation of this theory, will be welcome to biblical students. The different Targums used in the Jewish synagogue present almost an exact counterpart to the three Gospels in those remarkable characteristics of similitude and variety, which are under consideration; and from precisely similar causes. 'As the Jews grew less and less able to understand Hebrew, it became necessary at the readings in the synagogues to interpret the Hebrew which was read. At first this would be done orally; but gradually a stereotyped mode of interpretation was formed, which took a fixed shape in writing, or at least the best interpretations of the most celebrated Rabbis were noted down as helps for common readers.' (Ebrard, translated by Rev. J. Martin, p. 488, note.) This explains why the different Targums partly agree in language, and partly diverge,—differing and agreeing in parts of the same verse or paragraph in the same remarkable manner as the Gospels. Now, let it be remembered that the early Christians were Jews, received and committed to memory these oral and approved interpretations of the Hebrew Scriptures, and, mayhap, committed them to writing; and we may understand why they treated the teachings of our Lord and the narratives of His life in the same manner as they did the laws, narratives, and prophecies of their Scriptures. Indeed, it is impossible to conceive how they should do otherwise. Again, in the schools of the Pharisees and of the law, whose scholars were not confined to one class of the community, but embraced men of all classes and employments, the whole of the instruction consisted of old tradition and its applications, delivered from and intrusted to memory, without the use of books or

remarkably and completely in the explanation of the difficulties connected with the literary structure, the verbal correspondences and discrepancies, of the Gospels. But we affirm our belief, (and we do so after sufficient investigation to warrant the most decided expression of opinion, and to incite competent scholars to try the labyrinthine problem with this clue in hand,) that the further application of this theory in the manner which Professor Norton has inaugurated in the fifth and sixth chapters of note D, vol. i., in his valuable work on the Genuineness of the Gospels, in combination with those regulative principles for the construction of a Gospel harmony laid down by Chemnitz, (*Harm. Evang.*, 1593, *seq.*, continued by Leyser and Gerhard,) and recently advocated by Ebrard, (*Kritik der Ev. Gesch.*, Second Edition, p. 62, &c.) will restore for us a chronological harmony, which, for simplicity, for agreement with the condition of the evangelists, and for complete explanation of the differences subsisting between their Gospels, will not only dissipate the objections raised on the ground of these differences, but will convert them into most conclusive, because incidental, evidences of their authenticity and integrity.

M. Renan's theory explains none of these difficulties, but makes them utterly insoluble. He supposes that the synoptical Gospels have grown into their present form by the casual, various, indiscriminate additions which the early disciples made to whatever text any of them may have possessed, containing the account of any part of Jesus's life, as the nucleus of this heterogeneous concrete. At one time he imagines this original text to be a writing of Matthew or of Mark, from the one to the other of which extracts were reciprocally taken, and with the utmost freedom, along with other traditional accounts: at another time he ignores any such rudimentary but authoritative text, and asserts the Gospels to be entirely the

writing. But this oral teaching was most exact. The three divisions of the Mishnah, the Halaka, and the Midrash, and the Talmud proper, (Grätz, *Geschichte der Juden vom Untergang des Jüdischen Staates bis zum Abschluss des Talmuds*, note 26, pp. 487-490,) were thus elaborated during generations, and, by the exact traditions or instructions of the schools, transmitted from age to age, from master to scholar. The Jews were accordingly habituated to religious teaching of this order, which consisted in the precise and fixed repetition of what had been heard by them; and their memories were trained to retain and communicate accurately teaching which was thus received. The fact explains the repetitious character of much of our Lord's teaching, and opens up new considerations as to the providential preparation of the Jewish mind for the accurate apprehension, retention, and communication of essential truth, the fulness of whose spiritual meaning their hearts may not have received. But also, it shows the *method* that would certainly be adopted by the first converts in reciting the events and teachings of our Lord; and the exceeding probability of that explanation of the formation of the Gospels, which Gieseler suggested, and which is now generally adopted.

compilation of fragments thus promiscuously heaped together in private memoranda. Now, we allow that the first of these *hypotheses* makes some slight acknowledgment of the remarkable parallelisms between St. Matthew and St. Mark, and proposes an explanation of them, though wholly inadequate,—more puerile and contemptible, indeed, in this light, than any of the monstrous theories which have attempted the harmony of these Gospels.

Against this theory it might be urged that the best modern harmonists maintain that the chronological plan of the existing Gospel of St. Matthew is entirely different from that of St. Mark, which agrees with the Gospel of St. Luke; * a strange fact, if this canonical Gospel is but the setting of St. Matthew's Logia into the narration of the Proto-Mark, and therefore certain to retain something of the order of the narrative in St. Mark; but we allow that so far as it does notice, and howsoever absurdly, yet does attempt to explain the conspicuous resemblances between St. Matthew and St. Mark, this theory is even preferable to its fellow. However, against both of them we advance three series of arguments, each of which alone would infallibly demonstrate their falsehood, and which combined overwhelm their absurdity with reproach. In the case of the two first series, we confine ourselves to the Gospel of St. Matthew, in order not to perplex and weary the minds of our readers.

First, then, we affirm, that the canonical Gospel of St. Matthew could not be the 'obscure and popular elaboration' of a multitude of writers, or be the result of an intermixture, accomplished in equally casual and multitudinous manner, of two familiar documents, and other popular traditions, because there is a unity of *style* in the whole Gospel, which imprints on every part of it the individual stamp of its author,—which reveals itself in characteristic idioms, and in favourite turns of expression, shot like finest threads inextricably throughout the entire web of the Gospel, giving a specific and plainly featured character, an inalienable identity, not only to the Gospel as a whole, but to every section of it equally. The discourses and the narratives are written in the same hand. The two first chapters, whose authenticity is sometimes disputed, bear the impress of the same literary mould as the other chapters of the Gospel: so that M. Renan's theory could only be accepted on condition of the astounding miracle, that every one of the thousands who in divers times and places added the sentences and paragraphs, from St. Mark or elsewhere, which make up the present

* Wieseler, *Chronologische Synopse*; Tischendorf, *Synopsis Evangelica*; Ellicott's *Life of our Lord*, pp. 152-157.

compost, either possessed congenitally the precise mental habitudes and linguistic peculiarities of the writer of the Logia, or they were supernaturally endowed with St. Matthew's most original and almost eccentric style, whenever they lifted a pen to insert a word into the original document of the Logia which they possessed. This argument is not vapid rhodomontade, as it would be if we did not exhibit the minute subtle idiomatic harmonies and larger expressional forms which pervade this Gospel, interlacing it into an organic unity, by a network as fine and strong as the nervous tissues of a living body. But the buttresses of our argument must be built in our notes. They are necessarily heavy, and to weaken them would destroy altogether the validity of the argument, which, it is evident, requires a *mass* of evidence. A few instances of correspondence might be accidental.

The number and continuity of our examples place our argument beyond the reach of cavil. We the more willingly reproduce this argument in something like its full force, because we are acquainted with no English work in which it is at all adequately exhibited, though Westcott, Norton, Roberts, (*Discussions of the Gospels*), and most of our commentators, present fragments of the evidence. We are largely indebted to Gersdorf's invaluable work, *Beiträge zur Sprach-characteristik der Schriftsteller des N. T.*, (Leipzig, 1816,) for most of the illustrations we array as evidence to prove that St. Matthew's Gospel—as we have it—was indubitably written by one person.* Con-

* 1. The peculiar idiomatic form of expression seen in Matt. i. 20: ταῦτα δὲ αὐτοῦ ἐνθυμηθέντος—ἰδοῦ, occurs nine times at least:—ii. 1; ii. 13; ii. 19; ix. 18; ix. 32; xii. 46; xvii. 5; xxvi. 47; xxviii. 5. The word ἰδοῦ occurs often in the New Testament; but only in one other passage does it follow the genitive absolute. It occurs in Matthew fifty-three times. There is a similar peculiarity of construction in the use of ἰδοῦ, which occurs nowhere else in the New Testament. It is seen in ii. 9: οἱ δὲ ἀκούσαντες τοῦ βασιλέως ἐπορεύθησαν, καὶ ἰδοῦ. For this use of καὶ ἰδοῦ, after the nominative participle, cf. viii. 32-34; xxvi. 50, 51; xxviii. 8, 9, 19, 20: cf. also, iii. 16, 17; ix. 1, 2, 19, 20; xii. 9, 10; xv. 21, 22; xix. 15, 16; xxvii. 50, 51. There is still another construction of καὶ ἰδοῦ, which is proper to this Gospel, and found nowhere else in the New Testament, in which it follows the dative participle: καὶ ἑμβάντι αὐτῷ—ἡκολούθησαν—καὶ ἰδοῦ: viii. 23, 24, 28, 29; xxviii. 1.

2. In the first Gospel the adverb οὕτως is always placed before the verb: οὕτως ἦν: i. 18; ii. 5; iii. 15; v. 12, 16; vi. 9, 30; &c., &c. In the other Gospels it is placed sometimes before, sometimes after.

3. There is a very frequent form in Matthew, Μάγοι παρεγένοντο λέγοντες: ii. 1; cf. ii. 20; iii. 1; iii. 17; viii. 5; ix. 18; xiii. 36; xiv. 15; &c., &c. Now Luke and Mark, on the contrary, always add αὐτῷ or αὐτοῖς.

4. This style of phrase, καὶ πάλιν, else, cf. xi. 2, 3; xiv. 10; xxii. 7, and πορευθέντες μὲτε, ix. 13; xi. 4; xvii. 27; xxi. 6; xxii. 15; &c., &c., is quite characteristic of Matthew. The first occurs nowhere else in the Gospels, and the second very rarely in Luke, and but once in Mark. (It may be observed, indeed, that there are more of these nice points of agreement between Matthew and Luke than

ceive M. Renan's theory at all possible; and what a jargon of infinite dialects would have sprawled over the document, elaborated as he imagines! It would not have been Hellenistic Greek throughout; for, indeed, Hellenistic language was peculiar to few comparatively of the Christians of the second generation; and there is no reason why the elaboration of a document which afterwards, and soon, became the canonical Gospel of all the Western churches, should have been elaborated in the narrow circle of Greek-speaking Jews. Even amongst them, however, styles varied as markedly as the characters of the writers,—the Epistles of St. Paul, St. John, and St. Peter, the Gospels of St. Luke and St. John, and the works of Josephus, bearing witness. A popular composition effected by many pens, would at the best have been a crude and ragged arrangement of separate parts patched together, but glaringly different and incongruous. Need we add, that the same argument runs upward, and applies, not merely to the phraseology, but also to the modes of conception in the Gospel? Let those two or three interpolations of any considerable length that have been found among all the Greek manuscripts of the Gospel, at once explain and attest what we say, since they betray themselves as spurious, not only by a style of language, but a style of thought 'clearly

between Matthew and Mark, which are yet supposed to be only different mixtures of the same elements.)

5. *διεγερθεὶς ἀπὸ τοῦ ὕπνου*, i. 24; cf. xiv. 2; xvii. 64; xviii. 7. All the other writers of the New Testament use the preposition *ἐκ* with this verb. The expression, *κατ' ὄναρ*, is equally peculiar to this Gospel.

6. The adverb *τότε* occurs ninety times in the Gospel of Matthew. It occurs only six times in Mark, and fourteen times in Luke. *σφόδρα* is very frequent in the first Gospel, and is always placed after the verb. It only occurs once in Mark, (xvi. 4,) and once in Luke. (xviii. 23.)

7. *ἀνεχάρησαν* occurs once in Mark (iii. 7) with the preposition *πρός*. Luke never uses it. It appears ten times in Matthew, and always with the preposition *εἰς*.

We have not nearly ended this catalogue, but must stop. The phrase *ἡ βασιλεία τῶν οὐρανῶν* is repeated thirty-two times throughout every section of this Gospel, in discourses and narratives alike. It appears nowhere in Mark or Luke. In Matthew the peculiar idiom, *ἵνα πληρωθῇ τὸ ρηθὲν*, or, *τοῦτο ὅλον δὲ γέγονεν ἵνα*, proclaims the application and fulfilment of a prophetic passage, but only in this Gospel. Many other words and phrases, such as, *ὁ πονηρός*, *συντίλεια τοῦ αἰῶνος*, *συμβούλιον λαμβάνειν*, *μαθητεύειν*, are peculiar to Matthew, and occur several times in different parts of his Gospel. And the expression, *ἵλος Δαυὶδ*, is likewise characteristic of it, occurring in i. 20; ix. 27; xii. 23; xv. 22; xx. 30, 31, &c.; occurring accordingly in all parts of it, whilst it occurs but rarely in Mark and Luke.

As corroborative evidence, we remark, the Latinised forms occurring in this Gospel, such as *κοδράντης*, (v. 26,) for the Latin *quadrans*, *φραγελλῶς*, for Latin *flagello*, (xxvii. 26,) &c., indicate one hand in the composition of the Gospel; and, further, that it came from the hand of Matthew. 'When,' as Dr. Davidson says, (*Introduction to the New Testament*, i., 56,) 'it is remembered that Matthew, as a tax-gatherer for the Roman government, must have come in contact, by the very nature of his office, with persons using the Latin language, these Latinisms are accounted for.'

different from that which characterizes the Gospel in which it was introduced.* The contrast between the tone of thought in Hermas, the Epistle of Barnabas, and especially in the legends that are found in the Apocryphal Gospels, may further indicate what must have been the wild and incoherent medley which compositions, 'obscurely elaborated,' as M. Renan supposes, must have exhibited.

II. The second series of arguments includes all those proofs which have been adduced to show the special tendencies and aims of this Gospel, as manifest in either the selection or the treatment of incidents in the life of our Lord or of His discourses. These arguments all combine to prove that the materials of this Gospel were fashioned and arranged according to a certain method and purpose; and that, consequently, it is throughout the work of one author. That several such distinct tendencies have been discovered in the Gospel, does not militate against this reasoning, any more than that several features unite to give expression to one emotion, or that many muscles unite in complex play to the accomplishment of one bodily motion: for these tendencies all resume and fulfil themselves in the supreme object of this writer, and are indeed but parts of the methods by which he attains this object. All will coincide in an observation of M. Reville, that 'in the first age of the church especially, it is impossible to expect an historian to narrate his history simply and purely, without any regard to the circumstances, the wants, the struggles of the scene around him.† Without, accordingly, weakening in the least degree the historical value of St. Matthew's Gospel, all students have recognised in it, as distinguished from the other Gospels, a specific character,—a tone of treatment running throughout its entire structure, which marked and proved the personality of the author. We confess that no statement of the apologetic aim of the Gospel commends itself to our judgment as so comprehensive

* See Norton's *Genuineness*, &c., note C, pp. 257-289, where three such manifest interpolations are given. One only we cite: 'In the Codex Stephani, it is said that, instead of the last twelve verses of Mark's Gospel, the following conclusion was found in some manuscripts:—πάντα δὲ τὰ παραγγελλόμενα τοῖς περὶ τὸν Πέτρον συντόμως ἐξήγγιλαν. Μετὰ δὲ ταῦτα, καὶ αὐτὸς ὁ Ἰησοῦς ἀπὸ ἀνατολῆς καὶ ἔρχι δόσεις ἀπαύσσεια δι' αὐτῶν τὸ ἱερὸν καὶ ἁθάρτον κήρυγμα τῆς αἰωνίου σωτηρίας. 'And, without delay, they made known to Peter and his companions all which had been commanded. And after this, Jesus Himself sent forth through them the holy and inconvertible preaching of the eternal salvation, from the rising to the setting of the sun.' On which Professor Norton remarks, 'The difference between the use of language in this passage, and that of Mark and other evangelists, is so obvious, even in a translation, that no particular comments upon it are necessary.'

† *Etudes Critiques sur l'Evangile selon S. Matthieu*, p. 14.

and exact as M. Reville's in the work just named, which he presents in this formula: 'The apologetic character of the first Gospel supposes that the author writes in view of Christian Jews, feeling the need of reconciling their state of minority in the nation with their faith in Jesus as the Messiah, and the fact that the nation, as such, refuses to believe in Him.' This formula, it will be seen, includes most of the notions generally entertained respecting the Gospel, as they may be gathered from Westcott's Introduction or the valuable notes of Ellicott's *Life*. But it is most interesting to observe how this definite aim of the writer, from its very definiteness, gives occasion to bring into relief certain facts in the life of our Lord, and certain features of His teaching, which otherwise might have been omitted, and which blend most harmoniously in that grand oneness of Spirit and Truth, which is broken in the prism of the four Gospels. So wonderfully, and yet in strict accordance with the laws of human mind, has God made the specific intention and method of each Evangelist the means of realising His own *intention* and *method* of exhibiting the life of His Son in full-orbed glory, for the benefit of His church. But these proofs of design, and of unity of design, revealing themselves throughout one work, are the sign-manual of its composer vindicating its genuineness, and, much more, its integrity. One illustration of this sort of evidence it may be proper to adduce. We choose one which has been recently elaborated with a fulness of learning and cogency of argumentation which leave nothing further to be desired on the subject, in a work published two years ago in Germany, by R. Anger. (*Ratio quæ Loci Veteris Testamenti in Evangelio Matthæi laudantur, quid valeat ad illustrandam hujus Evangelii Originem.*) This work alone, without support from any other source, would suffice to overturn M. Renan's hypothesis. The frequency with which the Gospel of Matthew quotes the Old Testament prophecies, and the manifest uniformity of purpose, as well as the peculiar and expressive phraseology employed in these Old Testament references, have been often, though somewhat indefinitely, observed. But R. Anger has shown, further, that all these references irrefragably avouch the same literary treatment. They bear witness to a writer who is acquainted with the Hebrew text, as well as the Septuagint; but who, in the liberty of his selection from either authority, and in his translations from the Hebrew, asserts his authority, adapts and enchains his quotations to the course of his own reasoning, and in all the citations, abounding from the beginning to the end of the Gospel, leaves the unmistakable impress of the same method, and therefore of his own mind.

How comes it to pass that these quotations from the Old Testament do not occur so commonly, or with this distinctive style of handling, in St. Mark, St. Luke, or St. John? And how is it conceivable that all the crowd who contributed their quota to this Gospel, on M. Renan's supposition, should have caught the same 'art' of quoting, translating, adapting the Hebrew or Septuagint texts, whilst the compilers of St. Mark were deficient therein? Yet this is but one illustration of our second series of arguments, which include all the manifold lines of evidence that prove the literary integrity and the individual authorship of the Gospel, from the congruity of the aims, arrangement, and methods, which are disclosed in it.

III. The third series of arguments includes those which arise from the circumstances attending the formation of the early Gospels. They are a legion. Briefly to suggest them must suffice; the common sense of our readers will amplify our hints, and start new reasons. How then, we ask, could the text of the present Gospels have originated at all by the process indicated by M. Renan? We hear much of a certain historic sense, a new faculty of apprehension, which is acquired by familiarity with historical studies. We fear that M. Renan, and the masters of the school whose profound philosophy he essays to popularise, have acquired a new sense, which their fellow mortals do not enjoy. Still the ordinary procedure of human conduct is intelligible to us; and we desire to know how, on the theory proposed, a definite text like that of the first Gospel could possibly have come into existence. Be it remembered, *every* possessor of a small evangelic document is supposed to add to his text, from any available source, what he could learn about Jesus Christ. But these documents would exist wherever the faith had spread. Accordingly, before the fall of Jerusalem, they would exist throughout Asia Minor and Greece, in Rome, Babylon, and in other distant regions. Those who lived farthest from the centres of the evangelic tradition, would most certainly insure, by the safe custody of writing, whatever information they gleaned concerning the faith they had embraced. Every such document had, on the hypothesis, equal value. What an enormous variety, of every conceivable size, arrangement, style, would at once appear in these compilations! These varieties, each equally authoritative, existed in countries remote from each other, and unpermeable to other influences than the all-penetrating fire of missionary zeal. How then, pray, did the present text of St. Matthew originate? It may indeed have been the text of one of these compilations! But by this hypo-

thesis, that compilation had no more authority than any other private collection formed from similar data. How then was that one document exalted above all the others? Why did the churches and countries that had their own collections equally honourable, abandon them, and all agree to adopt this one favoured text for ever? Was this resolution of all the churches throughout Christendom taken by general concert and counsel, and if so, when, and on what grounds? or was it like the first creation of their own evangelic documents, and of the one which they afterwards strangely and groundlessly preferred, an '*obscure and popular*' movement?—words which with M. Renan certainly darken counsel; and, in their nebulous vagueness, like the clouds which enveloped and saved the gods, when the battle pressed sore on them, secure him an ignoble escape from the defeat and exposure of the crowding impossibilities which environ his ridiculous thesis. Is it not plain that, on M. Renan's hypothesis, we should have had as many versions of the Gospel history, as we have of any of those fables which form the common legendary lore of the pseudo-European races? At any rate, would not every country and every district furnish us with manuscripts widely differing in every essential, beyond the few primary—not facts—but myths, which the first propagators of the Gospel had accepted as the substance of the Gospel they went forth to preach. But what, in fact, do we find? About seven hundred manuscripts, of whole or part of the New Testament, have been discovered, of various ages up to the third century. These manuscripts, discovered in all parts of Christendom, are copies of manuscripts existing before them. Versions were made of the New Testament as early as the second century.* Quotations were freely made in the fathers of the second century from the Gospels; who describe the four Gospels to be such as we now possess; who extol their authority, and appeal to them as books in common use amongst Christians throughout the world. Well, these manuscripts are examined; they agree, not only in general arrangement of each book, but in the exact reproduction of the same text; saving only trivial clerical errors, necessitated in frequent copying of the same work. All the extant remains of the ancient versions show that they translate the same text; and the quotations of the fathers from the Gospels prove that they quoted from the same text. This evidence does not come from one country; nor is it the evidence of individuals. The versions were made for countries;

* See 'Versions,' Smith's *Dictionary*, vol. iii.

the manuscripts were made for communities ; the fathers spoke in behalf of the whole church ; and their evidence unanimously witnesses, that there had been only one text of each Gospel known, believed, quoted, translated, copied, by Christian believers, since men believed in the name of Jesus. How that one text was thus honoured we can explain, as the early Christians who believed it, explained it. It came from the hand of a man whose position and character gave supreme authority to his evangel. Other testimonies were unequal to his, however honest and credible. It was too solemn and fearful a thing to believe this truth on other than the surest evidence. Hence the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark were copied, diffused, and preserved from age to age with scrupulous fidelity. But how, according to M. Renan, that one *text*, of which history alone makes mention, which we trace back so near to the date of its origin, came into being, and then strode on to absolute pre-eminence, no one can tell.

However, M. Renan admits that the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark had been elaborated in the way he describes before the year A.D. 70. We do not however know precisely what this admission includes. Does he mean that the memoranda of ONE compiler had before that arranged themselves in precisely the text of our present Gospel of St. Matthew, or does he mean that this compilation of one man had already gained universal acceptance and authority amongst Christian churches ? The latter seems to be his meaning ; because he implies (M. Renan affirms little without an *à peu près* to qualify it) that Luke had these compilations now named ' according to Matthew and Mark ' before him, which he re-arranged with more artistic feeling and finish. Now, then, a multitude of questions arise. Why was that compilation finished ? Did not the first collector add more to his store from the boundless fields of tradition, which M. Renan says were already peopled with myths ? or, if he did not, what hindered those who bought his compilation from adding to it ? Again : what gave this compilation of one collector such influence in that early age, that it eclipsed all contemporary kindred productions, and acquired a publicity which brought it under St. Luke's notice ? Was it the authority of the compiler ? If so, who was he ? What higher authority than that of an eye-witness and an apostle,—of St. Matthew himself,—as the church believes ? But then such a compilation, which was published, and gained acceptance and pre-eminence amongst other collectors on the ground of the trustworthiness of its author, is not ' an obscure and popular ' elaboration. It is a conscious arrangement and composition of facts by a com-

petent historian. And if it be not the Apostle Matthew who himself has issued this Gospel, how impossible that any other man should have published during his lifetime a Gospel according to Matthew,—(leaving out of consideration the query, how any man committing this forgery could have written such a work, or found any to accept his work as *the authentic and preferable* account of facts which their own compilations of oral teaching already contained,) which passed into popular currency amongst churches over which he and his brother apostles exercised constant supervision, or with which they communicated, under the sanction of his name,—without detection and exposure! Further, if the present Gospels be simply casual compilations of floating recollections and *variorum* extracts, not only does this pre-eminence of one over the others become a riddle, save on the ground of the pre-eminent authority of the compiler, which brings us back to the reasonable belief of the church, but how shall we account for the fact which M. Renan allows,—that works *which were authoritative* are completely lost, whilst these popular elaborations, (one of them only, we protest,) according to M. Renan, remain? The Apostle Matthew did write the discourses of our Lord; St. Mark did write a narrative of His life. Was there no reverence for these men, or for their writings, in the early church? How came it that documents so precious were lost; that not a copy of them, a quotation from them, remains; and that they were superseded by some unauthoritative production, which perhaps embraced these primitive documents, but disfigured them by interpolations and erasures? If the believers of that first age accepted any other writing, in lieu of their own reports of the oral teaching they heard, it could not be the similar notes of other unauthorised men, but the authentic work of an apostle or apostolic companion. But no! the ‘obscure elaboration’ obscures and blots out for ever the composition of an apostle himself, and yet gains an unshaken ascendancy over the early church, by virtue of the title of that very apostle whose work it eclipsed and consigned to oblivion. If, in addition to these considerations, we remind our readers of the nature of the Christian faith, its astounding claims, its open publication, its miracles, the opposition it awakened, the differences between its advocates, the sacrifices it exacted of its adherents, the moral character it formed in them, according to the testimony of Pagans themselves, and its especial enforcement of the attribute of truthfulness,—we may ask, is it conceivable that unconverted Jews and Pagans would not scrutinise rigorously the books which contained the *Gospel* of Christ; and, when they

believed, verify most scrupulously those writings, on the truth of which they ventured all? Such jealousy concerning the Gospels existed in the second century, but similar reason existed in the first; and to imagine that the Gospels were the accidental deposition of mythical reports, which apostles were voluntarily sacrificing their lives to propagate, and thousands of people were receiving joyfully at the peril of life and all life holds dear, is the 'confusion worse confounded,' the consummation of Ir-rationalism, which yet is proposed by M. Renan as the necessary basis of his rendering of the life of Jesus. Were we not justified in declaring this work a valuable contribution to Christian evidences? and may we not conclude this section with the words of Pascal?—'En vérité, il est glorieux à la religion d'avoir pour ennemis des hommes si déraisonnables; et leur opposition lui est si peu dangereuse qu'elle sert au contraire à l'établissement des principales vérités qu'elle nous enseigne.'*

The Gospel of St. John is rightly discussed by M. Renan apart. Its character and its origin, he says, are different from those of the Synoptics. It comes either direct from the apostle John himself, as M. Renan repeatedly affirms,† or it was written by his disciples; for M. Renan, again contradicting himself, leaves the impression, that the Gospel was not written by St. John, but was elaborated by a school of his disciples at Ephesus. 'We are everywhere tempted to believe,' he writes, 'that precious notes composed by the apostle have been employed by his disciples in a sense very different from the primitive evangelic tradition.'‡

However, in the language of a French critic, most favourable to M. Renan, 'He avows without reserve the extremely idealistic, speculative, and mystical, and consequently untrustworthy character of the fourth Gospel. He is most severe on the historian, whose good faith does not appear to him beyond suspicion, and whom he reproaches with sectarian prejudices and with a deplorable taste for the pretentious and heavy tirades which he puts in the mouth of Jesus. The special doctrines of that Gospel are, according to M. Renan, imputed to the Son of man, but He has never uttered them. Further, this Gospel appears to him to bear marks of correction and erasure. In a word,

* *Pensées*, partie ii., art. 2.

† 'L'auteur y parle toujours comme témoin oculaire: il veut se faire passer pour l'apôtre Jean. Si donc n'est pas réellement de l'apôtre, il faut admettre une supercherie que l'auteur s'avouait à lui-même. Or, quoique les idées du temps en fait de bonne foi littéraire différassent essentiellement des nôtres, on n'a pas d'exemple dans le monde apostolique d'un faux de ce genre.'—*Introduction*, p. 27.

‡ *Introduction*, p. 32.

artificial composition is as apparent in this work as ingenious narration in the Synoptic Gospels.' The fourth Gospel consists, in M. Renan's words, 'of the variations of a musician improvising, on his own account, on a given theme. The theme cannot be without some authenticity, but, in the execution, the fantasy of the artist gives itself full scope. We feel the factitious process, the rhetoric, the arrangement (*le procédé factice, la rhétorique, l'appât*). We see that, in uniting the discourses, the author followed not his recollections, but the monotonous movement of his own thought.* We may wonder, after such a description of St. John's Gospel, that M. Renan has yet quoted and used it as his sole authority for many of the facts which he narrates as authentic in the life of Jesus. After such a prelude, the writer who has disparaged and decried any document in such language, must in all consistency discard its evidence, when unsupported by other testimony, as purely worthless. But M. Renan cannot act consistently. His vacillating à peu près judgment cannot grasp any fact firmly. All things fluctuate and tremble in vague uncertainty to his vision. Accordingly, this Gospel is regarded, albeit suspected of being a forgery, as an equal authority with the other Gospels, throughout the *Vie de Jésus*, and convicted of utter, and probably intentional, misrepresentation throughout its entire contents. The reasons for this monstrous judgment† upon this beloved Gospel of the beloved apostle are, (a) the unlikeness between our Saviour's discourses in it, and in the other Gospels; (β) the recurrence of certain words in it unknown to the other Gospels; (γ) the identity between the style of thought and diction in it and in the Epistles of St. John, in both of which the strongly marked physiognomy of the writer and of the current opinion of his age, are apparent; (δ) the manifest self-consciousness and self-exaltation of the writer of the Gospel; (ε) the mystical, un-moral, and monotonous character of the discourses ascribed to Jesus. Our hearts rise up in wrath, like that which the apostle himself felt, when the Samaritans dishonoured his Lord, against accusations which belie our holiest memories, and the sovereign influences that have purified and blessed our life. But in remembrance of the Master's rebuke to His disciple, we still our indignation, and would win our adversary. We (a) confess, then, that there is a palpable unlikeness between the first three Gospels and the last.

* *Vie de Jésus*, Introduction, pp. 24-35.

† An echo from the Tübingen school, which has reproduced the casuistry of Bretschneider. Bretschneider's *Probabilia* first assailed the authenticity of this Gospel, which in the very heart of Christian life had been spared by the early Rationalists.

But M. Renan exaggerates it. There are instances of the parabolic teachings which abound in the Synoptics, in the parables of the good Shepherd and of the Vine given by St. John.

It is not only, as is rashly said by M. Renan,* in St. John that the expression, 'Son of God,' or 'Son,' is used by Jesus in speaking of Himself. What is written in Matthew xi. 27, and in Luke x. 22? 'All things are delivered to Me of My Father: and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him.' '*I am,*' said our Lord, when adjured by Caiaphas to say if He were the Christ, the Son of God. (Cf. Luke xxii. 70; Matthew xxvi. 63; Mark xiv. 62.) The commission is given by Jesus, 'Baptize in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' (Matthew xxviii. 19.) In addition to these passages, compare Mark xii. 6; Mark xii. 32; Luke xxiv. 49; and also the accounts of His baptism and transfiguration, Matthew iii. and xvii. Likewise the phrase, 'Son of God,' occurs much more frequently in the Synoptics than in John. How has M. Renan dared to outrage the credulity of his readers by such arrogant mis-statements?

The harangues of John the Baptist, in the last Gospel, have the sharp accent and strong colouring, emphasizing the records of his teaching in the first Gospels; and thus prove, that the memory of John was retentive even of the words and tone of a speaker, and that, if the discourses he reports from the lips of Jesus are different from those found in Matthew or Luke, it is because they were different. And why not? Had He who spoke as never man spake, only one style, one colouring, one form of speech? Other men have varied moods; other men adapt their speech to their subject and audience; and why not Jesus? even if only man; especially if he be a man of extraordinary genius, as M. Renan would allow. The scenes are different in St. John and in St. Matthew. In the latter, Jesus sits on the Galilean mountain, or mixes with the simple people of Galilee, in their boats, and at their feasts. In the former, he contends with the subtle, captious doctors of the law in Jerusalem, or unveils the secret of His kingdom to His chosen apostles. Who does not perceive that, in a conversation with one of the chief scholars of Judæa, as was Nicodemus, or in the intimate and unreserved communion with His disciples, who were hereafter to be the preachers of His word, as, for example, in the long evening in the upper chamber before his betrayal, 'the Saviour was able to unfold

* 'C'est seulement dans l'Evangile de Jean que Jésus se sert de l'expression de Fils de Dieu, ou de Fils, en parlant de lui-même.'

truths which He did not teach to the multitude, at least under a form so elevated?' It was this very difference which the Lord indicated in the words: (Luke viii. 10 :) '*Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven: but to others in parables.*' If, then, the three Synoptical Gospels embody the popular, moral, parabolic teaching of our Lord addressed to the Galileans, what hinders, nay, might we not expect, another Gospel, containing the profounder mysteries of godliness, which He taught His intimate disciples? And if these spiritual and doctrinal teachings (Clement of Alexandria calls the fourth Gospel τὸ πνευματικόν) are different in language and tone from the more symbolic teachings, are they not as they must have been? This character of the fourth Gospel is assigned to it by all the patristic accounts, is justified by the probabilities of the case, and vindicates by explaining its specific peculiarities. But (β) M. Renan says, 'There is quite a new mystical language employed in John, of which the Synoptics have not the least idea—("world," "truth," "life," "light," "darkness.") If Jesus had ever spoken in this style, how could one only of His auditors have kept the secret so well?'* How trenchant and dogmatic M. Renan has become in this paragraph! His usual 'almost' had, however, been more in place here than elsewhere; for in every word and sense of it this paragraph is false. Each of these words, of which he says the Synoptics have *not the least idea*, is employed several times in them, and with the mystical—if it so please M. Renan—meaning which they bear in St. John:—the Concordance being our witness; some of them, *e. g.*, 'darkness,' in a religious sense, being used more frequently in the Synoptics than in St. John. Does not M. Renan's dogmatism go by the rule of contrariety? There is an insolent defiance in his declamatory assertions which may impose on the careless; but we warn them, where the boast is loudest, the cause is weakest.

We (γ) avow, with M. Renan, the identity, that is announced as a discovery, between the Epistles and the Gospel of St. John, and accept this as an unimpeachable witness to the authenticity of the Gospel; but we demur to the inference that therefore the Gospel is an unreliable history. May not the words of our Lord, which he has recited in his Gospel, have formed the style of the apostle when writing on those themes which lay the nearest to his heart, and were the themes of our Lord's discourses? Does not the terminology of our modern theology saturate the sermons we hear? Have not the sermons of

* *Introduction*, p. 35.

John Wesley, and the hymns of his brother, imprinted their peculiar phraseology on the writings of their adherents, especially of those who have the most perfect affinity and the closest intimacy with them? May not the words of one man dye the style of another? And why may not the style of our Lord's discourses reflect itself in the language of the loving, susceptible, and responsive disciple, whose spirit itself reflects, in so many lights, still finer and more incommunicable traits of the mind of Jesus? The language of St. John, modelled as it must have been on that of the Master, becomes a striking evidence of the language of the Master: and hence we conceive that the style of the Epistles verifies the accuracy in which the language, as well as the doctrine, of Jesus has been preserved and reported in the Gospel. Notwithstanding, we believe that the language of the Epistle, and, further, the language in which Jesus' discourses are reproduced, bears the clear stamp of the author's individuality. By this token, we know the genuineness of the Gospel, and know that no part has resulted, as myths grow, from the unconscious impersonal development of a people's sentiment. These words are there, with the stamp of one man's mind on them; and he becomes responsible for their truth. We do not believe the evangelists were the dead stops of a mighty organ, through which the breath of the Divine Spirit sounded unearthly music. They gave, as they were aided by the Spirit to receive and retain; and in their gift to us the Divine and the human mysteriously combine. The light from heaven shows the colours of the earth. *The Word* of God reveals the mind of man, and he who shows us Christ cannot but show us himself. Yea, further, we believe those mental and emotional habitudes of John, which tinge his words as with aureolar brightness, enabled him to delight in, to comprehend, and to represent certain features of Christ's teaching and life, to which other minds were not sensitive, and enable him for ever, as a mediator, to commend and instil those highest truths into our minds in happy, alas! unfrequent moods. The humanity of the evangelist has made the Divine word good for men. There is a law of sympathy, profounder than the magnetism of matter, which opens and enlightens heart to heart. It was thus John, leaning on the Saviour's bosom, drank in secresy from the heart of Jesus what others had not tasted, and what he poured out openly; but only they who can, will drink therefrom; for most exquisitely has Origen said, (*Comment. in Joannem, ed. Huet*) τολμητέον τοίνυν εἰπεῖν ἀπαρχὴν μὲν πασῶν γραφῶν εἶναι τὰ εὐαγγέλια, τῶν δὲ εὐαγγελίων ἀπαρχὴν τὸ κατὰ Ἰωάννην—οὐ

τὸν νοῦν οὐδεὶς δύναται λαβεῖν μὴ ἀναπνεσῶν ἐπὶ τὸ στήθος
'Ιησοῦ—καὶ τηλικούτον δὲ γενέσθαι δεῖ τὸν ἐσόμενον ἄλλον
'Ιωάννην, ὥστε οἰοεὶ τὸν 'Ιωάννην δευχθῆναι ὄντα 'Ιησοῦν ἀπὸ
'Ιησοῦ.*

(δ) M. Renan depreciates the authority of the Gospel of St. John, on account of the self-consciousness of the author. Our readers wonder what this may mean. St. John, in two or three passages, has solemnly affirmed his being an eye-witness of what he narrates. And this invalidates his testimony. Strange reasoning! Simple and ingenuous narration, like that of the first three Gospels, in which only the slightest traces of the personality of the writers are found, proves that the narrative is not the work of one mind, but a popular elaboration. Let the historian but name himself, and then there is flagrant evidence of artifice and design in the construction of the history, which throw suspicion on its veracity. Such is our self-styled high criticism. But worse charges are broadly cast upon the author of this Gospel. We grieve to recite them.

'Not only,' M. Renan says, 'does the author wish to make himself pass for the Apostle John, but we clearly see that it was written in the interest of that apostle. One is tempted to believe that John,' [but if it was only an author wishing to pass for John, surely the apostle might have spared this calumny,] 'having read, in his old age, the evangelical narratives which were in circulation, on the one hand, remarked there certain inaccuracies; and, on the other, was vexed to see that they did not accord to him a sufficiently exalted place in the history of Christ: that then he commenced to dictate a number of things which he knew better than the others, *with the intention of showing that in many of the instances in which Peter alone was spoken of, he had figured with and before him.*'

We cannot find more appropriate words to repel this calumny than Abbé Freppel's indignant reply: 'So, it is a vile sentiment of jealousy against St. Peter, to which we owe, in great measure, that admirable Gospel of St. John, of which Herder loved to say, "The hand of an angel has written it." The old man was wounded in his *amour-propre*; he was indignant to see that he took not a sufficiently noble part in the evangelic history. Then, to take revenge (*faire pièce à Saint Pierre*) on St. Peter, he himself resolves to dictate his recollections; and immediately flows from his mouth that sub-

* 'We may presume, then, to say that the Gospels are the *first-fruits* of all the Scriptures. And the first-fruits of the Gospels is that of John, into whose meaning no man can enter, unless he has reclined upon the bosom of Jesus.....He must become a second John, and take John as a Jesus, from Jesus.'

lime metaphysic, which eighteen centuries have admired, and made the theme of their meditations and commentaries: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." The pen falls from the hand, in presence of such absurdities. This is what M. Renan calls high criticism, what we are entitled to call a dull puerility. And what, pray, are the formidable reasons behind which our valiant adversary shelters himself? Let us hear them. St. John relates that he lay on the bosom of Jesus at the last supper; that he was with Peter in the court of Caiaphas; and in running to the tomb with Peter he arrived first. Are not these evident traces of a spite but badly dissembled? I see, indeed, according to this history, that John, as the younger man, had a nimbler step than his companion; but I see nothing else. And, mark well, St. John is the only evangelist who relates the ceremony of the washing of the feet, in which St. Peter holds so great a place. And he alone reproduces those solemn words of Jesus Christ to Peter, "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep."—It matters not. Jealousy must have been the motive that inspired the apostle of love with the design of composing his Gospel. High criticism has declared it by the mouth of M. Renan.

Lastly: M. Renan scarce finds his ample vocabulary rich enough to set forth his dislike, we might almost say his disgust, for the discourses which St. John attributes to Jesus, but which he attributes to St. John. We care not to translate his words. We believe them to express his opinion; but they weigh nothing in controversy. The words of Jesus are an offence to him.* None the less they may be true words. Whoever has read the fourteenth chapter of St. John to dying men, whose eyes were lit with glory unspeakable, whoever has meditated with deepening and awful joy over his Saviour's prayer in the seventeenth chapter, may marvel that any mind can speak of these holiest, tenderest, and most quickening words, what M. Renan is bold to utter. But in our controversy with him, if the mere opinion of men shall tell, if it be a controversy of taste, we place against his verdict the unanimous voice of Christian believers throughout all nations, kindreds, and tongues; who, with Ernesti, have prized this Gospel as 'the heart of Christ.' This voice of the church is uttered by Dr. Tholuck, in the Introduction to his *Commentary on the Gospel*, one passage from which we cite: 'This Gospel speaks a language to which no parallel whatever is to be found in the whole compass of literature; such childlike simplicity, with such contemplative profundity; such life, and such deep rest;

such sadness, and such serenity; and above all, such a breath of love, "an eternal life, which has already dawned, a life which rests in God, which has overcome the disunion between the world that is and is to come, the human and the Divine."**

We hope that our readers consider M. Renan's theory exploded, and willingly hold the authenticity of the Gospels. Yet, according to M. Renan, this does not exclude the possibility of their contents being largely mythical. Strauss affirms, that if the Gospels were written by eye-witnesses, then the mythical theory is absurd. Not so M. Renan. He believes that the legends concerning Jesus, which are developed in the Gospel narratives of the conception and the miracles of our Lord, began to shape themselves even during His life, and even with some countenance from Himself. He allows the Synoptical Gospels to have existed in their present form about the year A.D. 70; and though by his theory of an 'obscure and popular elaboration' he allows a brooding darkness to cover the growth of the myths, he considers them to be matured and published, and received as the substance of the Christian faith in the Gospels at that early date.

We now, accordingly, discuss the theory, that so much of the Gospel history is compounded of purely legendary stories, as M. Renan styles them. He disputes, as he had done in his article on *Les Histoires Critiques de Jésus*, the accuracy of the distinction drawn by Strauss between myths and legends, and his application of that distinction to the Gospel narratives. His language in that article (*Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse*, pp. 163, 164) gives us the key-note of his *Vie de Jésus*. 'In a

* *Commentary*, p. 18. Clarke's translation.—Most striking too is the quotation given by Tholuck from Claudius: 'I love best of all to read in St. John. There is in him something so perfectly wonderful: dusk and night, and the quick lightning throbbing through them; the soft clouds of evening, and behind the mass the calm full moon; something so sad, so high, so full of presage, that one can never weary of it. When I read John, it always seems to me that I see him before me, reclining at the Last Supper on the bosom of his Lord; as if his angel held the light for me, and at certain parts would place his arm around me, and whisper something in my ear. I am far from understanding all I read; and often John's idea seems to hover before me in the distance; yet even when I look into a place that is entirely dark, I have the sense of a great glorious presence, which I shall some day clearly behold; hence I catch so eagerly at every new exposition of the Gospel of John. 'Tis true, most of them only ruffle the evening clouds, and never trouble the moon behind them.' For further explanation of the peculiar characteristics of St. John's Gospel, we refer our readers to Westcott's *Introduction*, (chap. v.—The Gospel of St. John,) in which the profound investigations of Lampe, Lücke, and Luthardt, are concisely stated; but, for distinct discussion of the main points raised by M. Renan, German students will refer with most satisfaction to the seventh section of Lücke's *Introduction* to his *Commentary*, entitled, *Die vornehmsten Einwürfe gegen die Echtheit*, pp. 82-108, Second Edition.

state of reflection,' he says, 'we see things in the clear light of reason. Credulous ignorance, on the contrary, sees them by moonlight, deformed by a treacherous and uncertain light. Timid credulity metamorphoses, in this twilight, natural objects into phantoms; but it belongs to hallucination alone to create beings *à toute pièce*, and without any external cause. In the same way, the legends of countries half open to rational culture have been formed more frequently by uncertain perception, by the vagueness of tradition, by magnifying hearsays, by the distance between the event and its recital, by the desire of glorifying heroes, than by pure creation, such as may have had place in the construction of the Indo-European mythologies; or, rather, all methods have contributed to the tissue in indiscernible proportions those marvellous embroideries which put scientific categories at fault, and over whose formation has presided the most indefinable fantasy. It is not, then, without many restrictions, that the denomination of myths can be employed in treating of the Gospel narratives. I would prefer, for my part, the word *legend*, or legendary stories, which, whilst giving large scope for the operation of popular opinion, allow the action and the personal influence of Jesus to remain in their entirety.' In accordance, then, with his own principles which he so ably expounds, we have seen his explanation of the origin of the legend (as he styles it) of the miraculous birth of Jesus in page 482 of our last Number; of the narratives of miracles in pp. 483, 484, and of the resurrection at page 486: 'The passion of a deluded woman gives to the world a God raised to life.'

Now M. Renan seems not to feel that the problem he needs to solve, according to his own theory, is twofold. It is not enough to imagine the origin of certain false anecdotes or impressions concerning Jesus in the minds of the few devoted friends who were under the enchantment and spell of His extraordinary personal influence.

This supposition is refuted by the record of their incredulity, during Jesus's life; by the impossibility of any personal influence being exerted over human minds that retained their sanity, which would blind their intelligence to the plainest and most assured evidence of their senses and of palpable facts attested by every one they knew, and lead them to substitute for this experience of themselves and their neighbours a tissue of impossible events, (according to natural law,) which notoriously had no existence; and by the manner of life, the bearing, the moral character, the doctrine, the speech, the sufferings, the prevailing faith, the missionary labours, and the success, of

these men. But this supposition, however desperate, explains nothing. Had the Gospels been the private reveries or the passionate outpourings of a delirious friendship, in which the few intimate companions of Jesus indulged after His death, their origin and their authenticity would have formed no problem for us. But M. Renan himself says they are 'the popular elaboration' of reports, that spread in circles out of the immediate range of eye-witnesses. It is thus he would save the integrity or the understanding of St. Matthew, who was one of the twelve, by ascribing the miraculous legends of his Gospel to other persons who were ignorant of Jesus. But the difficulty is increased thereby instead of lessened. It is the origin and acceptance of these legends amongst persons in Judæa, and, be it remembered, before the fall of Jerusalem, that have now to be explained. That persons who never felt the extraordinary dæmonic influence of Jesus which might have excited an unwarrantable and credulous enthusiasm amongst His chosen intimates, who were Jews, who must have been repelled by the broad statement of the facts of that ignominious life which perished on the cross, who had no conceivable motive drawing them to the Galilean peasant;—that these persons should have believed the miracles and the Messianic glory of Jesus, at a time when all the eye-witnesses of the facts reported, if they had not been imaginary, were living, when their unblushing falsehood must have been matter of public notoriety, when no force but the irresistible stress of truth could have shaken the almost ineradicable prejudices of the Jewish mind that had to be abandoned, when their kinsmen and their nation were relentless in their persecutions of the Galileans, when shame, loss, death, were before them;—that these persons should, under these circumstances, have believed such prodigious marvels, which all the inhabitants of the land knew to be lies; and, further, should themselves have concocted them, and thus added new features of majesty to the person of one they did not know, but for whom, as they thus conceived him, they willingly gave up friends, fortune, and life;—is the fact which M. Renan has to explain. And the incredible improbabilities which this fact involves, have to be conjectured with regard to every fresh adherent of the apostolic company. We have now touched the quick of this controversy. The truth of Christianity is ventured on the issue we have raised. The credibility of M. Renan's *Vie de Jésus* depends on the decision we give thereon.

We purpose, accordingly, to pass in quick succession a series of arguments, of which, so far as we know, no mention, or at best but casual, has been made; and which illumine with

marvellous splendour the method of Divine Providence in that critical epoch—the fulness of time—for protecting the ark of the new covenant, the Gospel of Jesus, from contamination by human hands, and for certifying to the world the truth of Christianity by evidences, unseen till required, but all mighty when revealed, which illustrate in their grand and complex harmony the wisdom of God's plan in the origin of Christianity. Before, however, entering on the detailed arguments which build up the unassailable strength of our Christian apology, we must examine, first, four points, on which M. Renan insists, as they are in truth the essential elements of his rendering of the miraculous narratives of the Gospels. We especially refer to the miracles of Christ, because it is with regard to them that M. Renan has fully—and, we may add, fairly—applied his own principles of interpretation laid down in the extract from the *Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse*, which we quoted. His account of what he styles the legend of Christ's infancy, is too brief and indefinite to be seized by the mind. And so far as it is intelligible, it contravenes his own principles. This legend, as he describes its rise, is a myth, and no legend. It had no historical basis whatever to rest upon. Jesus was not born at Bethlehem*—was a child of a large family at Nazareth. The entire story of His miraculous conception, His birth, and the numerous accessories related by Matthew and Luke, is a pure fabrication, which developed itself in the popular mind from the title, *Son of David*, which was given to Him, and was accepted by Him. It is thus, in the strict Straussian sense of the word, a *myth*, which 'it belongs,' in M. Renan's words, 'to hallucination alone to create,' in a country like Judæa; and which, be it ever remembered, formed a fundamental truth in the minds of the Christian community before A.D. 70. In like manner, M. Renan says no more of the great miracle of our Lord's resurrection than the words, which we quote again, in order at once to expose and confute the monstrous credulity of his unbelief:—'The passion of a deluded woman gives to the world a God raised to life;' a sentence which points the acmé of the climax of our new infidelity.

* 'The immediate consequence of this proposition, that Jesus is the Messiah, was this other proposition—Jesus is the Son of David. He allowed a title to be given Him without which He could not hope for any success. He ends, it appears, by taking pleasure in it, for He then performed with better grace those miracles which they demanded from Him by appealing to Him under this name.....Did He authorise by His silence the fictitious genealogy which His partisans imagined in order to prove His royal descent? Did He know the legends invented to show that He was born at Bethlehem? We do not know. His legend (*i.e.*, of His birth) was thus the fruit of a grand and wholly spontaneous conspiracy, which elaborated itself around Him during His life.'—Pp. 210, 211.

On the miracles ascribed to Jesus Himself, M. Renan is more copious and explanatory. He tries to denude them of their supernatural sacredness, and to reduce them to the level of natural phenomena, by his own specific; and these four points are placed before us as the pivots on which his euhemeristic* system turns and works. (1.) That the Gospels are in part legendary, is evident, since they are full of miracles and of the supernatural: but there are different kinds of legend. No one doubts the principal traits of the Life of Francis d'Assise, although the supernatural is met there at every step. No one, on the contrary, gives any credence to the Life of Apollonius of Tyana, because it was written a long time after its hero died, and under the conditions of a pure romance.

Now, it is not only in this passage of the *Vie de Jésus*, but in several others,† and likewise in his *Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse*, that he adduces this history of St. Francis as a parallel instance to that of Jesus, in which, though miracles abound which are to be discarded, yet the main character of the hero is faithfully delineated. It is the *only instance* he is able to cite, which can yield even a distant parallel to the Gospel narratives; and we are not surprised he makes it the strong *point d'appui* of his method of interpreting the Gospels. Now, we might urge a number of considerations which interpose a gulf, deep and wide as the basin of the Atlantic, between the monkish biographies of St. Francis and the Gospels, in the puerility, extravagancies, and frantic absurdity of their legends, compared with the sober, brief, direct narratives of Christ's miracles; and in the circumstances attending the origin and acceptance of either class of writings. The biographies were written in cells, for the pious reveries of the monks, or for the vague wonderment of an ignorant and superstitious people;—written in an age when the human intellect drowsed moaningly under the incubus of a ghostly thralldom, and the religious world was rife and hot with insane marvels,—when there was no scepticism, but boundless credulity,—when all literature, knowledge, instruction were in the hands of a priesthood, which drugged

* An expression now common to denote the method of reducing mythical and legendary stories to their original form, before distorted and magnified in the cloudy Bröcken shapes of the popular imagination; of precipitating the residuum of historical truth from the volatile compounds into which they have been sublimated. It is taken from *Euhemerus*, B.C. 316, who wrote a work, *Ἐπεὶ Ἀστυγαστή*, in nine books, substituting natural facts for the marvellous legends of the Greek mythology.

† 'Is not the life of Francis d'Assise also a tissue of miracles? Yet has the existence and rôle of Francis d'Assise ever been doubted?'—P. 449; cf. 258, &c.

the faith of the people with enchantments to deepen the spell of their superstition, and bind them more helplessly under their sway. The *Gospels* were written and propagated in Judea, Greece, Italy, in the face of a mocking scepticism, religious antipathies, and the combined resistance of a relentless State and hierarchy, to conquer the voluntary faith of men. We might concede the fact which M. Renan adduces as the only parallel instance in history to the origination and faith of the Gospels, and by the contrast which this parallel instance throws into burning relief, challenge a verdict for the unquestionable truth of the miraculous records of the Gospel. But what can M. Renan say, when this fact is denied him? when, furthermore, it is shown that the Lives of Francis d'Assise, to which he refers, as crowded with miraculous narratives, are precisely on a level with the Life of Apollonius by Philostratus, of which he says, 'No one gives any credence to it, because it has been written a long time after the death of its hero, and under the conditions of a pure romance?' Yet this we shall establish; nay, more, we can show, as we cannot in the case of the Life of Apollonius, that the monkish biographies are pure romances, because we may witness the ample growth of the fabric, as the miraculous embellishments are gradually interwoven with the earlier histories of the Saint. We affirm, then, and ready proof is at the hand of our readers, that in the first four Lives of St. Francis that were written, three of them being by contemporaries, and one by Bonaventura, his successor in the generalship of his order, there is no specific mention of any miracles, save one incident, which they recorded as a miracle, because it was true,—and which the unbelieving criticism of our age accepts as true, though it has proved it to be not miraculous. It is remarkable, too, that this marvellous incident holds a place altogether distinct and pre-eminent in the subsequent legends of the Saint; showing how great was the power of *reality* in exalting one event as supreme in a life which they decorated with other miracles much more stupendous, but fantastic and unreal. We allude, of course, to the famous *stigmata*, the marks of the crucifixion, that were said to be imprinted on the hands, feet, and body of St. Francis. Now, M. Renan should not require to be informed by us, as his fellow member in the French Institute and his friend Alfred Maury has written his work, '*Les Mystiques Stigmatiques*,' for the very purpose of showing what those *stigmata* were, and how they were caused, not only in St. Francis, but in the numerous other saints upon whom they were impressed. We have not the work at hand; but we have Alfred Maury's

larger work on '*La Magie et Astrologie*,' in which it is incorporated. We give the conclusion of his excellent analysis of the strange phenomenon of the *stigmata*. After describing Francis's former fastings and absorbing contemplation of the crucified, he adds, 'On the day of the exaltation of the cross, abandoning himself even more than usual, by reason of its solemnity, to one of these ecstatic contemplations, he believed he saw a seraph, with six burning and shining wings, descend rapidly from the vault of heaven, and approach him. The angelic spirit held between his wings the figure of a man, whose hands and feet were nailed to a cross. When the saint gazed on this miraculous spectacle, with a profound emotion and astonishment, the vision suddenly vanished. But the pious anchorite had felt a strange convulsion; and his whole system remained in deepest agitation. He felt, especially, in his feet and hands, painful sensations which soon gave rise to ulcerations, to those kinds of sores which he considered as the *stigmata* of the passion of Christ.' (Page 357; cf. the whole chapter, entitled, *Influence de l'Imagination dans la Production des Phénomènes de la Magie, les Mystiques, &c.*, in which the cases of other saints are named, in whom the mimetic force of the imagination reproduced many copies of St. Francis's miracle.)

Now, save this one incident, which, indeed, contemporaries of St. Francis, as well as himself, deemed miraculous, there are no miracles explicitly attributed to him in the first biographies. His pretty communings with the little birds, addressing them as his brothers and sisters, are the simple speech of a gentle spirit weakened by fasting and toil, but have no mythical extravagance. The later biographies were written as the other lives of the saints, '*dans les conditions d'un pur roman*,' and therefore 'we give them no credence.' We see in them the weaving of the legend, glaring in its gay embroideries, around the naked truth of contemporary history; till now the fanciful creation extends to eighteen vols. folio in the last edition of the *Annales Minorum*. By his own parallel—his only parallel; by his own exposition of the comparison it presents, and of its evidence to the credibility of a legendary history, M. Renan's cause is ruined.

(2.) M. Renan is constrained to narrow the range of the Gospel miracles, to give a probable explanation to their origin. He says,—

'The types of the evangelic miracles do not in reality offer much variety: they repeat themselves one after another, and appear to be framed on a very small number of models, accommodated to the taste of the country.....Almost all the miracles which Jesus thought

of executing appear to have been miracles of healing. Scientific medicine, founded five centuries before in Greece, was at the time of Jesus unknown to the Jews of Palestine. In such a state of knowledge, the presence of a superior man treating the sick with gentleness, and giving him by sensible signs the assurance of his recovery, is often a decisive remedy. Who would dare to say, that in many cases where there was no positive organic disease, (*lésions tout-à-fait caractérisées*,) the contact of a gracious person' (M. Renan's words, *personne exquise*, cannot be literally translated without doing injustice to his thought) 'is not worth more than the resources of pharmacy? The pleasure of seeing Him heals. He gives what He can,—a smile, a hope; and that is not in vain.....To heal was considered a moral attribute. Jesus, who felt His moral power, must have believed Himself specially gifted to heal. Convinced that a touch of His robe, the laying on of His hands, did good to invalids, He would have been severe if He had refused to those who suffered a relief which it was in His power to bestow.'—Pp. 259-61.

Now we understand the drift of this representation. Were it correct, M. Renan need take no trouble to despoil the Gospels of their authenticity or their credibility from his repugnance to the supernatural. He might receive the Gospel, with its marvels of healing, as Alfred Maury received the Lives of St. Francis, with their ravishing descriptions of the '*stigmata*' of the crucifixion.

The wonderfully stimulative and soothing influence of the imagination, especially under the action of religious emotion, the magnetic, healing influence of association with a pure, noble, and gentle man or woman, the force of nervous exhilaration,—these facts are acknowledged: but can the miracles of the Gospels be brought within the narrow categories of these facts? The sphere, after all, is but limited in which magnetism and imagination can operate for the relief of human disease; and though we should grant, what M. Renan has no right to ask, that Jesus exercised the most commanding influence over the sensibilities of his fellow-men that human being ever wielded, yet this influence at the utmost is small in effecting organic or functional changes on the body, and is of a kind which could only be exercised under conditions of time and manner which were not realised in the life of Jesus. But such influence He did not wield. He did not overawe His enemies; He did not overwhelm His disciples by the blazing energy, the personal force or charm of His character. He did not act on the sensibilities, but on the consciences of men. Moreover, how did faith in Him arise, which is ever the most potent factor in the marvellous cures which imagination works? And altogether apart from these considerations, it is not true that a few types model

all the Gospel miracles. It is true, that as the Saviour and Friend of man, Jesus bore man's griefs and healed his diseases : He witnessed the Divine Sovereignty of His grace, and showed forth the fulness of His spiritual redemption, in ways that spoke most clearly to the human mind, by curing every form of physical woe which evil had wrought in man. But are His miracles of healing indeed few, or of monotonous sameness? The blind healed, the leper cleansed, the lame walking, the deaf hearing, the raving maniac in his right mind, the fever quelled, the dead restored to life,—these miracles cover the entire experience of human infirmity and sorrow. Further proofs of healing power Jesus could not give; for there was no other disease to heal. What more variety, then, can M. Renan demand, unless with a jeering impertinence, like that of the Tempter, he would create unknown evils for Jesus gratuitously to subdue? And are these miracles such as the necromancy of the imagination or the charm of a gracious body could operate? But there are still other miracles, and of great abundance, which M. Renan conveniently forgets; for no *charm of voice*, or *smile of a personne exquise*, will instantly hush the thunderous billows or bind the roaring blast; no moral force will convert five loaves into a sufficiency for five thousand, and fill baskets full of the fragments that are left. The world of nature obeyed its Lord; and M. Renan is most disingenuous when, to serve his cause, he so adroitly manages the miracles which are to be explained as to hide from view those that will not yield to the exorcism of his method.

(3.) M. Renan says, 'It is impossible, amongst the miraculous narratives of which the Gospels contain a fatiguing enumeration, to distinguish the miracles which have been ascribed to Jesus by opinion from those in which He consented to take an active part.' We accept the dilemma here offered. Either Jesus performed the miracles, or they were falsely ascribed to Him; and it may seem strange that M. Renan should allow the possibility of both alternatives being true, that Jesus wrought miracles, and that others were spuriously mixed up with those that were authentic. But M. Renan here again neither thinks nor writes ingenuously. He says elsewhere, 'The *miracles* of Jesus were a violence which His age forced on Him, a concession which a temporary necessity exacted from Him.' And again: 'Often He executed His *miracles* only after being supplicated.' We might imagine that Jesus, in M. Renan's view, wrought miracles: but no! he only means the wonders of a thaumaturge, or the feats of a mesmerist, by this word *miracle*. Now this word has acquired a rigorously definite sense;

and, remembering the gravity of the questions involved in the reality of miracles proper, we cannot allow it to be corrupted by such a misuse. These are not *miracles*, and it is an unworthy sleight-of-hand trick in the play of words, to foist the word with this *double entendre* into the argument so as to perplex the reader. But if they are, then we affirm there can be no difficulty in distinguishing the miracles *ascribed* to Jesus from those wrought by Him. All that could not be wrought by a wizard, or by commanding moral influence, (what a chimerical combination !)* must be remanded to popular opinion ; and the Gospels are mythical ; for this latter description comprises the vast majority, if not absolutely the whole, of the miracles described in the Gospels. And how came they to be ascribed to Jesus ? Does not M. Renan inform us that 'two means of proof, *miracles* and the accomplishment of prophecies, alone could establish a supernatural mission in the opinion of the contemporaries of Jesus ?' (P. 253.) And again : 'As for miracles, they passed at that epoch for the indispensable mark of the Divine, and for the sign of prophetic vocation.' It was, then, he further argues, because popular opinion conceived Jesus to have a supernatural mission, to be a prophet—the Messiah, that it attributed to Him these necessary tokens and distinctions of His high vocation. But whence comes, we demand, the possibility of this belief that Jesus was a prophet, and had a supernatural mission, which afterwards invested Him with the

* What a grievous and fearful confusion the following passage exhibits, and into what a monstrosity is the character of Jesus caricatured by this attempt to make His miracles thaumaturgical marvels !—'We should fail in true historic method, if we listen here too much to our repugnance ; and, in order to avoid the objections which we might be tempted to raise against the character of Jesus, suppress facts which were placed in the first rank in the eyes of His contemporaries. It would be agreeable to say that these facts are the additions of disciples much inferior to their Master, who, not being able to conceive His true greatness, have sought to magnify it by magical spells (*prestiges*) unworthy of Him.' (This is exactly then what M. Renan does constantly say. (Cf. pp. 241, 259, 360, &c.) 'But the four narrators of the life of Jesus are unanimous in vaunting His miracles ; and one of them, Mark, the interpreter of the apostle Peter, insists in such a manner upon this matter, that, if we traced the character of the Christ after his Gospel alone, we should represent Him as an exorcist in possession of charms of a rare efficacy ; as a very powerful sorcerer, who causes fear, and of whom one wishes to be rid. *We will admit, then, without hesitation, that acts which would now be considered as traits of deception or of madness, held a great place in the life of Jesus.* Is it then necessary to sacrifice the sublime aspect of such a life to this unpleasant aspect of it ? Let us beware ! A simple sorcerer,—after the manner of Simon the Magician,—would not have effected a moral revolution, as Jesus has done.' (P. 266.) How true the last sentence ! but the difficulty is how He who brought about such a moral revolution in the world should after all have been, by M. Renan's confession, a simple sorcerer. It is the alliance of the two elements—the spirit that has purified the world, and the spirit that cheats its contemporaries—which makes the only kind of miracle that is impossible, because immoral.

sublime prerogative of His office, when He was wanting in that single qualification, which constituted in the Jewish mind the only test and evidence of a Divine mission? This difficulty is insurmountable; Jesus must, on M. Renan's own testimony, have wrought miracles before the people believed Him to be the Messiah. It was not their belief in the Messiahship which created the false opinion of His miracles. And must we not suppose that a people who were anxiously expecting their promised Messiah, but knew at the same time so clearly the evidences that alone could attest His Divine commission, would distinguish well between the wonders of sorcery with which they were familiar, and miracles which bore the seal of the Deity; and would scrupulously examine whatever vouchers of this sort were produced by Him who said He came from God?

(4.) There remains one other of these *rapprochements* and adroit compromises by which M. Renan seeks to adjust the Christ of the Gospels to his own ideal of Jesus. He says that the people imposed on Jesus His reputation as a thaumaturge, &c.; (p. 265;) that 'many circumstances appear to indicate He became a thaumaturge late in His ministry, and against His will,' &c.; (p. 264;) and 'in a general sense it is true to say that Jesus was only a thaumaturge and exorcist in spite of Himself.' (P. 168.) 'We feel in His miracles a painful effort, a fatigue, as if something had gone out of Him.' (P. 251.) It is in relation to this aspect of Jesus's life, that M. Renan propounds his theory of Oriental sincerity, and justifies Jesus by these passages:—'Material truth has very little value for an Oriental; he sees everything athwart his own ideas, interests, and passions. History is impossible, if it be not freely admitted that there are several degrees of sincerity. All great things are done by the people; but one only leads the people by lending oneself to their ideas.' (P. 253.) Further: 'It is necessary to recollect that every idea loses something of its purity when it aspires to realise itself. A man never succeeds without the delicacy of his soul being roughened.' (P. 258.)* We repel

* We do not mention here, nor have we mentioned in our abstract of the *Vie de Jésus*, M. Renan's unhappy explanation of the resurrection of Lazarus at Bethany; according to which he thinks that, bound by 'fatal necessities which every day became more exacting, more difficult to endure,' Jesus became party to an artifice by which Lazarus and his sisters ventured (placing Lazarus in grave-clothes in the sepulchre) to give Jesus the *déclat* of so great a miracle as even the resurrection of one that was dead. Even M. Renan's friends allow this explanation to be the mistake—the blot of his book. We have not referred to it because it really does not belong to the general structure and method of his book. It confirms, however, the impression which its more essential parts produce, as to the rôle which M. Renan according to his theory is obliged to make Jesus play, as an actor, a hypocrite, yielding, it may be, to the stronger impulses of others, but doing so consciously and of design.

with indignant rebuke this aspersion on the character of Jesus, who first ushered into the world that sublime doctrine of sincerity which has indeed impregnated as a salt the popular morality of every Christian country; who enforced the scrupulous exactitude and honour of the lightest words, so that no oath should enhance their truth; the ruling axiom of whose teaching was that truth is to be loved pre-eminently, and fearlessly confessed before God and men. But what suicidal contradictions annul this, with other accusations raised against Him, and recoil disastrously upon the accuser! Why, indeed, if these miracles of the thaumaturge were almost all miracles of healing, and if 'Jesus, who felt His moral force, must have believed Himself specially endowed for healing,' why should Jesus have been reluctant to act this noble and sympathetic part of a thaumaturge? Why should he be forced in spite of Himself, by the clamour of His disciples, to discharge on poor sufferers that healing virtue with which His moral power endowed Him? We recall M. Renan's words: 'He would have been hard-hearted if He had refused to those who suffered the relief which it was in His power to grant them.' Then these are not the miracles referred to. The thaumaturge must have attempted other miracles, which delighted His followers and proved His Messiahship. And these marvels were—*impostures*! Does not M. Renan's language clearly assert that they were enacted publicly and purposely with a view of establishing His Divine mission? It is true that Jesus shrank at first from this baseness; but at last He stooped even to this degradation. Now we can allow no vacillation or dubiety in a matter so grave as this. We therefore repeat M. Renan's line of thought, which every reader may verify. Miracles were regarded as the indispensable mark of the Divine Teacher. His disciples demanded them of Jesus. Jesus Himself had drunk in the most exalted notions of Himself from the enthusiasm of His disciples; and hence, though against His will, and shrinking from the unwelcome task, yet with the distinct object of making the people believe in His Divine mission, He performed these marvels. Remember, further, how, by M. Renan's confession, these pseudo-miracles 'held a great place in the life of Jesus;' and what remains, but the stark conclusion, which M. Renan by no casuistry respecting degrees of sincerity can resist, that Jesus was a sheer impostor? The sorceries, exorcisms, miracles of this thaumaturge, were done with the object of deceiving the people, who attributed a Divine significance to such works, *and concerning Himself*. The very consciousness of Jesus, which M. Renan imagines to lighten His infamy by making Him

shrink from His nefarious employment, only deepens His guilt by showing that He knew too well the dire immorality of the procedure in which notwithstanding His life was largely spent. *Credat Judæus.* To this alternative the controversy always presses, and in it it ends. Jesus was in very truth the Son of God or an impostor; and by every truth that rules the human intelligence—by every feeling that pulses in the human heart—we are repelled from the latter alternative, and cleave to the former.

We enter now on broader ground, to refresh ourselves in the light of those evidences which confront at every point the philosophic phase of infidelity borrowed by M. Renan from Dr. Strauss, which ascribes the supernatural elements of the Gospel to a mythical origin. The *supernatural*, according to this doctrine, is altogether the creation of the popular sentiment, in an exalted, intensely active and sensitive mood, which forms what it believes, *finxit quid credat*, and precipitates its glowing, fluid, transcendent imaginings into hard dogmas, which are the heritage of the colder and more reflective ages that follow. This is the infidelity of our age; and we desire our readers to comprehend how marvellously the arrangements of God's providence in the introduction of Christianity were designed, in order to prevent the possibility of such an assumption arising to throw discredit on the word of His truth,—arrangements which this profounder infidelity brings to light by the inquiries which its startling hypothesis suggests; so that, like all opposition to the Christian faith, it only serves to reveal more clearly the glory of God in it and upon it, and to establish its truth the more irrefragably. Our work here, however, will be supplementary. We do not mean to enlarge on the broad and sweeping considerations which to simple common sense extinguish the mythical theory, as the broad currents of a river extinguish with a hiss the sinking flambeau: such, namely, as the enlightenment of the age and country, and the openness of the manner, in which Christianity was proclaimed to the world; the impossibility of such myths as the Gospels are supposed to contain originating in Judea, since they breathe a sentiment opposed to all the fondest expectations and the religious ideas of the Jewish people; and, if this were possible, the unlikelihood of any men—and such men—going forth from Judea on the missionary enterprise of converting all other nations to the belief of these Jewish myths, and the impossibility of their succeeding in the attempt if they enterprised it; the moral incongruity of legendary stories of whatsoever colour, burgeoning around a moral system of such incomparable purity, of which a vital element is the high

honour given to truth; and if this were conceivable, the moral impossibility that such myths, being fictions, should yet have moulded afresh the consciences of men corrupted by flagrant insincerity in religion and common life, and formed them to so scrupulous and unvanquishable a reverence for truth, that not even by sign or act would they confess a falsehood and deny Christ. We also add the utter misconception of the nature of a myth, both as to its formation and expression, in assigning that word to the Gospels. Myths grow in darkness, shaping in poetic form what comes up from the deepest roots of a people's life, has penetrated every fibre of their national experience, and belongs therefore either to the origin of their history, or to the prevailing instincts of their race. Any other form of legends is an intentional invention,—‘a witty allegory or a graceful lie.’ Again: myths have no historical precision, no particularity of detail, no definiteness or individuality of feature; no dogmatic teaching in them: so that, in fact, the Gospels are no more mythical than Thucydides or *The Times* newspaper. A fabrication,—be it poem, romance, or allegory,—they may be; but they are not myths. We have not, however, to deal with common sense in modern times. There is a new historic faculty, or sense, ruling in high criticism, which has its own laws of reasoning and taste. To it M. Renan appeals. To it we also appeal. Itself shall vindicate the truth of the Gospels. We link together rapidly the chain of our demonstration, and must leave much unsaid; for our space narrows fast.

1. M. Renan has himself stated our first argument, and his words are remarkable for their truth and their bearing on our subject. He says,—

‘Mahomet did not desire to be a thaumaturge; he only desired to be a prophet, and a prophet without miracles. His life has remained a biography, like any other,—without prodigies, without exaggeration. The extreme moderation, and the truly exquisite good taste, with which Mahomet comprehended his part as a prophet, were imposed on him by the spirit of his nation. Nothing can be more inexact than to conceive the Arabs before Islamism as a gross, ignorant, superstitious nation. On the contrary, we must say, they were a refined, sceptical, incredulous nation.’

M. Renan then narrates fully a curious episode from the beginning of Mahomet's career, in which the leading members of his tribe repeatedly demanded from him a miracle,—‘to show ostensibly the choice which God had made of him as His prophet.’ ‘No,’ said Mahomet, ‘I will not answer these demands. My duty is only to preach to you.’ ‘*Eh bien,*’ they replied. ‘Let thy Lord, then, make the heavens fall on us, as thou pre-

tendest He is able to do; for we will not believe thee.' 'One sees,' continues M. Renan, 'a Bouddha, a son of God, a thaumaturge of high pretence, were above the temperament of this people. Arabia wants altogether the element which engenders mysticism and mythology. The Semitic nations, those at least which remained true to the patriarchal life and the ancient spirit, have never understood variety, plurality, sex, in the Deity. The word "goddess" would be in Hebrew the most horrible barbarism. Hence the trait so characteristic, that they have never had either a mythology or an epopée. The decided and simple fashion in which they conceive God separated from the world, engendering nothing, nor being engendered, and having no equal, excluded those grand embellishments, those divine poems, in which India, Persia, Greece have developed their phantasy. Mythology, representing Pantheism in religion, is only possible in the imagination of a people which lets the respective limits of God, humanity, and the universe, fluctuate in uncertainty; but the spirit the most removed from Pantheism is assuredly the Semitic spirit.'* We cannot develop the full import of this elaborate passage; but let our readers mark the complexion of the Semitic mind, as manifested in the Arabs; their clear perception of the meaning and authority of the miracle; their practical shrewdness in questioning and testing the claims of one who styled himself a prophet; their demand of a miracle, as the ostensible sign of God's commission; the impossibility for Mahomet to pretend to work miracles, so as to impose on their credulity, although success in such an attempt would have satisfied their imperious demand, and commanded their faith; and the further impossibility for miraculous legends to grow up amongst this people from precisely the same reasons as deterred Mahomet from seeming to work them: and then let it be remembered that, by M. Renan's confession in this very passage, (verifying his statement respecting the Semitic conception of God by a reference to the Hebrew language,) and by abundant statements in his other works, the Jews preserved most distinctly the hard, shrewd, practical, characteristics of the Semitic mind; and do we not conclusively establish that all this, if true concerning Mahomet, must have been true concerning Jesus? The same impossibility in like manner would have equally prevented the attempt to deceive a people by pretended miracles, who knew exactly the force of miraculous evidence, and who conceded so much awful significancy to it, and the formation of miraculous legends in a country where such a spirit reigned. All this is, in fact, admitted by M. Renan, in

* *Mahomet et les Origines d'Islamisme*, pp. 234-5 of *Etudes*, &c.

his *Vie de Jésus*, when he informs us that 'as for miracles, they passed at that epoch for the indispensable mark of the Divine, and for the evidence of the prophetic vocation.' We simply add, that what M. Renan correctly informs us concerning the Arabs before Mahomet, was true, in a higher degree, of the Jews before Jesus. The study of their Scriptures engraved most sharply and clearly on their mind, what was the solemn import of prophetic authority and the signet-mark of God upon His prophets, which other Semitic nations, enlightened by them, only faintly recognised. How wonderful, then, it is, that God should have thus formed a people whose very mental constitution is the solid guarantee, of the truth of miracles wrought among them, and of the impossibility of mythological elements growing up among them, to assume the shape of reality, or to deface and corrupt real events, which they caricatured!

2. In addition to the complexion of the Semitic temperament, the strict monotheism of the Jews made myths and legends psychologically impossible, as well as unutterably blasphemous, to them. This fact is also involved in the quotation from M. Renan. Another aspect of it is presented by Mr. P. Bayne in his most valuable tractate, *The Testimony of Christ to Christianity*. 'The Jewish religion alone made clear the truth that there is but one God; the Jews only knew that the power of Jehovah was supreme, and that all other gods were idols dumb. The Jews, therefore, alone could attach significance to a miracle, as manifesting the presence of the Infinite power. The power that created and sustains this universe is Divine; power transcending the power of nature, and the emulation of devils, must be from God. This magnificent truth of natural religion, this irrefragable logic of miracle was held firmly by the Jew, not by the Greek.' (P. 31.) The exhibition of this argument, in yet fuller form, showing how the pure and severe monotheistic faith of the Jewish people, inwrought with every faculty and conception of their mind, rendered the rise of a myth, or the acceptance of any messenger or truth from God unattested, amongst them, a miracle, because violating all psychological laws,—allures us, but we refrain. Certain facts, however, may be stated as belonging to this argument. The Jewish people embellished with no legends the heroes of their faith, such as Moses and Elijah, or of their country, as the Maccabees. Their Messianic and apocalyptic literature assumes the direct miraculous intervention of the supreme God as the cause of the prodigies predicted. With the abolition of idolatry amongst the Jews, witchcraft and sorcery, the pretensions and feats of the thaumaturge, were abolished, and

became unknown among them. It was in Samaria, where idolatrous races and rites remained, that a sorcerer, named Simon Magus, arose in the time of the apostles. No such pretender* appeared amongst the Jews for many centuries, nor was any place for impostors of this kind found even amidst the convulsions of their death struggle, when the mania of a people's wrath and agony may burst through the strongest and deepest, because instinctive and inveterate, national habits. The same lofty monotheism tempered and systematized the doctrines and practices of the contemplative Essenes, and preserved them from the extravagancies to which their mysticism was prone. In this respect we can see how the depravation of Jewish faith by the admixture of Greek and Oriental elements in Alexandria, weakened the bonds of restraint among even the Hebrew mystics,—the Therapeutæ, who flourished there.

3. Not only the mental characteristics and the religious faith, but also the social customs of the people, excluded vigorously the possibility of the formation of either myths or legends amongst them. In a country where little intercommunication between its inhabitants exists, where the boundaries of a parish are the bounds of the wandering and experience of its parishioners, and the outer world only casts upon the *ascripti glebæ* of sequestered districts vague and dreamlike shadows of passing events, we can understand how strange visionary rumours flit ghost-like among the people, which change with changing scenes, and, roosting in lonely hamlets, assume the weird phantom aspect of a legend. But when we think of Judæa, and the Jewish people, we must acknowledge that every arrangement and feature of their national life at that time forbid the thought of such obscure fantastic imaginings amongst them. We might refer to the careful religious instruction of the people in the schools and public worship of their village synagogues, maintained by skilful scribes and doctors of the law; and to the passage to and fro of religious personages, Pharisees, Sadducees, and Herodians, amongst them, keeping up perpetual intercommunion between the several districts which were the sections of one religious community, as well as parts of one country; or also to the mobile, trafficking, wandering tempera-

* It is no refutation of this statement, that Josephus describes one of the many impostors who excited disturbances in Judæa, as *εὐθρῶτος γόης*, or a *sorcerer*. The word *γόης* also means, as in the New Testament, (2 Tim. iii. 13,) 'deceiver'; and Josephus adapted many Greek words, in senses awry from their proper Greek signification, to express Hebrew thoughts. Further it is a striking coincidence that this impostor styled *γόης* was not a Jew, but an Egyptian. *Αἰγύπτιος ψευδοπροφήτης*.—*Josephus, De Bell. Jud.*, ii., 18, § 5.

ment which distinguished the Jewish people of that age as much as now, and fused them by the turmoil, the common interests, and the exchanges of trade, like the English people of our day, into an identity of public life, and an intimacy of relationship, which broke up the obscure privacy of separate localities. And similar commercial relations with the chief cities of the world drew this little country, lined with avenues of light, under the full blaze of all the intelligence and fashion of the time. Other considerations readily suggest themselves to the mind. But the crowning fact of this order was the habit of the people to assemble *en masse* from every remote glen, hamlet, farmstead of their land, and spend a week together in their metropolis, at least once a year. Multitudes, moreover, repeated this ceremonial four times a year. What room, then, for the obscure brooding, the lawless wondering of uninformed imaginations, in such a country and amongst such a people as this? Did a rumour spread to a distant reign of a strange event occurring in some town or village of the land, which, if uncorrected, might have shaped itself into a legend? In other lands, indeed, this might be, but not here. In two or three months' time the inhabitants of that town or village will be met in Jerusalem, who can explain the simple truth of the occurrence, and the myth explodes.

4. The universal type of contemporary literature, and of the modes of mental activity which are embodied in literature, interposes another impossibility to the blossoming of richly figured myths or legends, at that time, especially of such as M. Renan would allow the Gospels to be; legends, namely, in which an exquisite taste has presided over the productions of enthusiasm, and touched them with accents of harmony, purity of colour, and delicate precision of outline, such as no other myths in the world show. Now, of all ages in the history of man, and of any other country, this might have been more conceivable than of this particular epoch, and of Judæa. It seems as if God, by manifold signs and wonders, would guard His revelation from the slightest contamination of human art, and the monstrous accusations of our latest and weakest scepticism. There are glorious June months in the *annus sæcularis* of humanity,—times of spontaneous exuberant fertility and gorgeous blooms: but there are autumn months too, when the productive vigour, the ethereal refinement of the human faculties in these exalted, evanescent epochs, have passed away; and the careful gleanings, garnering, and winnowing of harvest work are diligently prosecuted. No one has more trenchantly divided these creative and critical epochs in the history of humanity than M. Renan.

It belongs to his fundamental doctrine to show how the faiths which rule human opinion, and the myths in which they are moulded, have sprung forth, almost instantaneously, in the youthful, ardent, and fertile periods of human history. But the age of Christ was precisely the reverse of all this. The Promethean fires, which kindled a celestial radiance over Greece, were quenched. Its classical literature was closed: but it was a time of immense erudition, of critical exactitude and research, of literary analysis and philosophical combination, the age of scholiasts, of geographers, of the unideal, unspeculative schools of Zeno and Epicurus, of the scepticism of Ænesidemus, and of Sextus, and of the New Academy, or of the nascent eclecticism of Alexandria.* It may be argued, that Judæa remained quite inaccessible to all these extraneous influences of the pagan world. It is incontestable that the Palestinian Jews guarded their religious faith jealously from contamination with pagan thought; but their promiscuous intercourse with Greeks in their own land, and in those capital Gentile cities where modern tendencies would most rapidly rise to the ascendant, must have made them amenable to the prevailing modes of opinion, and the profounder influences or proclivities of mental life, which then swayed the entire civilised world.† Such influences infiltrate through unseen pores, and spread like

* See Gladstone's *Homer*, vol. i., pp. 60, 62; Cousin, *Nouveaux Fragmens Philosophiques*, 1828, article on Proclus, pp. 293, 294, and his *Cours de Philosophie*, *Bruxelles*, 1840, vol. i., pp. 260-265; Tenneman, *Grundriss der Philosophie*, § 151-198, pp. 152-196; Vacherot, *Histoire Critique de l'Ecole d'Alexandrie*, pp. 98, 99.

† 'Ever since the times of Alexander the Great the Jews had emigrated in great numbers from Palestine to Greek countries. In these lands, even the more learned among them, such as Philo, forgot their mother-tongue; and this happened all the more readily, since, from their sacred books having been translated into the Greek language, provision had thus been made even for their religious necessities. Nevertheless, these Grecian Jews, known as Hellenists, remained in unbroken communion with their native country. Jerusalem was always regarded by the Jews as their capital; the Sanhedrim of that city was, in all religious points, their highest authority; and thousands of Greek-speaking Jews travelled annually to Palestine, in order that in the national sanctuary at Jerusalem they might present their supplications, and pay their vows to the Lord who dwelleth in Zion. At the same time, first the Greek and then the Roman conquerors filled the land; and from the time of Herod, not only were Greek artists and artisans to be seen at work in Palestine, but Greek colonies were also, in no small numbers, to be found. The combined influence of these circumstances had, in the time of Christ, brought about this peculiar condition of things in Palestine, that the Greek language was generally (*ziemlich*) understood, while the properly Jewish language was understood only by the strictly Jewish inhabitants; so that one may say, almost all the dwellers in Palestine understood Greek, but not all their own vernacular language.'—*Credner, Einleitung in das N.T.*, § 75, quoted from Roberts's *Discussions on the Gospels*, 1862; where, pp. 25-65, the evidence of the influence of Greek language, and, therefore, of Greek thought, is fully adduced. Compare, however, on the influence of Greek philosophy, Ewald, *Geschichte des Volkes Israel*, vol. iv., p. 313; Dœhne, *Geschichtl. Darstellung der Jüdisch-Alexand. Religionsphilos.*, vol. i., p. 467; vol. ii., p. 288; Pöltz, *Pragm.*

leaven through conterminous nations; and if Aristobulus, Philo, and Josephus bear notorious evidence of sympathy with Greek speculation, we cannot suppose their brethren to be impregnable against the allurements.

However, we will not speculate on this matter. We have abundant and convincing evidence that the Jewish people, retaining their distinctive idiosyncrasies of thought and speech, were in perfect sympathy with the spirit of this age. It was now that the Talmud was being formed, in which the exactitude, analysis, compilation of the Greek critical schools are reproduced, though after a distinctly Jewish fashion. Never did M. Renan, or any other scholar, write a sentence more absolutely untrue, in every detail and circumstance of it, than when, in explaining the growth of legendary symbols in the first century, he says, 'En tout cas la rigueur d'une scholastique reflective n'était nullement d'un tel monde.'* A *reflective scholasticism* was the very characteristic of that age and country in which the Mishnah was composed. The scrupulous fidelity to the letter of the law and of tradition; their minute and elaborate interpretation according to fixed, though erroneous, exegetical canons;† and the busy compilations of the dicta of the great masters, with the processes of the evolution of these dicta from the holy Scriptures,—these are the scholarly and critical labours of the Jewish schools, which represented the spirit of the Jewish people; and we ask, where, in the history of man, the epithet, 'reflective scholasticism,' could be applied with more striking propriety. Well, in such an age, and among such a people, the growth of a legendary cycle,—an *epopée*,—much more a myth proper, is purely ridiculous: because an age, in which the critical faculties are so sharp and active, is separated by the whole diameter of our mental nature, from the *naïve*, simple, childlike spontaneity that would give birth and credence to the myth. There is neither the creative

Ueberblick der Theolog. der späteren Juden, vol. vi., p. 241, *et seq.* Even M. Nicolas, (*Des Doctrines Religieuses des Juifs pendant les deux Siècles antérieurs à l'ère Chrétienne*), who stoutly combats the more popular theory, that Greek philosophy materially contributed to the development of Jewish speculations in theology, is bound to allow it some place at least in Essenian doctrine. He says, (p. 320,) that Josephus himself signalises the relations of the Essenian doctrine of the soul with that of the Greek philosophy.

* 'At any rate, the rigour of a reflective scholasticism belonged in no sense to such a world.'

† It is true, as M. Renan himself informs us, in *Histoire Générale, &c., des Langues Semitiques*, p. 167, that the doctors of the Mishna and of the Talmud have no regular exegesis; grammatical observations are very rare. They perpetually tend to substitute artificial methods of interpretation for the hermeneutical appliances furnished by philology. The student has the best explanation of the development of this Jewish scholasticism in Grätz, vol. iv., pp. 487-490.

energy of entrancing worship, nor of the *élan* of genius, to produce a myth. And the literal exactness which is given to the operations of the mind, by minute critical studies, whilst it authenticates the representation of actual occurrences as punctiliously accurate, would annihilate the imposture of a myth, even if created.

5. There are certain facts that may be connected, in their relation to this argument. (a) It is chiefly in minds heated by enthusiasm in which the balance of reason is broken, and the credulous love of the marvellous wantons in the visionary fields of imagination. Now, there are two writers in the New Testament in whom we see the highest enthusiasm, under two forms,—action and contemplation. These are, Paul and John: the one with the burning zeal of a missionary, the other with the subdued rapturous repose of a quietist. Yet it is in these two that the least reference to the miraculous is found. John, whilst giving so much importance to the proof drawn from miracles, (John ii. 11 ; xii. 37 ; xx. 30,) does not dwell on them in his Gospel. 'Of the fourteen Epistles attributed (and rightly) to St. Paul, as many as nine contain no allusion to miraculous occurrences, or to miraculous gifts.' (β) In addition to the general considerations, drawn from the apostles' language, their character, and their work, it should be especially remarked, that it was the reality of the *FACTS* which the apostles announced that contained the gist and power of their preaching, and drove resistless conviction upon their hearers. From the first discourse of Peter before the Sanhedrim, to Paul's address to Agrippa, the reiteration of facts, whose evidence was notorious, gave the only eloquence to their words. And the same truth appears in the early church. The *one foundation*, on which their faith was fixed, was the *fact* of Christ's life, death, and resurrection, as made known in the Gospels. (γ) Why did men who were engaged in propagating legends,—to which both Strauss and Renan are obliged to admit they gave some artistic embellishment,—go first to the chief cities of the world, and to the synagogues of the Jews, where the very men were found whose relations with Jerusalem, and frequent visits to that city, made attempts to deceive them about great public events which had occurred there, a bold impertinence,—but made them the most susceptible hearers of incontestable facts, that bore grand results with them, because they were informed, or could inform themselves, accurately about these facts? (δ) The last fact under this category is stated and urged, with a splendour of energy, by Isaac Taylor, in the series of sections from pp. 61–95, in his *Restoration of Belief*.

'It is in the course of things that a great principle of conduct should have been long acted upon, perhaps for a century or more, before it comes to be explicitly recognised, or to be formally defined and registered in treatises. So it was in the present instance. The suffering church had *felt* the sacred obligations of truth, and Christians, individually, had passed through the fiery trial which these obligations required them to meet; compelled so to do by a tacit recognition of this principle, that he who fears God must not deny his inward belief, even though the avowal costs him his life.

'The Acts of the early martyrdoms might be copiously cited in illustration of what is here affirmed. But at length, as was natural, the implicit principle got utterance for itself, and it did so continually with more and more distinction; it came to be defined, until that great law of conscience, which places the modern mind in so great an advance beyond the ancient mind, was allowed to stand in the very forefront of ethical axioms.*

Now this great principle which lies at the root of moral integrity, and which has been the breath of life in modern civilisation, is enunciated by Jesus, in forms which M. Renan thinks extravagant and fierce, when He requires all human ties to be dissolved, all human interests to perish, rather than that conscience be wounded by the concealment of religious truth. To believe with the heart and confess with the mouth, were the inalienable conditions of salvation. And if all the Gospels and all the Epistles be disowned, save the four great Epistles of St. Paul, which scepticism has never impugned, we discern in them—expressive of the Christian feeling of the churches in his time—the same principle inculcated—that the highest duty of man is to witness for the truth he holds true. And this principle

* We cite another passage pregnant with greatest issues in this controversy. 'The virtue and duty of truthfulness, as between man and man, had been taught, and well enough understood, among ancient nations, whether more or less advanced in civilisation; and so had the sanctions of morality. That one lesson which remained to be brought out, and to be wrought into the hearts of men, was the religious obligation of belief, an obligation not resting upon communities, as a public or social charge, but pending with the whole of its weight upon the conscience of the individual man; an obligation personal, a privilege unalienable, and, when duly discharged, a function giving the individual man a pledge of his immortality.'

'The removal of Polytheism was a great work; and yet the recognition and development of that principle which assigns to man his true place and dignity, was a greater or a more difficult work. Both were effected by the constancy of the early church; both were effected by means of a long-continued and most severe course of suffering; and both sprang out of, and were inseparably connected with, a definite persuasion, as to the EVENTS of a preceding time, and as to the authority of a PERSON, and as to the authenticity of BOOKS.'

recovers for us all the Gospels and Epistles, which have sprung from a community in which this principle was the cardinal and irrecusable maxim of duty. To forge falsehoods, or to feign legends, was not the work of men whose lives were the ready gage of their sincerity, and who would not blemish their lips by a false word concerning Jesus, or even act a falsehood by any, else trivial, procedure, if death were the prompt alternative.

6. If these myths grew in different places, remote from the scenes of Christ's actual ministry, how did they afterwards combine to produce that matchless symmetry, that sublime unity, we recognise in the Person and history of Jesus? If these myths were developed in the several most active centres of Christian propagandism during the first and second centuries, as Strauss conjectures, how could they ever have coalesced, after Victor, Bishop of Rome, had excommunicated the Eastern churches? Would not the myths, shaping themselves in these districts, so widely remote from each other, draw into themselves the elements of the popular feeling which formed them? Would Roman, Alexandrian, Ephesian, Babylonian legends be dyed or featured precisely alike? And if not, would not their wide incongruities in the representing of Jesus have reciprocally denounced the spurious and legendary origin of them all? M. Renan, indeed, affirms that the myths were wholly formed in Judæa before A.D. 70; but he forgets that churches were founded by Paul, far from Judæa, at a much earlier date; and unless the legend were complete before Paul's conversion, *and caused his conversion!* the churches founded by him would receive a different legend from the Gospel history, and the difficulty raised above recurs: or, allowing the assertion, the different ideas and parties of Judæa in that tumultuous time would surely give rise to variously coloured legends. Impossible, indeed, that, in an age of such diversity and conflict of opinion, and such mutual jealousy between the different sections of the Jewish people and of the infant church, legends should creep unwittingly into general acceptance!

The Tübingen school have rendered service to the cause of Christian apologetics, by bringing prominently into light the divisions that existed in the early church, though they exaggerate them absurdly; because the origin of myths in an arena of discussion and animosity—such as they picture the church to be—is a conjecture which no theologian has yet explicitly uttered, though it is implicitly affirmed by all recent Rationalists. But granting the possibility, how shall these legends, coming from different quarters,

the out-growth of many individual minds, or distinct schools, Nazarenes and Jerusalemites, Hellenists and Hebraists, Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenes, be pieced, or crushed together into the complex but perfect unity of character and doctrine, which we discover in the Gospels? For, in the words of Isaac Taylor, 'Whencesoever the materials of the Gospels have come, and it is the office of criticism to inquire whence, this is certain, that they do convey an idea of a PERSON possessing in an extraordinary degree the charm of UNITY, or singleness of intention. This idea may be variously expressed; it includes consistency of purpose and the coherence of all principles of action; it includes oneness of aim from the commencement to the close of a course of life; it supposes uniformity of temper, and a sameness of the impression that is produced by the person upon other minds. Then, this idea excludes all those inconsequential departures from the main purpose of a man's life, which, when we witness them, prompt the exclamation, "How unaccountable and how inconsistent a being is man at the best!" If I wanted proof that this symmetry, moral and intellectual, does really belong to that idea of the person which the Gospels embody or convey, I should find it in the fact that, amid all the dogmatic distractions that have troubled Christendom during eighteen centuries, there has prevailed, in all times and among all Christianised nations, a wonderful uniformity as to the idea that has floated before all minds of the PERSONAL CHRIST. Wherever the four Gospels are popularly read, this same conception forms itself, and prevails. Infancy spontaneously acquires it, manhood does not revise or reject it, age holds it to the last. It is not in consequence of the poverty of the elements it embraces, or of any vagueness in the mode of conveyance, that this idea is so perfectly symmetrical.'*

Much of the truth, however, which we seek to convey in this section, and other truth of utmost value, in the discussion of the problem that now engages us, is expressed in a passage which is the most masterly and complete exhibition of the argument drawn from the portraiture of the person of our Lord by the four evangelists we have ever read; and which, though referring primarily to other objections, because the mythical theory was not then in vogue, yet anticipates and triumphantly confutes the theories of M. Renan, and leads the mind upward to higher truths than M. Renan has conceived. With this passage, therefore, we crown our argument:—

'As no nation or race of men could ever have gone out of their own physical characteristics for their type of ideal perfection in

* Cf. Norton's *Genuineness*, &c., vol. i., p. 54; Bayne's *Testimony of Christ to Christianity*, p. 51.

the beauty of form; as the Egyptian never could, by any abstraction, have generated a style of art, in which the colour, shape, and features of his divinity should be purely European; nor the Greek have given to his hero the tawny hue, narrow eyes, and protruding lips of the Egyptian,—for each to the other must have seemed deformity,—so could neither they, nor the men of any other nation, have framed to themselves an ideal type or canon of moral perfection of character, which arose not from what to them seemed most beautiful and perfect. A Hindoo cannot conceive his Brahmin saint other than as possessing in perfection the abstemiousness, the silence, the austerity, and the minute exactness in every trifling duty, which he admires, in different degrees, in his living models. Plato's Socrates, the perfection of the philosophical character, is composed of elements perfectly Greek, being a compound of all those virtues which the doctrines of his school deemed necessary to adorn a sage.

'Now, this hath often appeared to me the strongest internal proof of a superior authority stamped upon the Gospel history, that the holy and perfect character it portrays, not only differs from, but expressly opposes, every type of moral perfection which they who wrote it could possibly have conceived. We have, in the writings of the Rabbins, ample material wherewith to construct the model of a perfect Jewish teacher; we have the sayings and the actions of Gamaliel, and Hillel, and Rabbi Samuel, all perhaps in great part imaginary, but all bearing the impress of national ideas,—all formed upon one rule of imaginary perfection. Yet nothing can be more widely apart than their thoughts, and principles, and actions, and character, and those of our Redeemer. Lovers of wrangling controversy, proposers of captious paradoxes, jealous upholders of their nation's exclusive privileges, zealous uncompromising sticklers for the least comma of the law, and most sophistical departers from its spirit,—such, mostly, are these great men,—the exact counterpart and reflection of those Scribes and Pharisees who are so uncompromisingly reprov'd, as the very contradiction of Gospel principles.

'How comes it that men not even learned contrived to represent a character every way departing from their national type,—at variance with all those features which custom, and education, and patriotism, and religion, and nature seemed to have consecrated as most beautiful? And the difficulty of considering such a character the invention of man, as some have impiously imagined, is still farther increased by observing how writers, recording different facts, as St. Matthew and St. John, do lead us, nevertheless, to the same representation and conception. Yet herein methinks we have a key to the solution of every difficulty; for, if two artists were commanded to produce a form embodying their ideas of perfect beauty, and both exhibited figures equally shaped upon types and models most different from all ever before seen in their country, and, at the same time, each perfectly resembling the other, I am sure such a fact, if recorded, would appear almost incredible, except on the supposition that both had copied the same original.

'Such, then, must be the case here: the evangelists, too, must

have copied the living model which they represent; and the accordance of the moral features which they give Him, can only proceed from the accuracy with which they have respectively drawn them. But this only increases our mysterious wonder. For, assuredly, He was not as the rest of men, who could thus separate Himself in character from whatever was held most perfect and most admirable by all who surrounded Him, and by all who had taught Him; who, while he set Himself far above all national ideas of moral perfection, yet borrowed nothing from Greek, or Indian, or Egyptian, or Roman; who, while He thus had nothing in common with any known standard of character, any established law of perfection, should seem to every one the type of his peculiarly beloved excellence. And truly, when we see how He can have been followed by the Greek, though a founder of none among his sects, revered by the Brahmin, though preached unto him by men of the fisherman's caste, worshipped by the red man of Canada, though belonging to the hated pale race, we cannot but consider Him as destined to break down all distinction of colour, and shape, and countenance, and habits; to form in Himself the type of unity, to which are referable all the sons of Adam, and give us, in the possibility of this moral convergence, the strongest proof that the human species, however varied, is essentially one.*

Is not, then, our argument now complete? and may we not admire the good wisdom of God, whose providence so marvelously prepared the 'fulness of time;' and who, by evidences so manifold, has secured His word against all suspicions that could sully its glory, or weaken its authority?

IV. Our task is nearly ended. Our argument has been applied to the gist of the controversy. The Gospels represent to us a Person whose Divine origin and authority give harmony, naturalness, and moral splendour to His teaching, His miracles, the manner of His life, and the sufferings of His death. Our belief in this Person depends on the truth of the Gospels. If they be untrue, this Person, whom they represent, is the creation of the human mind. It becomes, then, a secondary and wholly unimportant matter to examine what historic materials either the popular imagination, or the genius of an individual, has introduced into the ideal portrait. That Person, whom the Gospels set before us in a simplicity which is as pure as the light of day, has vanished. If we reconstruct another Life of Jesus out of the *débris* of the narratives from which their essential frame-work has been subtracted, our attempt may be ingenious, artistic, amusing, but no more. The shivered mirror cannot be re-set. The eviscerated body does not live.

The squalid huts at Nineveh are built of pictured bricks,

* Wiseman's *Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion*, vol. i., pp. 246-250. Third Edition. 1849.

that once shone in the proud palace of Nimroud. And buildings of various art may rise from its mighty ruins; but these are not the palace of the king. In like manner, we grant, that denying whatever is supernatural in the person, sayings, doings, influence, death, and resurrection of Jesus, and disdaining the records of whatever is supernatural as legendary stories, the texts that remain may be '*gently solicited*' to yield a certain hypothetical—we may say mythical, because imaginary—character. Whatever will not yield to this gentle solicitation, is remitted to the limbo of legends; and the artist is free, with the materials that are ductile to his touch, to form what image his art is pleased or competent to design. The truth of the Gospel history is then the point at issue; and for this we have contended. If for a moment we follow M. Renan in his artistic construction, be it understood, we sink from our level to his. We cannot quote one passage of the Gospels which he disputes: we simply show how even the materials he selects for use are maladroitly handled; how his art is false not to the Gospel history, but to human nature and æsthetic laws; and how the grotesque conglomerate he fashions, derides, with the mocking scorn of a Frankenstein, those who would touch those sacred records of Immanuel—God with us, to mutilate their vital integrity, and remodel them by their proud and subtle skill. We shrink, moreover, from the pain of analysing M. Renan's conception of Jesus, unless we had space to exhibit Him whom we adore, as those who looked on Him conceived of Him, and as the church believes in Him. Our work, then, now is brief, and only suggestive: We have to prove that the *Vie de Jésus* by M. Renan is (a) not deducible from even the mangled documents, rid of all their miraculous contents, which he strangely deems quite valid and trustworthy; (β) that it is inconsistent with itself, that it is abortive as a romance, and impossible in the experience of real life; and (γ) that its morality is evil, and exhibits a chimera of contradictions which is monstrous.

(a) We do not affirm with Mr. Isaac Taylor, that the insertion of any, even the least, legendary matter in a book invalidates *ipso facto* the credibility of every portion of that book; Herodotus is a witness to the contrary. But we affirm that legendary stories, narrated as facts by contemporaries, on precisely the same evidence, in the same time, and with the same simple assurance as other facts of their record, throw utter discredit on the veracity of their history. If, moreover, these form the chief bulk of the contents, and are so interwoven or intertessellated (to use De Queney's phrase) with the entire structure of the narrative, as we find

the supernatural elements of the Gospel history to be, then their repudiation is the annihilation of the pseudo-history. M. Renan, however, judges otherwise.

Every scrap from the pen of these men, whose writings are denounced as legendary, that happens to narrate what might be natural, is hoarded and lauded as infallibly true. Be it so! How may these fragments be pieced together? Can they be arranged as M. Renan has tried to *solicit* them? No! M. Renan distinguishes three epochs in the *Vie de Jésus*, in each of which the doctrine and character of Jesus are stamped with different features: the joyous innocent moralist, the Messianic thaumaturge, the sombre and terrible revolutionist; these are the three stages of His career in M. Renan's phantasy. But let our readers observe, the passages which are quoted as the authorities for each of these portraits, are taken indiscriminately by M. Renan from all parts—the beginning, middle, or end—of the Gospels. According then to the fragments, in which M. Renan finds the sole materials of his history, these three characters of Jesus *co-existed* in one person, and continuously throughout His ministry. It is not allowable for M. Renan to distribute these three phases of character, which are supposed to be exhibited in these fragments, into an order of succession which they expressly deny. According to them, Jesus wrought miracles in the first epoch of His ministry, as well as the second. Jesus uttered in the Sermon on the Mount, with which M. Renan conceives the pure idyllic ministry of Galilee to begin, an announcement of persecution, reviling, and all manner of evil to be endured for His sake, as sharp and fearful as any that fell from His lips, when the shadow of death gloomed around Him.* It were idle for us to assert that no one of these characters which M. Renan ascribes to Jesus, has even a distant semblance to any texts, however mangled, of the Gospels. *Legendary stories* are they all! Where is the warrant for that epicurean vision of wandering bacchanals, which M. Renan conjures up, as the *cortège* of the young Nazarene, or for that perfumery of scented phrases, with which he besprinkles the youthful Rabbi; (*le plus charmant de tous*, p. 91; *avec une des ravissantes figures qui apparaissent quelquefois dans la race Juive*, p. 80; *par sa beauté pure et douce; ce beau jeune homme*, p. 403, &c.) for the pantheistic theurgy of the second epoch; or the dire, morbid humours of the sombre *géant* who appears at the close of the fleeting phantasmagoria? But how different would have been M. Renan's task, if he had held himself to the truth of the fragments which he accepts as true; and *shown* us how those elements, which he separates

* Contrast Matthew v. 10, 11; and John xiv.

and monstrously exaggerates, coalesced in one person! He might then have had a glimpse of that perfect humanity, which blended the calm beauty and simplicity which he degrades into effeminate sensibility, with the severe truth and strength which he caricatures into ascetic rigour; and of that Divinity which claimed the perfect faith of men to whom pardon and eternal life were given.

(*β*) Consider the brevity of time, in which this one life, according to M. Renan, develops into such discordant forms: and, we ask, is not the image, the history which M. Renan has feigned, a palpable incongruity, an abortion? This 'Jesus,' whom his romance depicts, unites in himself elements which never have co-existed and cannot co-exist in one human character. The shrewd penetrative sagacity, the ready logic of scholastic debate, and the polished raillery of repartee—qualities which mark a practical, self possessed, and adroit intellect, having a firm grasp of present facts; the robust and manly sense that scouts the traditions of the schools, but selects the few maxims having moral worth, that occur in the Talmud (granting to M. Renan, that the moral elements of Christianity can be traced to this source, which we wholly deny) as isolated grains of wheat among mountains of chaff; and the exquisite skill that could fashion them into a moral system like that of the Sermon on the Mount; the homely vigour, the unsophisticated feeling that conceived the parables; and the genuine sympathy with the simple beauties of nature—token of a calm and healthful mind—that flowers upon his speech: these and other attributes which even M. Renan is forced to allow to Jesus, yet combine with the unmeasured credulity and insane reveries of a Pantheist, who has lost the sense of his own personality, who dreams that God lives by him and he by God, and who conceives himself the inspired instrument of God's kingly power, to tread the earth to powder, if it disobey him, and to administer the final judgment of mankind amid awful apocalyptic glories. Boundless pretensions and maniac harshness are joined with meek self-possession, gentleness, and self-denial. There is the weakness to succumb to the influence of John, and to be bent diversely by the prejudices of the country and the humours of his disciples; and yet an intellectual force to inaugurate the greatest religious movement among mankind. And the moral contradictions are yet more astounding. We regret that in our anxiety to present correctly to our readers the broad outlines of M. Renan's *Vie de Jésus*, we were obliged* to omit nearly all the *outré* passages which set off these contradictions in the

* See our epitome in last Number, pp. 475-486.

most glaring light. But enough is written there to enable our readers to multiply them indefinitely. The doctrine of Jesus, as reported in the *Vie de Jésus*, is equally incongruous with His life. He propagates moral truths for the elevation of mankind, and yet announces that the world is at an end. His first thought was to found a religion without any ceremonial; yet He began with imitating the baptism of John. He would have no doctrine; yet his stern dogmas are the twin canons of monachism, penitence, and poverty. He says He will establish the law, but his intention is to abolish it; &c., &c.

(γ) The moral contradictions of this imaginary life are the most palpable and confounding. M. Havet, in his article on the *Vie de Jésus*, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, August, 1863, enlightens us by dividing miracles into the *possible* and *impossible*, to which latter class he consigns the resurrection of Lazarus. Now, we know but one sort of miracle that can be called impossible; and that is, such a miracle as even God cannot work. This *impossible* miracle is propounded for our belief by M. Renan in the character of Jesus with its contrasts (not temporary, but abiding) of unparalleled majesty and meanness. In the *Vie de Jésus* we find, however glozed over by fine words, duplicity, popular tact, self-seeking, higher than imperial ambition, moral weakness and cowardice in adopting opinions and conniving at practices which revolted him, falsehood, nefarious sorcery, rage in disappointment, ferocious invective at his enemies, the convulsions of insanity, and a wild clutch at death as the release from his desperate entanglements; combined with those representations, according to which Jesus gives us 'the evangelical system of morals which remains as the highest creation of human conscience, the fairest code of human life that any moralist ever drew up;' and is the creator of the eternal religion of morality, &c., &c.

These painful contrasts have been dwelt upon by our contemporaries. But we mark, as the radical fault, the incomprehensible blunder of this work, the absence of all conception of the moral teaching and personal character of Jesus. The meaning of the word *holiness* seems not to have entered M. Renan's mind. He eulogizes in general terms the evangelical system of morals, but not one feature of it does he attempt to characterize. Now the commanding and distinctive moral character of Jesus has been the object of debate, of violent antipathies, and endless panegyric, in Christendom for eighteen centuries. We can safely affirm that the unique glory of His character has bowed before Him, without any other evidence, the reverence of millions. But M. Renan is blind to it. Conscience, and the words which represent moral ideas, such

as integrity, righteousness, veracity, justice, mercy, self-sacrifice, and humility, have no place in his vocabulary. Jesus, in his hands, is a creature of ardent sensibilities. Gaily tender, sublimely daring, vigorously fierce, and convulsively sad—he oscillates from extreme to extreme. There is no formative principle, guiding, restraining, harmonizing his conduct. No suspicion of the action of principle in man has yet dawned on M. Renan. It is, therefore, forbidden to Jesus. It is in this conception of a religious teacher, whose religion is solely an *affaire du cœur*, a compost of moral poesy, idylls, æsthetic delights, mystic reveries, and cruel asceticism, that we discover the malign influence of M. Renan's Jesuit training. Only a mind emasculated of virile tone, and distempered by the softening, sickening prurience of a religion which appeals almost exclusively to the imaginative and emotional sensibilities of our nature, could have conceived so frightful an abortion, at once a calumny against man, and a blasphemy against God. How England nauseates such effeminate monkery! And to this drivel has the philosophy of history and religion sunk?—that a youthful dreamer, with ill-regulated mind, no system of truth, no definite aim in life, floating buoyantly on the popular current, but with the romantic grace of form, speech, and address, the vague, varying, vast illusions, the sacrilegious boasts, and the half cunning, half unconscious tact, which often accompany a mystical fanaticism, has held in his plastic hands the destinies of Christendom, has bathed in the fountain of life decrepit nations, and made them strong with an immortal youth, has cozened the mightiest intellects, and swayed the stoutest hearts among mankind; and to-day rules an empire which made Napoleon own him God! Surely the *eld* of science has its myths as well as its infancy! Let our criticism strike, for it aims at the heart of this work. M. Renan has conceived the life of Jesus, which is pre-eminently a life of moral elevation and power, in the spirit of unmoral art. He depicts the sensuous, and its mobile fluctuations. He knows not the conscience, and its inviolable truth. Hence, the meaning of every fact in the life of our Lord is hidden from him. 'For seeing, he perceives not; and hearing, he does not understand.' The Spirit of truth alone reveals and receives the truth, as it is in Jesus.

V. We now, in conclusion, show that M. Renan's *Vie de Jésus* yields no explanation of the origin of Christianity. It neither exhibits the source of the moral principles and influences which Christianity introduced into the world, nor the cause of the expansion, and triumph, and security of the Christian faith. M. Renan himself must allow this. The 'Jesus' whom he has pictured is not the Jesus whom the world worships,—whose

example and truth form the ideal towards which millions of hearts turn and reverently aspire, and have given allurements, impulse, and victory to the self-denying heroism of all Christian ages. That image of the Eternal Son, who, prompted by love, has become incarnate, has become sin for us, has carried our griefs, has wrought out a plenteous redemption, has besought and won our faith, has brought life and immortality to light, and is with us always, whilst He is with the Father, as our living Mediator,—may be the marvellous mosaic, which legendary stories have deftly elaborated; but it is that ‘Gospel,’ be it legendary or true, which has thrilled and moulded human societies with its life-giving power, and has stamped with distinct impress the scheme of Christian ethics, which has formed the moral sentiment of Christian countries. To what now does M. Renan reduce Christianity, in so far as it is derived from Jesus? It will be remembered, that he considers all the purest, the vital and enduring elements of Christianity, to have been enunciated by Jesus in the first epoch of His ministry. Whatever followed, obscured and discoloured the bright morning rays of His ministry. In the uncorrupted doctrine then of Jesus, which is the eternal foundation of Christianity, what do we find? Simply, M. Renan says, selected maxims from the Old Testament, and the familiar proverbs of the synagogue, of which Hillel was for the most part the author. The refined and impressive morality of Christianity which M. Renan thinks has influenced modern civilisation, and will permanently abide, is accordingly due to Hillel. For, be it observed, all that Jesus has contributed to the moral teaching of the synagogue, which Hillel chiefly moulded, consists in three things:—1st. Distorting and exaggerated formulæ, into which He put these proverbs. (*‘Mais cette vieille sagesse—encore assez egoïste, ne lui suffisait pas. Il allait aux excès,’* in proof of which several quotations are adduced.) 2nd. An ‘extraordinary sweetness of voice,’ an ‘infinite charm exhaling from His person,’ an ‘accent full of unction which made aphorisms familiar long before quite new;’ for ‘morality is not composed of principles expressed in either a better or worse fashion. The poesy of the precept which makes it loved is more than the precept itself taken as an abstract truth.’ (P. 84; cf. 81, 83, 84.) But what is this poesy? It is not the form of expression, for that matters nothing; and besides, M. Renan says, these maxims had been previously ‘most happily expressed.’ (P. 81.) It is, then, altogether the *personal* charm of speech and manner which gave unction to the words which He spake; a charm which ceased when He ceased to speak, and could impart no influence to these ‘ancient maxims’ beyond the circle of those who listened to Jesus.

3rd. The thaumaturgic wonders which Jesus condescended to perform for the people; for 'without miracles He could not have converted the people,' and great ideas must degrade themselves by association with unworthy means to rule public opinion.

Apart, then, from the saying of Jesus to the Samaritan woman, and the repartee which baffled the Pharisees and Herodians when they questioned Him about the lawfulness of paying taxes to Rome, both of which M. Renan allows to be original, and to lie at the basis of spiritual religion; if his brilliant paragraphs be analysed, we learn that he concedes nothing to Jesus beyond the popular manœuvres and the exaggerated rhetoric, which brought the noble proverbs of the synagogue into vogue, save a marvellous personal charm which unhappily vanished with his death. Shall this explanation of the moral principles and influences introduced by Christianity into the world suffice? Does their spirit evaporate into an exquisite grace of personal appearance? Are they all traced back to the Talmud, which M. Renan himself pronounces '*le plus singulier monument de l'aberration intellectuelle?*'* M. Renan's attribution of the moral principles of Christianity to the Jewish synagogues is as false as his explanation of the methods which gave them sovereign power in the mouth of Jesus is ridiculous. We allow that a very few phrases, nearly approaching to the sayings of the great Master, are found in the Talmud: but it is quite open to debate whether these be not derived from Christianity; especially as it is now proved that during the first century many representatives of Judaism had friendly relations with members of the Christian church.† But the system of moral truth which is contained in the Sermon on the Mount, is alien in spirit and in letter to the whole Jewish thought of His time. A new spirit is there, which forges a new doctrine, embodying indeed all that the mind of man had retained from the first revelations of God, or acquired by its own intuitive force; but knitting these fragments into one body of truth, and quickening it with heavenly life.

Let us briefly recapitulate those great moral principles which distinguish Christian morality, and place an inseparable gulf between the ancient Pagan and the modern Christian world.

1. The law of sacrifice, or of spontaneous and self-denying love.
2. The dignity and worth of human nature.
3. The equality of all men, who are children of one Father, and heirs of a common salvation.
4. The chivalrous respect with which woman is

* *Etudes d'Histoire*, p. 208.

† See Grätz, vol. iv., chap. 5.

honoured; not only because of her equal spiritual prerogative with man, but because of the Christian lesson, that the measure of ampler strength is to be the measure of willing service. 5. The glory of inviolable truth, not only in faith but in confession. 6. The control of principle over not only the outward but the inward ebullitions of passion. 7. The supremacy of devotion to God in Christ. 8. The duty and noble grace of forgiveness. 9. The honour of humility. 10. The certainty of an everlasting judgment.

These moral principles may be considered to form the distinctive moral doctrine of Christianity, rooted in and associated with the peculiar religious doctrines which it reveals: how they have leavened Christendom, it would take volumes to describe. But let our readers look back and see whether a single one of these Christian principles is deducible from M. Renan's *Life of Jesus*. Not one. They all spring from that glorious revelation of the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh. A legend it may be; but it is the master-light of all our seeing, the well-head of all Christian thought and life. Christian civilisation is rooted in it. And so that miracle recurs, the only impossible miracle that can be conceived: the truth and beauty of humanity, whatsoever is most pure, and lovely, and honourable, if there be any virtue and any praise,—these have sprung from falsehood: in Arnold's words, 'Truth and goodness are at variance with each other,' and there is no God.

In concluding our last section, we marked the fatal defect, that the *Vie de Jésus* took no account of the moral aspects and influence of Christ's life. Now we conclude our review by the equally fatal accusation:—This book takes no account of the religious needs of man, or of the satisfaction which the religion of Jesus yields, or at least professes to yield. The *Life of Jesus* is written without the *morality*, the *religion*, of Jesus. Now, we affirm, the power, the triumph, the security, of His religion, is its truth; and its truth is manifest, not only by the evidences which authenticate its Divine origin, but by its adaptation to human want. The burden of sin weighs heavily. The stain of sin burns hotly. The sting of death is Sin. 'Who shall deliver us from this body of death?' This is the uneasy moan of unawakened sinners. This is the shrill anguished cry of the awakened: 'Who shall deliver us?' God, who alone can answer, has said, 'Thou shalt call His name JESUS; for He shall save His people from their sins.' And we 'thank God, *through Jesus Christ our Lord.*'